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You Can't Imagine This Life. Diaries and Letters of a Southern-Jewish Grande Dame, Josephine Joel Heyman, 1901-1993.

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YOU CAN'T IMAGINE THIS LIFE.
DIARIES AND LETTERS OF A SOUTHERN-JEWISH GRANDE DAME.
JOSEPHINE JOEL HEYMAN,
1901-1993.

A Dissertation

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This project is dedicated to the memory of Dr. Josephine Roberts,

because she made it possible.

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Now I hope readers will enjoy visiting Mrs. Josephine Menko Joel Heyman.

Preface

I, of all things, was
red haired and born Jewish.
I don't know why, it just happened.

I couldn't find the Temple in Atlanta, Georgia. Each time I drove up and down Peachtree Street, back and forth, and turned around, I passed a huge, white, plantation style United States Post Office with a row of fat white columns lit up by floodlights like the giant Christmas trees proudly displayed at Southern mansions during the festive season. I was visiting Atlanta while working on a manuscript about Jewish women in the Southern part of the United States, and I wanted to attend the Friday night Shabbat service, but the service had started at eight o'clock, and by now it was practically nine.

Once more I glanced down at the address written on my manila file folder on the front seat of my car. The address appeared to be the Peachtree Post Office. I steered the car up the drive toward the apparent Post Office, only to find that it was the Temple, an old, established Reform synagogue. Typical of Reform Jewish life in the South, the Temple blended into the Southern landscape.

Once I'd figured out the Temple was the Temple, I was able to attend the Oneg Shabbat, the reception after the Shabbat service. I introduced myself to the assistant rabbi, a woman who said, "Let me introduce you to Mrs. Heyman. I'm sure you'll want to interview her." Thus began my acquaintance with Mrs. Josephine Heyman in 1989.

At eighty-eight years old Mrs. Heyman's small boned, blue-eyed face was surrounded by soft white curls deeply hued in red. She plunged into involved, funny family stories about observing both Hanukkah and Christmas, and she promised to repeat them later into my tape recorder at an interview.

On Monday morning at the Jewish Community Archives in the Atlanta Jewish Federation building, archivist Sandra Berman pointed to a cardboard box of recently donated adolescent diaries and young adult letters from Mrs. Heyman, born in 1901. Her personal documents painted the portrait of a quintessential Reform Jewish Atlanta female in

the early part of the century. These honest and sincere records of her daily life, times, and struggles, although not tragic, reminded me of the wonderful spirit, character, honesty, strength, love, goodness, happiness, and beauty reflected in Anne Frank's diary.

A few days later I visited Josephine Heyman in her one bedroom apartment in an exclusive Atlanta retirement high-rise. We sat in her small living room, adorned with the same classical aesthetic sense possessed by the stereotypical upper-class and upper middle-class white Christian Southerner, as evidenced by the demurely covered, stuffed couch and chair, the chiming grandfather clock, and the lamps with frilled shades. On top of tables and the bureau were the silver tea set, the cut glass brandy decanter and small brandy glasses, the red and white mints in the crystal bowl, and the box of chocolate truffles. Over in the corner against the wall on her shelves of glass, amidst other small memorabilia, the Hebrew word, SHALOM, delicately sculpted within a Jewish menorah, somehow fit right in with the rest of the decor. I was in a genteel Southern environment, but I was in a Jewish home.

At first I thought that Mrs. Heyman epitomized the stereotype one might have of a Southern-Jewish belle. After all, most of her life she was well taken care of materially, and during the most difficult times she had always had what she needed; she had a close, loving family, and she maintained the classical Reform Jewish lifestyle of the South, where social ties were emphasized more than religion or religious heritage. But I soon learned there were too many details that didn't fit any stereotype. She was an individual with a unique life.

First of all, here was a woman who kept diaries as a girl and wrote letters prolifically as a young adult. She was not only a college graduate from over six decades ago, when most women didn't even go to college, but one who had gone to Smith College, one of the "seven sisters" colleges in the East. Then there was her terrible experience of living through the lynching of Leo Frank, the Jewish businessman who was hanged by a mob in 1915 in Marietta, just six and a half miles from Atlanta. In the 1930s she had

revolutionized Atlanta's Council of Jewish Women, "a national association (at that time) of German Jewish women who were committed to social service" (Bauman, "Musings" 59).

Mrs. Heyman was still a polite, sweet Southern-Jewish woman, for she did not tell me about her volunteer political career, even though I brought it up. Instead, this modest woman let other Atlanta Jewish women sing her praises for her. Besides her modesty, her kindness was expressed by her genuine concern for her family, her friends, and me, a new acquaintance. Finally I noticed her mannerisms during the interview. As befitting the decorum of Southern womanhood, Mrs. Heyman fixed her hankie under the edge of her skirt before she plunged into her involved account about observing both Hanukkah and Christmas, the account she'd begun when the rabbi first introduced me to her that Friday night after services.

She discussed growing up as a Jewish girl in Atlanta, and said she didn't know why, "I, of all things, was red haired and born Jewish. I don't know why, it just happened." Not only was she born a part of a tiny religious minority, but her red hair made her look different from most people, including most Jews. When she was away at college in 1923 she mentioned in a letter to her future fiancé and husband that she was glad to find a heroine in a novel who was "burdened with red locks. They are usually golden-haired angles or beauties with raven tresses but the red-haired is generally associated with freckled face, bow-legs, knock knees, and other deformities" (ca. March 12, 1923). Southern society promoted pure white skin, and she was "crazy to borrow" the book with a reputable red headed protagonist.

Later, when she was a mother on Oxford Road in Atlanta, a chief justice for the Georgia Supreme Court who lived two doors down from her family told her that he'd never before seen a red headed Jewess (Wittenstein 1997). She had to get comfortable with being different. When she was older, and finally realized that her red hair was beautiful, she never told her family, friends, or interviewers that being Jewish was beautiful.

She said that she had complete faith as a child (Levy interview). However, her religion did not meet all of her spiritual needs as she aged. In her era, Reform Judaism's Hebrew Union College taught Judaism as an intellectual and ethical system (Bauman, "Musings" 48). The rabbi of her childhood, Dr. Marx, followed strict Classical Reform Jewish beliefs that stressed assimilation, opposed Zionism, Israel, observance of most traditional Jewish rituals, and did not emphasize spirituality or faith. Mrs. Heyman lost her faith as she grew up (Levy interview). Her childhood in a Classical Reform community stressed social ties rather than religious observance. For instance, it was more important for Atlanta Reform Jews to gather together for sociable activities at their club, the Standard Club, than to attend religious services at their synagogue, the Temple. Although social ties were of eminent importance, Mrs. Heyman still had religious concerns. It is not surprising, therefore, that her Smith College letters complained about the lack of Jewish friends on campus as well as the dominant Christian attitudes that surrounded her, and she questioned religion, spirituality, God, and herself.

Despite her difficulties as a Classical Reform Jewess with red hair, she thrived and excelled in her volunteer career as a political worker. Her diaries and letters lay to rest numerous myths and stereotypes about Southern women and Jewish women that abound in the general culture. Mrs. Heyman's individuality demonstrates the strength of a minority woman's survival in a dominant culture.

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Abstract

Josephine "Jo" Joel Heyman (1901-1993) provides an intimate and touching record of twentieth century upper-middle-class Atlanta-Jewish life through her teenage and young adult diaries and letters. Through her autobiographical writings, this twentieth century Southern-Jewish woman's regional, ethnic, and gender identities are revealed.

Mrs. Heyman, an influential civic leader in Atlanta, Georgia, graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Smith College. She began writing diaries as a child to express her private feelings and thoughts, and as a young adult she wrote letters from college to her future fiancé. The backdrop of her personal story is the story of the Southern-Jewish community, which began with her grandparents immigrating to the United States in the nineteenth century and continues with the lives of her children and grandchildren into the twenty-first century.

Josephine Joel's childhood was conventional for an Atlanta Jewish girl, but she developed a particularly forceful personality. As an adult she chose to use her talents to better humankind through an extensive volunteer, leadership career. She was active in progressive Atlanta Jewish circles during turbulent and memorable decades of fights for African American Civil Rights. Mrs. Heyman's adult life provides a prime example of the new roles provided for women and American Jews in the twentieth century.

Introduction: The Forgotten

Not long ago, the forgotten were assumed to deserve to be forgotten by respected scholars of literature and history. Scholarly reasoning and theory did not include analysis by class, race, or gender, and literature and history largely focused on the lives of rich, famous, white men. Concerns of the poor, issues of race, and roles of women were not center stage.

However, scholarly reasoning and theories change as opinions, emphasis, and tastes change, and "the politics of the 1960s sparked a radical change" in the United States (Kerber 2). Scholars, affected by such events as the civil rights movement, resistance to the Vietnam War, and a new wave of feminism, began to explore subjects previously ignored (Kerber 2) as the perception of who was important underwent a change.

This new generation of scholars believed that only part of human history was understood because the people who were the subject of chronicles, myths, sagas, and fictions were mostly kings, conquerors, warriors, and popes. This new scholarship contended that the rest of the people, the small, the "irrelevant," who had been forgotten, were also a part of general history (Lauter 838). These forgotten individuals and communities were also bearers of civilizations. Those who changed society were not necessarily the most famous, for unseen alterations occurred when unacknowledged people took on public problems. Once unacknowledged members of the human race are recognized the fabric of life is more fully understood. In this new thinking, all the many kinds of people who make up a society are of consequence (Baron xi). These forgotten people have sociological and psychological experiences that are different from the experiences recorded in historical narratives of popes and kings, and because their stories have not been deemed worthy of historical record, history has been impoverished.

Women, however, made radical changes during the new wave of feminism in the 1960s. Among the many changes made, women historians challenged traditional concepts of women's roles and lives. These new women's historians chose new research and

analytic strategies and new subjects. By introducing into historical work the analysis of gender relations, women historians reassessed the traditional male historical narratives. By retrieving records and describing lives of women who had previously been assumed voiceless, women historians have placed women in history (Kerber 1-6).

During this new wave of feminism, women readers also developed a new consciousness about women's lives and stories. Authors, freed from writing only about famous people, found less spectacular lives interesting and thus worthy subjects for biography. Recently feminist scholars such as Carolyn Heilbrun and Linda Wagner-Martin have examined the "new" women's biography. Most importantly the biographer must deeply respect and simply like her subject, and share some sense of family or community (LWM 134).

One of the many groups of women who were traditionally marginalized and ignored in histories were Jewish women. As a pioneering American women's and Jewish scholar, Joyce Antler, has explained that, in the United States, Jewish women were "absorbed into more universal histories of Americans, women, or Jews, or turned into caricatures like the Jewish American princess and the Jewish mother" (xiii). The change for Jewish women began in 1975 with the publication of The Jewish Woman in America by pioneering Jewish historians Charlotte Baum, Paula Hyman, and Sonya Michel. Six years later Rabbi Jacob R. Marcus' The American Jewish Woman: A Documentary History and The American Jewish Woman, 1765-1980 and June Sochen's Consecrate the Day: The Public Lives of Jewish American Women, 1880-1980 were published. These and other studies document the many roles, achievements, and struggles of Jewish American women.

There are Jewish women in all regions of the United States. For most Southern-Jewish women, their identity, like the identity of other American Jewish women, has been a blend of opportunities and traditions. However, Southern-Jewish women have had different opportunities and traditions than other American Jewish women because of the unique legacy of the South. Although stories of Jewish women in America have received

attention in recent decades, the distinctively different stories of Jewish women in the American South have not received much attention.

At the time that Jewish women in the North became aware of the need to take center stage to tell their stories adequately as women, Jews in the American South became aware of their own marginality as a people. In the 1970s scholars interested in Southern-Jewry noted that writers and analysts who talked about American Jewry "almost always meant the large urban communities of the North, especially New York." American-Jewish historiography and sociology were dominated by the experience of immigrants and their children in New York and other large Northern cities (Urofsky xi).

As a region, historian Steven Hertzberg asserted that the South was more neglected by students of American Jewry than any other section of the United States because Southern Jews were always "small in numbers, scattered, and usually distant from the major centers of American Jewish life. Consequently, they ... remained on the fringe of the collective Jewish consciousness." The statistics illustrate the small numbers of the Southern- Jewish community, for "only 14 percent of American Jews resided in the south in 1878, 5 percent in 1907, and 7 percent in 1968. And while the number of southern Jews increased during these nine decades from 32,000 to 394,000, their proportion of the region's population rose from only 0.2 to 0.7 percent" (Hertzberg 3).

There were two national trends that helped increase the interest in Southern-Jewry in the 1970s. One trend was the rediscovery of ethnicity. The other change was the emergence of the South as a major region and influence in contemporary America (Urofsky xi). A successful scholarly conference on Southern-Jewry in Richmond, Virginia, in 1976 led to "the re-creation of the Southern Jewish Historical Society and a commitment to ... research" and publications (Fuchs ix).

For decades the black and white conflict had overwhelmed other varieties of the white experience, and minority white experiences such as Jewish or Catholic ones were overlooked. Moreover, Southern Jews as a group had developed the habit of keeping a

low profile over the years because they wanted to blend into their Southern environment as much as possible to avoid antisemitism. The habit of low profile led Southern Jews to believe that they were the Jews on the periphery, that their stories were irrelevant to the history of American Jewry, and that they didn't matter the way Northern Jews did (Evans 160).

Nevertheless, contemporary Southern-Jewish writers wanted to answer questions about their people. Eli Evans realized that Northern Jews didn't know anything about Southern Jews and dedicated himself to recording personal, family, and cultural Southern-Jewish history (Evans 61). Carolyn Lipson-Walker, as a graduate student in American civilization, realized that then-current historical methodology did not express the psychological realities of what it meant to be a Southern Jew, and she trained as a folklorist and then collected and analyzed Southern-Jewish culture (Lipson-Walker 3).

Writers rigorously analyzed the distinctive manner of Jews who lived and interacted with Southern culture, and "the paradox of the Southern Jewish experience expressed in its unique relationship to Southern culture" (Wenger 3). Southern Jews often appeared to emerge as "merchants in a region dominated by an agrarian ideal, religious dissenters in a Christ-haunted land, venerators of learning in a society plagued by illiteracy, victims of violence and religious prejudice who took sanctuary in a section characterized by a militant spirit and racial oppression, and foreigners in a hotbed of xenophobia" (Hertzberg 4). Some scholars theorized that Jewish exclusion was greater in the South than in any other region of the country because of the homogeneity of Southern society (Wenger 2), while other scholars believed that Jews were secure in the South because the lightning rod for prejudice was the African-American community.

Scholars and interested lay people continue to study Southern-Jewish regional history and the distinctive Southern-Jewish psyche, mind-set, and ethos (Marcus viii), as well as differences between Jews of the South and Jews of the North. Although their small numbers and distance from the major Jewish population centers accounted for

Southern Jewry's being previously neglected by historians, scholars today find that the dramatic and interesting Southern-Jewish experiences of isolation, accommodation, and mobility are "an essential prerequisite for a comprehensive historical synthesis of Jewish life in America" (Hertzberg 4).

However, there are areas of Southern-Jewish life that have not been studied (Urofsky xii). Before the 1970s studies were generally congregational and community histories that seldom did more than recount chronological events and praise accomplishments of a few select individuals (Wenger 2), and "despite the recent growth of interest, much remains to be written before the Jewish experience in the South can be adequately understood" (Hertzberg 6).

In June 1985, Beth S. Wenger, a Jewish Atlantan, submitted to the faculty of Wesleyan University her honors thesis, titled "The Southern Lady and the Jewish Woman: The Early Organizational Life of Atlanta's Jewish Women." She wrote that the story of the Southern Jewish woman's experience was yet untold and, "as a group, Jewish women of the South have been considered marginal to American, Jewish, Southern, and women's history ... despite the fact that their experience offers valuable insights for each of these disciplines" (1). Because "most students of American Jewry have neglected the 7% who are Southerners, and most students of the South ignore the fraction of 1% of the population who are Jewish" (Reed 98), the experiences of women in the Jewish South have not been center stage.

There has been little work on a Southern-Jewish woman as a Southern -Jewish woman. Famous Southern-Jewish women such as Lillian Hellman or Dinah Shore have been written about, but no one has seriously analyzed their regional, religious, and gender identities. The combination of Southerness, Jewishness, and femaleness creates complexities that are different from complexities for Jewish women in other regions. For this reason, the life and writing of Josephine Joel Heyman, an Atlanta Jewish woman who was born in 1901 and died in 1993, is valuable to the history of Southern Jews.

Josephine Joel Heyman was important to Atlanta. Her extensive volunteer leadership career and accomplishments are analyzed in detail in later chapters. For her work, she received honors such as the Good Neighbor Award from the conference of Christians and Jews in the mid-sixties and the American Jewish Women of Achievement Award in 1983.

Her career was parallel to and involved with the service organization Council of Jewish Women, a "well-organized and powerful force in American life" interested in widespread social reform and human betterment (Goldman 27). Council, as it was called by insiders to the organization, was a pioneer in many fields and long instructed and directed the Jewish women of the country in work that other organizations later urged (Goldman 45). Council members felt that they were part of a great and noble organization, and they felt a peculiar duty and privilege to give money and service untiringly (Goldman 46). Over the decades Council grew in local, national, and international service, gathering large groups for emergencies, uniting women from various Jewish groups, and working with women of other faiths (Goldman 64). Council causes Mrs. Heyman worked on included programs to combat antisemitism, classes to teach Holocaust refugees English, a hospital program for babies whose mothers could not nurse, the National Child Labor Amendment, the teaching of evolution in the schools, the Abolition of Poll Tax, and Milk Sanitation and the Consumer Council.

An indication of Mrs. Heyman's importance is the great women she met through her work with Council and organizations it supported. Among these women were Margaret Sanger, Carrie Chapman Catt, and Eleanor Roosevelt, whom Mrs. Heyman mentioned in that order. Margaret Sanger (1883-1966), the founder of the Planned Parenthood and birth control movement in the United States, was a gentile, a social reformer, and a nurse. During the early days when it was against the law to disseminate contraceptive information, some of Sanger's staunchest supporters were Jews (Marcus, "American" 677).

Next Mrs. Heyman mentioned Carrie Chapman Catt (1859-1947). By 1923, the Council of Jewish Women, which had a membership of forty-eight thousand, with an additional eight thousand junior members, joined with other organizations to promote the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations to help abolish international war. A few years earlier Woodrow Wilson had been an idealistic President who was unsuccessful in getting the American Senate to accept the League of Nations (Goldman 42). Carrie Chapman Catt was a politically successful national "leader for woman suffrage and world peace, and a founder of the National League of Women voters" (New Standard Encyclopedia C-178). Catt spoke at Council's 1923 convention in St. Louis and called a conference of women's organizations, which included Council, two years later to form a national committee on the cause and cure of war. Council also worked throughout Europe to facilitate postwar reconstruction during the 1920s (Goldman 49-50). Council continued into the 1930s to work for peace (Goldman 60).

Finally, Mrs. Heyman remembered Mrs. Roosevelt (1884-1962). In 1932 Franklin D. Roosevelt had overwhelmingly defeated Hoover. Pessimism was so widespread in the country that many felt that democracy needed to be replaced by a benevolent dictator (Goldman 59). "Mrs. Roosevelt was the most politically active First Lady in the nation's history and one of the most influential ... members of the Roosevelt administration" (New Standard Encyclopedia R-335). Her championing of social reform and human rights and her wide travel in the country brought her into close contact over her lifetime with Jewish leaders.

In the awards ceremony in 1983, Mrs. Heyman was asked to discuss her opportunities to meet great women of her day through her work. Her down-to-earth anecdotes about these three famous women who had a history with the Jews give a glimpse of the easy-going personality of Josephine Heyman that was in demand as a volunteer leader in Atlanta.

> I went to a convention in Washington and Margaret Sanger, who was the great one who worked for spreading information about birth control -- the young generation could hardly believe some of the things in those days. It was against the law of the United States to send birth control materials in the mail. It took really up until the time of F.D.R. [Franklin Delano Roosevelt] before that law was ever changed. You could have a birth control clinic in Atlanta but you couldn't get any information. And Margaret Sanger was the leader for that.
>
> And of course Carrie Chapman Catt was a great leader for peace and world friendship. That was also at the time when we were trying to get in the League of Nations, which we never did. And Woodrow Wilson - oh I remember - there has been so much history I have lived through.
>
> As far as Mrs. Roosevelt is concerned, she was at all of these meetings. She was just a great woman, and I've been on the platform with her a couple of times. One time, it's been a long time ago now, she was down here for a day long meeting, probably on Civil Rights or else World Peace. I presided at the meeting. She dashed from lunch way out to speak to someone else. I wondered how she stood the pace. And while the meeting was going on she simply closed her eyes and went to sleep. She said afterwards, "I've trained myself to do that. I can go to sleep and sleep for three or four minutes and then I'm completely refreshed." She said, "I couldn't possibly carry on the busy life I do without that little cat nap." I feel it was really a privilege to get to know a person like her (Achievement interview).

Mrs. Heyman's life is fascinating, and her talent for writing is also of interest to the reader of her diaries and letters. She recalled when she was eighty-eight that she always loved reading, particularly novels and plays (Bauman interview 59). It was her passion for late night, forbidden reading and her desire to read her aunt's secret love letters that got her in trouble in her first diary. Years later, from college, she wrote her fiancé that she promised herself if she finished a certain amount of school work in an hour she would let herself write to him, for "letter writing went in the class with movies and bridge and other rewards for virtuous study" (ca. January 9, 1923).

Her family was also interested in literature. When I met her in 1989 she interrupted our conversation to tell me about a book, Robert Burns Poems (New York: Eli Crowell & Co.) that belonged to her mother and "was all to pieces, and I had it rebound" (Levy interview).

Her talent for writing is interesting to the literary critic for several reasons. The literary qualities of her oeuvre include a sense of style and a sense of humor. Her choice and arrangement of words, sentence structures, and ideas make her delightful to read, and

her narrative voice is compelling. Her pleasing perceptions, articulations, and manner result in a good story and portraits of people as if they were characters in a novel. She developed her anecdotes as short, vivid narratives. Like other girls and women who wrote diaries and letters, she spoke in a trusting, honest, vulnerable, authentic voice.

Josephine Joel Heyman's diaries and letters are compelling because of the details she gave of her everyday life and of how she felt about the events that occurred. Her writing (and the letters she received) are rare because they vividly portray the lifestyle of the German Jewish community during the early decades of this century, and provide an immediacy to her life story. Although the structure and purpose of her writing is different from the dominant forms of traditional literary studies (Lauter 839), Josephine Joel Heyman's diaries and letters are valuable to the history of Southern Jews because of the communal quality of her writing. She wrote diaries and letters that share and express her feelings about her experiences that are rooted in the experiences of Southern-Jewish females in the early twentieth century. Her writing included realities many Southern-Jewish women shared, such as a lonely heritage of an invisible minority of females and a struggle to succeed that reflected on the extended Southern-Jewish community. Also, common values, ethics, goals, upbringing and life styles were as inherent to her group as shetl or ghetto living of European Jewish women.

For those interested in what literature reveals to us about the lives of women, her writings paint a picture of a Southern-Jewish woman's life. The Southern-Jewish female experience comes into focus best when based on the "women's historical reality rather than on the literary distinctions created primarily by male and bourgeouis critics" (Lauter 846).

Autobiography that deals with the life of a Southern-Jewish woman deals with her real concerns. "As subject matter, autobiography seems specially suited to the study of women's literature in Western culture, since so many women have written (though not always published) letters, journals, diaries, or stories of their lives" (Warhol 1033). Josephine Joel Heyman was not silent -- but her diaries and letters are different from the

traditionally valued poem, novel, or essay. To approach Southern-Jewish women's "culture, therefore, we must lay aside many of our presuppositions about what literature is and is not" (Lauter 839). Popular forms for Southern-Jewish women include diaries, letters, and documents derived from oral sources, such as oral storytelling and oral history. As we move toward more inclusive definitions of literature, we lift veils that silence such women (Lauter 839). A Southern-Jewish woman's diary that was recently published, Heart of a Wife, The Diary of a Southern Jewish Woman by Helen Jacobus Apte, provided another honest account of how a Jewish woman experienced Southern life.

Josephine Heyman's unique point of view, as a young person and as a Southern-Jewish female, is of interest. For instance, historical accounts emphasize the political situation with Leo Frank because ambitious politicians encouraged the mob by fueling a lot of emotion against him to further their own careers. As a young girl her account of her family's leaving town after the governor commuted Leo Frank's death sentence to life imprisonment was quite different from other historical accounts. Through little Jo's eyes, the family's exodus was a miraculous event because her grandmother actually left the house, and, secure with her loving family, she described the violent mob as ignorant "rif-raf." Although this violent episode of antisemitism deeply affected Josephine Joel Heyman and many others in the Atlanta Jewish community, her diary account shows how the strength of her loving family helped buffer her from harsh realities on a day by day basis.

Her development as a writer can be seen in her early diaries. In her second childhood diary in 1915 she was already aware of writerly qualities. She said she hated to read books with descriptions, and therefore would limit her descriptions in her diary. She discussed spelling and using Webster's, small and big words, penmanship, and changing subjects in a paragraph. Her thoughts showed a high degree of organization for her age. Later, in the college letters, she was careful to proofread whenever possible to correct errors, but she was facile with words and did not rewrite content.

She enjoyed writing in her adolescent diaries when she had time, and when she was in college she took the art and ritual of her letter writing seriously. It was important to her to write a beautiful, perfect letter. If she was not able to re-read and correct errors in a letter, she wrote "not re-read" at the top of the page. Once she wrote the incorrect day on a letter to her fiancé and scratched it out. She apologized: "I hope you will excuse the scratching it out but frankly this is my second best stationery and I only use it on a favored few and can't afford to destroy any for a little thing like Saturday" (ca. Oct. 26, 1921). In other letters she was apologetic for adding on different days and times, such as "Sat. nite" or "Later," and for writing "a serial affair" (ca. Oct. 11, 1921, ca. May 16, 1923). However she was never overly serious, not even about the business of letter writing, especially when her recipient was her fiancé, and she joked about yielding to temptation and slipping out his letter from the bottom of the pile of carefully arranged letters in order of receipt so that she could write him first (ca. Nov 8, 1921).

Letter writing was the primary method of long distance communication in her era. Because they did not readily use the telephone, her family expected her to write a line daily to let them know she was well. Because she and and her future husband Herman relied on a daily exchange of letters to maintain their courtship, she explained at length when the regular mail deliveries were broken (ca. February 24, 1923).

She maintained a high volume of correspondence despite the many pressures and distractions at college, for she felt obliged to write letters. One Sunday night she wrote to Herman that his was the eighth letter she had written since 4:30 that afternoon, and that she had two more to write after she finished his, "and then thank goodness I'll be caught up for a few days anyway" (ca. May 28, 1923).

This dissertation is an attempt to give a glimpse of the life, times, and writing of Josephine Joel Heyman. To understand the multiple currents that affected Mrs. Heyman, multiple approaches are used to tell her story. The chapters use personal interviews, diaries, letters to her fiancé, and analysis. Interviews and autobiographical writings have

allowed me to let her tell her own story in her own words. Local, regional, national, and international patterns that affected her life are woven into her story using scholarly research.

A chronological approach is used. Chapter One sets the stage for her birth and the events that produced her environment. The events summarized in the first chapter include brief overviews of the Jews in the United States, the South, and Atlanta; a short summary of Atlanta's early history; and a look at gender and women's issues in the United States, the South, and in the Jewish community. Her personal and family history are woven into the descriptions of the backdrop to her life. The remaining chapters study Heyman's childhood, adolescence, college days, and adulthood.

The writing of Josephine Joel Heyman was collected by Sandra Berman, the archivist for the Josephine Joel Heyman Collection, Ida Pearle and Joseph Cuba Jewish Community Archives Manuscript Collection of the William Bremen Jewish Heritage Museum housed at the Atlanta Jewish Federation in Atlanta, Georgia. There are hundreds of letters during the courtship era written by then Josephine Joel to and from her suitor Herman Heyman, and also from his rival, Edgar Lieberman.

Besides the letters, there are four Josephine Joel Heyman diaries in total. Two were written during adolescence, one during courtship, and one from before the wedding until after the birth of her first baby. All diaries except the courtship diary are in the archives. The courtship diary belongs to Arthur Heyman, the son of Josephine Joel Heyman and her husband, Herman Heyman (1898-1968).

The first diary begins on December 28, 1914 and ends on January 23, 1915. It is twenty-two pages long. The second diary begins on February 4, 1915 and ends on March 27, 1917. It is forty-six pages long. She wrote these diaries between the ages of thirteen and sixteen.

The fourth diary, from August 31, 1924 to March 13, 1927, has six entries that discuss planning for marriage, her married life, and motherhood. Also, here she explained why she no longer kept a diary:

September 23, 1925

It really is too bad to neglect my diary so. Somehow, it has been cut out by my husband. My diary used to be my very source of comfort when I wanted to explode. All my thoughts that I could not tell a person I wrote here. Now, however, Herman gets it all. Also I don't feel as wrought up over things as I used to. I don't know whether it is because the stormiest period of my life is over or because I have become lazy and so contented with my uneventful life that I don't think about things as much as I used to.

Although she maintained that she no longer felt the need to write a diary once she married, she might have had other reasons for not writing. Although she mentioned in interviews confiding in her husband, which was a proper public expression of marital harmony, she did not mention in interviews that she also spoke daily with her close lifelong friends Hannah Grossman Shulhafer and Rebecca Mathis Gershon. Her nontraditional life as an adult did not fit the narrow categories of the world about her, and it is not likely that a Southern-Jewish woman would readily express some of the feelings she must have had. Many Southern women made for themselves public personas, masks that coexisted but did not always correspond to their inner selves (Jones 1530). Always the lady, Josephine Heyman did so too; she was still able to work progressively to subvert the values of the dominant culture. Although capable of portraying the lady and working around conflicts with the ideology of Southern womanhood in her daily life, she could not be sure that a diary would not be read by others, and she could no longer risk expressing her inner self directly on paper. Instead, she replaced her writing talents with her relationships and her work.

In making this edition of her diaries and letters available to the public, I usually retained her errors of spelling, punctuation, incorrect grammar and sentence sense. I wanted the transcription of the diaries and letters to be as close as possible to the originals, and hoped the errors would give the reader a closer feeling for the flavor of her handwritten diaries and letters. I did not repeatedly use [sic] by any of her errors because doing so

would be distracting. I made silent changes of errors that caused confusion. I used brackets -[ ]- when I added information, usually in the few places where her handwriting was too light to clearly read on the copies I worked with.

I took more liberties when editing her interviews. Because her oral interviews are not as concise as her writing, when necessary, I edited her words for conciseness and organization. When it was necessary for me to add information, I used brackets - [ ] - for my additions. When it was necessary to preserve personal anonymity for an individual name, I used made-up initials instead of the real name.

The dates on each letter, pencilled in by the archival staff at the Jewish Community Archives Manuscript Collection, were derived from the postmark on the envelopes. Most of the letters were on monogramed stationary, although some were written on cards or notepad paper.

The appendix in the back lists names of people who recur and play an important role in Mrs. Heyman's life. I assumed that people who do not recur were not an important part of her life.

Chapter 1: From Before 1900: A Backdrop

The tides which generated Josephine Heyman's talents were set in motion generations before she was born; notes that played before her birth would harmonize into the chords of her life. In this chapter overviews of Jews, Atlanta, and women paint a backdrop to her life.

The earliest historical settlements of the Jews in the United States were in the North, in the New York area almost two centuries before the community now known as Atlanta was settled in 1843; however Jews first landed in the South in Savannah over one century before Atlanta was created (Hertzberg 13). And, although the pattern changed, in the early part of the nineteenth century, when there were around 2,700 Jews in the United States, a little more than half were in big Southern cities (Hertzberg 14).

Unlike the later eras of mass immigration, the earliest Jewish immigrants were almost all individuals or isolated families who emigrated for personal reasons (Hertzberg 14). The pattern changed between the mid-1820s and the start of the American Civil War in 1860, when more than 100,000 Jews, including Josephine Joel Heyman's grandparents, emigrated to the United States. All of Josephine Joel's grandparents had Germanic origins, and almost all of the mid-1820 to 1860 wave of Jewish immigrants were from German-speaking lands of Central Europe that were in the throes of hardship (Hertzberg 14), hardship which Josephine was never to endure during her lifetime.

The pangs of Jewish hardship were due to their loss of income after their peasant customers were ejected from their ancestral lands, the Industrial Revolution rendering their work obsolete, or general overpopulation (Hertzberg 14). In addition to impoverishment, after the 1815 signing of the Treaty of Vienna, a political reaction included anti-Jewish riots, exclusive brands of German and Slavic nationalism, and discriminatory taxes in several German principalities (Hertzberg 14).

Josephine Joel Heyman's maternal grandfather, Martin Menko, was born in Hesse-Darmstadt, Bavaria in April 1821, where conditions were especially severe. Bavarian Jews

were banished to America by the Bavarian national assembly. Young Jewish men usually could not marry in their districts or become permanent residents because Bavarian law restricted the number of Jews in each district (Hertzberg 14-15).

Oppression was only one reason Jews began to emigrate. Both the Enlightenment and the Emancipation under Napoleonic rule lessened communal authority and sparked an eagerness for change (Hertzberg 15). The result was an exodus from Europe and an increase in America's Jewish population from three to fifteen thousand from 1820 to 1840 (Hertzberg 14). 1840 was the year that Martin Menko came to the United States. He was nineteen years old, and his slightly older brother, Joseph, followed him a few years later.

The new immigrants entered the United States at a time of great economic and territorial growth. Like most of the Jewish immigrants, the Menko brothers probably lacked both capital and marketable skills, and became peddlers. Because they worked hard and were fortunate, they were among the basket, trunk, and pack peddlers who were able to purchase a wagon and team (Hertzberg 15). Eventually, twenty years later in Atlanta, they settled down and opened a store, setting the ground for the stable and established German Jewish family of Josephine Joel Heyman two generations later.

Josephine Joel Heyman's maternal grandmother, Caroline Oberdorf Menko, called Grandma, was born in 1839 in Furth, Germany, and came to the United States at an undetermined age. We know more about her husband because relatives researched family information from One Hundred Years of Accomplishments of Southern Jewry, Compilation of Journal of Southern Israelite, which emphasized male, not female, lineage.

Although the first Jews came to the United States in 1654 and to the South in 1733, they could not arrive in Atlanta until the 1840s when Atlanta came into existence. The destiny of the Jews of Atlanta was affected by the unique history of the city, which was different from other large Southern cities such as New Orleans, Memphis, or Houston. Atlanta was not created by natural resources, such as the waterways which helped found New Orleans, Savannah, and Nashville in the eighteenth century. Instead, Atlanta, named

after the Western and Atlantic Railroad, was created by the railroads in 1843. For a decade Georgia needed a way to import and export goods, and in the northwestern quarter of the state several ridges offered an easy path in serveral directions to reach various parts of Georgia and the rest of the country. This locale of virgin wilderness became Atlanta (Hertzberg 9 -10).

Centered around the railroads, "growth" is the word that describes the development of Atlanta from a terminus to a junction to a center. Population soared from twenty families in 1845 to 150,000 in 1910, when Atlanta became one of largest cities in the South (Hertzberg 10), and during a similar time frame, became almost the thirtieth largest city in the country (Hertzberg 280). Atlanta's local promotors, characterized by "boundless optimism, shameless self-advertisement, and aggressive trading practices" began the tradition that became known as the "Atlanta Spirit," which thirteen year old Josephine Joel alluded to in her 1915 childhood diary when her mother made her brother Lyons Joel a prize winning costume that represented "Atlanta Made Goods:"

> He had a megaphone and was continually hollowering, "A blow for Atlanta. Buy Atlanta home-made goods, and we'll all be happy" and other things. He wore a pair of white pajamas, simply covered with advertisments. He had candies and Atlanta - made cakes, but the part I thought was the cutest was his hat. It had printed on it "I was made in Atlanta" (Mar. 15, 1915).

Atlanta's history of both an unusual growth and an unusual population began even before the American Civil War of 1860, and the early enterprising Atlanta spirit was in the early citizens. First of all, over ninety percent of the white population in 1850 were native southerners, mostly from nearby mountainous areas; these ambitious men of humble origin with little prospect for success in the Southern plantation economy were eager to build the city and take opportunities created by the railroads. Second, a relatively small number (not more than twenty percent) of the early Atlanta population were Negro slaves, minimizing the effect of that debilitating institution upon the town's commercial life (Hertzberg 13). Third, the small percentage of white residents who were not from slave states were

involved in leading the economic life of the city. There was also a small percentage of foreigners, mostly Irish and German, comprised of railroad laborers, merchants, and mechanics. Finally, Jews significantly contributed to the city from its beginning (Hertzberg 13).

Atlanta was incorporated in 1843 during the 1820-1860 wave of central European immigrants escaping hardship, and sixteen Jewish adults settled in Atlanta before 1850 (Hertzberg 18). These few ambitious, independent, and restless newcomers were nearly all of German descent (Hertzberg 18), like Josephine's grandparents, and the German phase of Atlanta Jewish settlement dominated the city until Eastern European Jewish immigrants arrived in large numbers at the end of the century (Hertzberg 69). While in Atlanta the earliest Jewish newcomers of the 1840s, including Josephine Heyman's grandfather and father, began the pattern for Jewish Atlanta's businessmen, by establishing a general merchandise business and hardware, drug, and two clothing and dry goods stores (Hertzberg 16-18).

Jews have never made up more than one percent of the Southern population, and by 1850 Atlanta had approximately two dozen Jews who made up one percent of the city's total, which was in the neighborhood of two and a half thousand inhabitants. Over the next decade, when the city's population expanded by over two-hundred and fifty percent, the number of Jews doubled. In 1850 Atlanta Jews owned more than ten percent of the town's stores, for almost all Atlanta Jews of that decade engaged in trade, which included not only the general merchandising, hardware, drug, clothing, and dry goods stores mentioned before, but also wine and liquor, medical and dental supplies, a soda fountain, and a local agency for the Bank of the State of Georgia. In keeping with this era's gender ideal for women to serve in domestic capacities only, a lone Atlanta Jewish woman, Mrs. A. Isaacs, a "fashionable milliner," worked outside the home (Hertzberg 18). In the early to mid-nineteenth century, few respectable options existed for women to help support themselves or their families financially (Campbell 47). Running a small shop was

considered genteel enough work for a lady (Campbell 47). Mrs. Isaacs, who like other Jewish merchants sold both wholesale and retail, may have had a small shop that carried her bonnets, embroideries, corsets, hosiery, cosmetics, and "A. Wright's Celebrated Hair Tonic, an infallible preventive for the loss of Hair and a certain restorative ... in cases of baldness" (Hertzberg 18-19). It is unknown whether this woman was considered respectable or compromised, thanks to her earning money in a manner similar to that of other Jewish merchants. Perhaps being a milliner was an acceptable occupation for a woman because of what was sold and to whom.

It was also during the time of these early Atlanta Jewish settlers, in 1856, that Josephine Joel Heyman's maternal grandparents married. Martin Menko was thirty-seven years old in 1858 when he married eighteen year old Caroline Oberdorf somewhere in the United States. They both had immigrated from Europe, and probably both lived in Tennessee and Georgia where he merchandized. They both arrived in Atlanta in 1865, and both died in Atlanta, he in 1883 and she in 1918.

Josephine's youth, unlike her later, established years, were characterized by rapid turnover. Unlike the strong sense of continuity and stability within the established Atlanta Jewish community that appears in Mrs. Heyman's stories, diaries, and letters, only one Jewish couple who had arrived before 1850 remained in Atlanta by 1860. The other Jews left because they were struck with gold fever and departed for California, retired, relocated elsewhere in Georgia, left for parts unknown, or moved to New York for career changes; some of these returned to Atlanta after the Civil War (Hertzberg 16-18).

Besides instability, another characteristic that changed over time within the Jewish Atlanta community was residence patterns. The pattern of the early Jewish Atlanta pioneers was that of living throughout the city in homes, hotels, and boarding houses, while the later Jewish community tended towards residential clustering. Like many immigrants, the original German immigrants as well as the later Eastern European immigrants concentrated in certain areas when they moved to Atlanta. Immigrants lived near each other for several

reasons, including poverty and suspicions of the larger community. They also lived together to share their common interests, language, and religion. Finally, there was a need for proximity to develop institutional life before automobiles. However, German Jews moved into better residential districts as they grew more prosperous (Sutker, "Atlanta" 55). As evidenced in her diary and interviews, the location of her neighborhood made an impression on Josephine Joel as a youngster, for her girlhood was marked by her family's move from an old established Jewish neighborhood to a newer neighborhood with fewer Jews and larger homes.

Both the earlier and later Jews, including Josephine's family, valued education, and the Jewish pioneers usually enrolled their sons in private academies in both the northern and southern regions of the United States, as public education was not yet available in Atlanta (Hertzberg 19-20). Apparently education for daughters was not a concern. Traditionally Jews respected education, and in Europe the ghetto dwellers were taxed to maintain their own schools. American Jews had a high educational standard and were particularly eager to advance through education (Sutker, "Atlanta" 48, 49).

Besides valuing education, the pioneers were similar to later Atlanta and Southern Jews who experienced the ongoing and complex paradox of rejection and acceptance (Wenger 3). American attitudes toward immigrants has always been ambiguous (Parenti 79-81), and a pattern of discomfort and comfort occurred for Jews in the South. One side of the ambiguous relationship was antisemitism. The recurring pattern of dormant and overt, either mild or severe, antisemitism began with the earliest Jews in the South. The rejection of the pioneers was manifest by expressions of Judaeophobia in Atlanta (Hertzberg 20). Because of antisemitism, Jews were never completely comfortable in the South.

Rejection, however, was only one part of the paradox. There was always a complex relationship between Jews and non-Jews in the South. The other side of the ambiguous relationship was acceptance. There are several reasons why the pioneers and

later Jews were accepted. One rationalization for Atlanta Jews as well as Southern Jews in general was their small numbers, making it easier for them to be accepted than for larger communities of Jews in Northern cities. The pioneer group was tiny (Hertzberg 20), the acceptance less problematic.

Another recurring theme for Atlanta and Southern Jews that began with the earliest group and continued throughout Jospehine Joel Heyman's lifetime was their quiet, unobtrustive, proper demeanor and conduct. The South stressed etiquette. The type of verbal expression and behavior a group practiced was considered significant by the community. Manners were equated with morals. Behaving in the proper way was important (Wilson 634). Words such as "polite," "courteous," "kind," "gentle," "hospitable," and "friendly yet dignified" have described Southern manners (Wilson 634). Over the decades successful Southerners, including Josephine Heyman, handled situations graciously and sustained ceremony and form. The tiny group of pioneering Atlanta Jews, unobtrusive and orderly (Hertzberg 20), began the Southern pattern for Atlanta's Jewish population for decades.

The historical source for the Southern manners that affected Southern Jews and Josephine Joel Heyman in particular was the English country gentry. This was the model for the large Southern planters. In the South the top of the social heirarchy was a small class of large planters. The large planters dominated society because they controlled land, wealth, and political power. Since many of thse men had been British, the English country gentry was the model for them (Wilson 583). They set the social standards for Southern society. Because Southern Jews desired to be accepted, they diligently practiced good Southern manners and, therefore, imitated the planters.

Acceptance for the Jews was not limited to their acquired Southern manners. Acceptance was also manifested by community leaders who recognized the contribution that the enterprising Jewish population could make to city building, and early Jews were accepted by non-Jews in the local Masonry, an important nonsectarian fraternal affiliation

in antebellum Atlanta (Hertzberg 20). In fact, in 1857 two Jews became founding members of Atlanta's second Masonic lodge, Fulton Lodge No. 216 (Hertzberg 20), which Josephine Heyman's grandfather, Martin Menko, joined after he settled in Atlanta in the 1860s.

Although nineteenth century fraternal orders were important to Jews not only in Atlanta but also in other cities in America because of their acceptance of early Jews (Elwell 36), fraternal orders were also important to American Jews for another reason. Fraternal orders in the nineteenth century had bearing on twentieth century Jewish identity (Sutker, "Atlanta" 182-185). Jews who wanted to identify as a Jew in a Jewish context other than a shared worship experience could do so through a Jewish fraternal organization (Elwell 37). Although early American Jewish men joined non-Jewish fraternal organizations, they also founded Jewish fraternal organizations, such as the popular B'nai B'rith, both nationally and locally in Atlanta (Sutker, "Atlanta" 182-185). Through the fraternal organizations a sense of Jewishness was extended beyond the synagogue (Elwell 37). This expanded sense of Jewishness was important for many twentieth century American Jews, including Josephine Joel Heyman, whose Jewish identity was not centered in the synagogue.

Although an expanded sense of Jewishness became important in the twentieth century, acceptance was important both in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Being accepted by non-Jewish fraternal organizations for being enterprising was just the beginning. Just like most assimilated Southern Jews of later decades, the attitudes of the pioneer Jews were influenced by their relative isolation and small numbers. Also, because as merchants they were dependent upon the goodwill of their customers, they were likely to be influenced by their non-Jewish neighbors. By embracing Southern attitudes they could succeed in their new home, and by conforming outwardly they could reduce suspicion towards their alien religion (Hertzberg 22).

One important Southern attitude was white supremacy. While white supremacy was a defining Southern attitude that kept Jews of other regions from settling in the South

(Hertzberg 181), a few Atlanta Jewish households had slaves before the Civil War (Hertzberg 22). Even though the general Southern Jewish pattern has been more liberal (Lipson-Walker 102) and more identified with the oppressed than the white non-Jewish Southerner, Jews in the South were affected by their interaction with Southern culture. Due to their own precarious position in the South, Jewish attitudes towards white supremacy were necessarily complicated. Even a progressive citizen such as Josephine Heyman, who overcame her Southern heritage and courageously chose to fight for African American Civil Rights as an adult, recorded conflicts resulting from her upbringing in the racist Southern culture in letters from college in Massachusetts.

Besides racial attitudes, religious attitudes also developed differently for Southern Jewry than for Jews in other regions of the country. Religiosity was a distinctive characteristic of the South. The Christianity, especially fundamentalist Protestantism, that permeated the Southern mind helped foster the Southern-Jewish religious pattern of near universal and intense participation in Jewish institutional life, for religiosity was expected of all Southerners (Lipson-Walker 118). As a girl Josephine Heyman walked to religious services every Saturday with her mother and a neighborhood mother and daughter. Her grandmother, Sophie Joel, who had been born in the Old Country, was very religious because the earliest German Jewish migrants had an Orthodox religious background (Sutker, "Atlanta" 24).

However, the Southern-Jewish pattern of religious affiliation and participation could not begin before 1860 because there weren't enough Jews to establish the minimum number of ten Jewish males over the age of thirteen for a congregation (Rothschild 1). Although education and religious training were strictly a male duty in traditional Judaism (Wenger 31), a change was made in the United States. Two early pioneer mothers who informally provided Jewish education in their homes for the few Atlanta Jewish children were the first Atlanta women to take responsibility for Jewish education (Hertzberg 23, Wenger 19, Rothschild 1-2). In the non-Jewish American community responsibility for

religious instruction was assumed by women, and Jewish women in America followed the example of the non-Jewish women (Wenger 31). Although many Jewish women took responsibility for religious education in the United States, Josephine Joel Heyman did not become involved.

The first Atlanta Jewish institution, the Hebrew Benevolent Society, organized in 1860 to secure a burial ground and provide relief for Jewish poor (Rothschild 2). They received lots in the municipal cemetary, Oakland Cemetery. The Civil War increased Atlanta's Jewish population, for Atlanta grew during the war because it was a major industrial and supply center for the South (Hertzberg 25). In 1862 the Hebrew Benevolent Society was renamed the Hebrew Benevolent Congregation, K'hilah Kodesh Gemilath Chesed (Rothschild 4). It was reorganized by thirty families from Atlanta and neighboring communities who worshipped in homes, rented rooms, and the Masonic Hall (Hertzberg 22-23, Rothschild 4)). Later in that decade Josephine Joel Heyman's grandparents, Martin and Carolyn Oberdorf Menko, joined this congregation, a membership that Josephine Joel Heyman and her family continued for five generations and fourteen decades. The new Hebrew Benevolent Congregation was to become the largest and most dominant Atlanta institution throughout Mrs. Josephine Joel Heyman's life, including the years of racial struggle in the 1950s and 60s and a temple bombing in 1958 that reverberated throughout the nation.

Even though many Jews were patriotic Southerners, the Civil War served as an opportunity to unleash antisemitism as a convenient scapegoat for Southern insecurity, fear, guilt, frustration, and anger (Hertzberg 25). In the South the Jews, as well as all other non-Protestant or non-white groups, were never accepted completely (Wenger 67). In 1862, the same year that the Hebrew Benevolent Congregation was organized, a vote banished Jewish residents in Thomasville, Georgia, and in Talbotton, Georgia, prejudices drove a Jewish family to leave (Dinnerstein and Palsson 182).

Two years later, in 1864, Atlanta was destroyed by Sherman, and was rendered useless as a future base for Confederate military operations. Despite the magnitude of the devastation, the economic base of Atlanta was not founded on the plantation system, and over the next few years the city was restored and western trade resumed, generating a business boom that attracted many new merchants from both North and South (Hertzberg 29). Enterprising young Jewish men, some returning after the war, some from rural areas destroyed by fighting, some immigrants from Europe who had travelled south as peddlers, set up businesses in Atlanta (Rothschild 2). By 1866 they were able to organize a social club that later became the Standard Club (Rothschild 2), the social club the Joel family later joined.

Among the new merchants was Martin Menko, Mrs. Heyman's maternal grandfather, who had settled in Atlanta in 1865, after merchandizing, presumably as a peddler, in various points in Tennessee and Georgia (One Hundred Years). He was joined by his brother, Joseph, in 1867 (Rothschild 38-39). According to Janice Rothschild, the wife of the Rabbi of the Temple during the Civil Rights movement and violence of the 1960s, "Martin Menko was the first vice-president of the new congregation and contributed substantially both in effort and in means toward the building of its first sanctuary" (Rothschild 39).

It was also in this period, in 1866, that Josephine's father, Benjamin Franklin Joel, was born in either Millegeville or Albany, Georgia, to Lyons and Sophie Lederer Barnett. Josephine Joel Heyman remarked in 1989, "I always wondered where my grandmother, Sophie Lederer Barnett Joel, where in the world she ever got the name Benjamin Franklin for my father. She spoke a very broken English. Now to name a child George Washington, or Robert E. Lee -- but Benjamin Franklin -- I think it was right smart -- it must have been my grandfather, 'cause my grandmother was not a very well informed woman"(Levy interview).

Benjamin Franklin Joel's baby brother was born, and then their father died (Levy interview). Sophie Lederer Barnett married a second time, this time to her husband's best friend, Yoel Joel. The name Yoel Joel, the name of Sophie's second husband, was derived from Hebrew and English. Joel was an English name and also the name of a book in the Hebrew Bible, while the same Hebrew name would be pronounced Yoel in English. Thus the name Yoel Joel was both the Hebrew transliteration and the English pronunciation of the same name. Yoel Joel and Sophie Lederer Barnett Joel had seven children together.

In 1989 when I interviewed Josephine Joel Heyman, she said, "And she [Grandmother Joel] married his very best friend, whose name was Yoel Joel. And I remember my mother saying it was the oddest thing that a wife who was married a second time would name a child for the first husband, the dead husband, who was Lyons Barnett." This uncle, Lyons Barnett Joel, later lived next door to Josephine Joel's family on 14th Street in Atlanta, and it was there that Jo's paternal grandmother Sophie Lederer Joel lived until her death from old age (Arthur Heyman letter).

Besides the personal drama of the Joel family, it was in this period after the Civil War that the Jewish community became "an increasingly integral part of the general society," and Martin Menko and his brother, Joseph, like other Atlanta Jews, set up a business and were active in civic affairs. The Menko brothers, like many Atlanta Jews, were able to concern themselves with civic affairs once they were financially secure. In fact, "without forsaking their religious identity, the Jews of Atlanta participated extensively in the affairs of the general community and achieved a level of integration that their northern cousins could well envy" (Hertzberg 155).

This involvement with larger Atlanta became the ensuing pattern for Jews in the city. Similar to the earlier pioneering Jews, this phase of Jewish involvement with Atlanta was also facilitated by population size, residence, roles, and race. Because the Jewish community was so small, Jews of the early Atlanta era needed to extend themselves to the larger community to satisfy their status and associational needs fully. Furthermore, Jews

lived near non-Jews of similar economic status, and as merchants Jew and non-Jew worked together and saw each other as individuals rather than negative stereotypes. Finally, the South elevated Caucasian people over Negroid people, and Southern Jews were Caucasian (Hertzberg 155).

The desire for acceptance and assimilation received support from Atlanta's leaders of Classical Reform Judaism. As Southern-Jewish folklorist Carolyn Lipson-Walker explained,

> German Jews, rather than East European Jews [sic] set the pattern for observance and identity in the South. The religion of most Southern Jews was created by first and second generation American Jews of German origin....In contrast, the identity of most Conservative, many Reform, and Orthodox Jews throughout the rest of the United States was created by first and second generation American Jews of East European origin (115-116).

Classical Reform Judaism, a hallmark of Josephine Heyman's life, prevailed both stronger and longer in the South than in any other region of the United States (Lipson Walker 124). Unlike other parts of the country, the vast majority of Southern congregations and Southern Jews have been Reform (Lipson-Walker 122).

At the beginning of the 1800s, before Reform Judaism was born, observant Jews practiced in both Germany, or Central Europe, and in Poland, or Eastern Europe. They believed the commandments of the Jewish holy books were binding and placed ceremonial law and ethical and moral commandments on equal planes. Observance of the Jewish laws and commandments made the Jews different from the cultures of Europe; observance of the Jewish laws and commandments

> provided the inner strength and discipline that enabled Judaism to survive for centuries in a hostile society which granted Jews equality only at the price of conversion (Hertzberg 55).

Reform Judaism began in Germany in the 1800s because of the influence of the Enlightenment. The Enlightenment had been characterized by a belief in the supremacy of reason; reason was used to learn humanity's true nature to establish a perfect society. The Enlightenment challenged accepted political ideas and religious beliefs of the time, and resulted in lifting of legal barriers to Jewish advancement. The authority and utility of

many of the heretofore accepted Jewish commandments were questioned, and Reform Judaism was born (Hertzberg 55, New Standard Encyclopedia 6: E-185).

The birth pangs of Reform Judaism in Germany included many of the developmental stages that characterized later birth pangs of Reform Judaism in the United States. Both were based on a desire to achieve equality, acquire esteem or status in the non-Jewish society, and retain the loyalty of irreligious Jews. Both included fights between the Reform and the traditionalists. However, the Reform only triumphed in the United States, where the character of Jewish observance changed in the fluid, expanding society of midnineteenth century America. The main tenets of American Reform Judaism, articulated in 1885 in the Pittsburg Platform, stressed that Judaism was a progressive religion in accord with the postulates of reason and dedicated to social justice. The Pittsburg Platform rejected Mosaic laws that were not compatible with modern civilization (Hertzberg 55-57), and the "Classical Reform endorsed the melting pot premise as compatible with and preferable for Jewish survival in America" (Lipson Walker 125).

The changes from traditional to Reform in Atlanta in the last forty years of the 1800s were anything but smooth. During the first few years of its existence the Hebrew Benevolent Congregation steadily practiced as traditionalists, with men and women sitting separately and Hebrew chanting by knowledgeable members without instrumental accompaniment (Hertzberg 57-8). From the 1870s until the end of the century the Temple changed rabbis often, moving from Orthodoxy toward Reform. What was steady was an erosion of Old World personal piety, which was attributed in part to the inconvenience of observance in the materialistic and acquisitively oriented new American culture (Hertzberg 57-67).

It was in this period of religious change, in 1876, that Ellen (known as Ella) Menko, Josephine Joel Heyman's mother, was born in what was then south Atlanta on Whitehall Street. The Menko family lived in the center of the Atlanta Jewish community of that time (Bauman, " Musings" 46), and Ella Menko was born into a household of four

children. Seven years later in 1883 her father Martin Menko was killed by a runaway horse (Rothschild 39), leaving his wife, Caroline Oberdorf Menko, called Grandma by Jo, with seven children to raise. The family probably was in a difficult position without a father.

Josephine Heyman's mother and her siblings were probably ignorant of or alienated from the religious traditions brought from Europe. Many Jews born in the United States during the later nineteenth century did not acquire the religion of the old country, bringing the Temple towards Classical Reform (Hertzberg 68). At the end of the century a large number of nonacculturated Jewish immigrants from Russia settled in Atlanta. These Old World Jews threatened the hard won status of the established, Americanized German-Jewish community in non-Jewish Atlanta. The fear of the impact of the new Russian immigrants, with their old Orthodox religious practices and foreign sounding Yiddish language, brought the Temple toward the commitment to embrace American cultural forms (Hertzberg 69).

Both the old and new generation of leaders of the Temple were thoroughly Americanized. The Temple hired their first American-born rabbi, David Marx (Rothschild 44), to lead them along the path of Classical Reform Judaism (Hertzberg 68-69). He served from 1895 to 1946. Six rabbis had preceded Dr. Marx, as he preferred to be called, yet this new rabbi, the son of German New Orleans Jews, twenty-three years old, began a lifelong affiliation with the congregation.

Josephine's mother-in-law was also from a German New Orleans Jewish family. Even though she and Dr. Marx were very close and knew each other from childhood, they still addressed each other formally throughout their lives as Miss Minna and Dr. Marx. Dr. Marx had a tremendous impact on the Temple (Hertzberg 71), and as the rabbi of Josephine's childhood, a tremendous impact on her. Under Dr. Marx the Temple became an exemplary model of Classical Reform ideology (Wenger 19), and true to her upbringing, Josephine Joel Heyman became a product of Classical Reform.

Mrs. Heyman's parents were the first couple married by Dr. Marx in Atlanta in 1896. Typically, Jo, who loved to tell charming family tales, told people that her mother was very beautiful, and it made it easy for the rabbi because all the other grooms asked him, "Isn't my bride the most beautiful bride?" and all he had to say was, "No, the first bride I ever married was Ella Menko and she was the most beautiful bride I ever married" (Levy interview).

Atlanta's Reform Jews, although a part of the national Jewish trend of Reform Judaism, were also a part of the city that thought of itself as having that special Atlanta Spirit. Atlantans, including Jewish Atlantans, believed their city was bursting with energy and optimism. Atlanta was the Southern headquarters for most national corporations that did business in the South and was the first insurance center of the South. The community was thought of as open to new ideas. The success in new industries was very high. Atlanta was the greatest publication center in the South, an important educational and cultural center. Atlanta advertised itself as combining "the highest traditions of the Old South with the energy and progress of the New North, ... a growing, wide-awake progressive, active American City" (Rothschild 47).

Both the generation of men who had made Atlanta and the Temple and the younger generation of leaders were involved in developing Atlanta. Individually these Jews were accepted by non-Jewish friends, but they were not accepted as a group. Paradoxically, the many individual Jews who had economic and cultural importance in Atlanta did not feel secure as Jews. In congregations throughout America and in the Temple, Jews had a strong need to identify with the larger community and to hire leaders who were effective ambassadors for the congregation to the non-Jewish community (Rothschild 48). Dr. Marx was very active outside the congregation, achieving great success in the general community. Because of his outside activites the congregation was held in high regard by the non-Jewish community (Rothschild 50).

Although Southern-Jewish history usually does not emphasize gender issues, gender played a significant role in Josephine Joel Heyman's individual history--herstory. Just as Southern Jews as a group experienced from larger society both the good and the bad through acceptance and rejection, so did Southern Jewish women as a group experience from larger society both the good and the bad through opportunities and restrictions.

For most women in the South, including Josephine Heyman, Southern womanhood was an ideal to contend with (Jones 1530). Although Southern womanhood had "much in common with the ideas of the British Victorian lady and of American true womanhood" (Jones 1528), Southern attitudes about womanhood were more pervasive and oppressive. Some say that Southern Ladyhood, as a symbol of the purity of the South, redeemed the racist white patriarchy of the sin of white supremacy (Jones 1528-9). Whatever the origins, the idealized image of the Southern Lady "pervaded majority thinking and influenced Southern values and expectations" (Wenger 5). A carefully guarded definition of womanhood as selfless, dutiful, submissive to men, and dedicated to home, family, and service to humanity, affected Jewish and non-Jewish women in the region.

The ideal of the Lady, however, often did not match reality. For instance, many Southern women did not find that they occupied the Lady's place in the home. Although, like most Jewish women in Atlanta (Sutker, "Atlanta" 84), Josephine Heyman and her female relatives never worked for a living, many Southern women, including some Southern Jewish women, had to help support themselves and their families. At first only a few occupations, such as teaching, taking in boarders, running small shops, and sewing, were considered genteel enough work for a lady. In the United States, however, middle class women gradually, through the last third of the century, expanded their educational opportunities and the idea of what was proper work, and new careers in professions, education, and the arts gave women additional opportunites to earn a living (Campbell 47).

Finances were not the only reason that women rejected the Lady's place in the home. In the country the women's sphere expanded in education and career opportunities during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, for many women were not content with the traditional sphere of hearth and home and were enjoying the new affluence and household innovations which allowed for greater leisure time (Campbell 73). During the late nineteenth century the Lady's selflessness and duty were often considered less important than the new individualism, an individualism that manifested itself in the desire of women for careers and involvement in a variety of activities (Campbell 74). Joining the movement among American women, progressive Southern women were also able to organize and move into the public sphere (Wenger 6) by successfully manipulating the powerful images of Southern womanhood.

Both these images and the successful skill of Southern women to manipulate them (Jones 1530) continued throughout the nineteenth as well as the twentieth century. Although submissiveness, loyalty to family, and faithful service to humanity were expected of the Southern Lady, the early Southern organizational women of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries met with success. These early organizational women were the source of a new style for Southern women. They were actually able to invent new ways to expand the sphere of the Southern woman without challenging the expectations of proper women's behavior (Wenger 4-6). These early women's organizations extended rather than radically broke from the traditional home role. They were able to expand the traditional home role by emphasizing service and philanthropy through social service, charity work, and education. The early organizational women achieved their purpose and generated an image of the new woman that was palatable even within the rigid Southern ideology (Wenger 7).

Just as early Jews in the South learned the proper public manners of the region to achieve success, organizational women kept their ladylike image while striving for the same goal. They appeared to be Southern ladies as they accepted new responsiblities and

expressed and asserted themselves as women (Wenger 7). These successful early organizational women were the originators of the tack that Josephine Joel Heyman was to take throughout her life in negotiating the demanding ideal of the Southern Lady with the desire to pursue her own goals and values. The early women's organizations originated a public role that was accepted by the dominant cultural ideology (Wenger 10), a public role that gave decades of middle-class women such as Josephine Heyman avenues for participation and leadership.

Besides the ability to accommodate and revise the role of the lady, another important seed of Mrs. Heyman's life was planted by the early Southern organizational women. Women's societies instituted health, reform, and educational programs that had far-reaching social and political consequences, and Southern women of the twenties and thirties, such as Josephine, came to play an active role in the social welfare and reform movements because of the work done by the earlier women's associations (Wenger 8). Women emerged as a potent political force with the growth of women's clubs and the rise of the Progressive reform movement in the last decades of the nineteenth century, and a significant number of American women emerged from their households and participated in political and social activity (Campbell 73).

What is often misunderstood about the women throughout the United States who worked in the public sphere is that women's new careers were not only in the professions, education, and the arts, but that club work and reform activity also constituted careers for dedicated women (Campbell 48). So-called "women of leisure" held positions which eliminated rather than filled their leisure time (Wenger 77, Campbell 64). In Atlanta a substantial number of Jewish women, including decades later Josephine Joel Heyman, devoted "as much time and energy to club activity as their husbands gave to their paid employment" (Wenger 78). Such women had rigorous daily schedules for decades of their lives, and impressive, long lists of accomplishments throughout their lifetimes.

Another distinction of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century career women is that the opening of new careers was such a great advance that the issue of equal pay for equal work was not put at the forefront until decades later. In fact, although economic independence was important to women, more "important was the sense of individual fulfillment in meeting challenges and making contributions outside the home to the development of American society" (Campbell 65), and, in addition for Jewish women, to the Jewish community (Wenger 79). According to the research of feminist scholar Barbara Kuhn Campbell, most career "women worked for more than financial rewards" (65). The viewpoint that work was important to challenge the woman and to make a contribution to larger society explains why the role of organizational volunteer was attractive to determined, intelligent, independent, assertive, self-reliant women with means.

The patterns begun by the early organizational middle class women often included help from servants. Although the belief remained strong that the home was the ideal place for women, the "new women" who did not glory in staying home often challenged the old values by relying on servants to run the household. Career women, not only in the South, but throughout the United States, utilized household help, which was available and relatively inexpensive. Paid servants helped care for the children (Campbell 92) as well as doing household chores. The practice of relying on servants was retained by Josephine Heyman and her circle during their organizational careers.

Although many of the traits of organizational career women were similar for both Jewish and non-Jewish women, there were differences. As much as Jews living in the South might imitate and internalize dominant values of the region and might want to become accepted members of Southern society, they still wanted to preserve and emphasize their Jewish identity and stay involved in Jewish affairs (Wenger 31, 34). Non-Jewish Southern women began their organizations through their religious associations, and Jewish Atlanta women began their organizations through Atlanta's first synagogue, the Hebrew Benevolent Congregation, the Temple. Atlanta's early Jewish women devoted much time

to Jewish women's organizations because the needs of the Jewish community were great with under 600 members in 1880. It took the efforts of both men and women to create a Jewish communal life and build physical structures and associational networks (Wenger 22-23). Atlanta's early Jewish women began several organizations whose activities funded, supported, and coordinated communal and Temple operations (Wenger 25, Rothschild 55). The Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society, which began in 1870, served as a substantial fundraising body for the Temple and as an effective charity organization (Wenger 24, Rothschild 55). By establishing a remarkable relief program to help new, poor Jewish immigrants establish themselves, this first Atlanta Jewish women's organization gave rise to a tradition that became a major concern for future Jewish women's organizations as Jewish immigrants continued to settle in the Atlanta region (Wenger 23-24, Rothschild 55, Herzberg 127).

Religious women's organizations were not the only activities available to Jewish women of the South. Nationally, "the women's culture club movement began in 1868 when major women's clubs were established in Boston and New York," and specifically female communities of study, service, and sociablity were formed (Elwell 12, 14). The Southern notion of proper women's behavior was not offended by women's clubs that studied literature and music, and Southern Jewish and non-Jewish women designed such activities. Before long literary discussions turned to politics and sociology, which led to political action and social reform (Wenger 25-6, Scott, "Making" 216-7).

Several national organizations emerged as the women's culture club movement took off. Women had "the implicit desire to create a realm of usefulness for themselves," and "a good deal of their organization-building reflected the absence of opportunity in existing structures" (Scott, "Making" 154). Among the new organizations were a Parliament of Women in 1869, the Association for the Advancement of Women and the Women's Christian Temperance Union in 1873, the National Council of Women in 1888, and the General Federation of Women's Clubs in 1889 (Elwell 15-20). "By 1890 even the most

conservative literary club was in some way addressing social issues" (Elwell 20). Women's clubs supported women's intellectual growth and encouraged research and synthesis of ideas and the ability to apply theory to practice (Elwell 25). The women's culture club movement and national organizations were taken with great seriousness by the women, and, although they were ridiculed at first by society in general, were eventually accorded their due (Elwell 57).

In the spirit of the times, with this outpouring of women's energy and concern and organizational and administrative talent (Scott, "Making" 152), in 1893 two American Jewish women, Hannah G. Solomon and Sadie American, established the National Council of Jewish Women, an organization that thrived and would serve the needs of many American Jewish women, including Josephine Joel Heyman, throughout the twentieth century. The National Council was designed to serve local sections, and in 1895 a branch was founded in Atlanta. Both the National Council of Jewish Women and the local Council chapter in Atlanta played a crucial role for Josephine Heyman and Reform Jewish women in Atlanta (Wenger 36). Ideas that affected Reform Jewish women in the United States often began with the National Council and were passed on to local Councils, and Council members from different cities exchanged ideas with one another (Wenger 37-38).

Over the years Council brought together Jewish women with similar backgrounds, values, and concerns, and Josephine Joel Heyman, a leader of Council in Atlanta in 1936, had similarities with one of the founders of National Council, Hannah G. Solomon. Like most of Council members in the National and Atlanta Councils, both women were from German Jewish families. Mrs. Solomon was a sophisticated, charming, warm, graceful, lady-like woman who had a sense of the imperative of community involvement. Hannah Solomon's politics were liberal, and the causes she dedicated herself to reflected a larger sense of the world. Hannah chose the traditional dreams of Jewish girls, marriage and motherhood, nor did she seem to consider any of the alternative options opening for women. What's more, Mrs. Solomon was solidly middle-class and kept her progressive

social reform work separate from a protected personal life of family. Finally, Mrs. Solomon served both the general and Jewish communities (Elwell 84-86, 26). These traits could also be said for Mrs. Heyman. However, in her personal writings Josephine mentioned the importance of financial independence for a single woman and potential problems of married life, and her protected personal life included family as well as close friends.

Even though both were public in their lives, they were publicly silent about many important events in their lives. Hannah Solomon's autobiography, written when she was in her early eighties (Elwell 84), was similar to the interviews given by Josephine Heyman later in her life in that neither gave a solid sense of the women that they really were or a solid understanding of many important events in their lives, probably because the women desired to portray the circumstances of their lives in the most positive manner possible. Their personal accounts were unlike the autobiography of Southern activist Virginia Durr, author of Outside the Magic Circle. Durr, raised as a Presbyterian in an old white Southern family, became heavily involved in progressive politics as an adult. While Durr analyzed her life, Elwell noted that Hannah G. Solomon did not (84). Neither did Josephine Joel Heyman.

Josephine Heyman was also similar to Solomon in her expressions of Jewishness. Both were products "of the Reform movement which demanded commitment to a broadly interpreted prophetic tradition, and celebrated a Jewish identification that was utterly congruent with American values" (Elwell 181). Neither were pious in the traditional sense. They were not ritualists, and their daily lives were not governed by a sense of obligation to the performance of the Jewish laws, or *mitzvot*. What is different about the two women is that Hannah Solomon felt a wonderful influence from the Reform rabbi who came to her temple in Chicago when she was twenty-two (Elwell 33-34), while Josephine Heyman did not feel that her rabbi helped her. Solomon's rabbi deepened her Jewish consciousness and helped her attain a deep faith; he taught enlightened Bible classes and the

righteousness, honesty, and freedom of the prophets (Solomon, "Dr. Hirsch" 34). Although Jo was active in Jewish life, she admitted a lack of deep religious attachment to her heritage, and felt that the Reform rabbi of her childhood, Rabbi David Marx, did not help her. Often Jews who were born in America but had parents born in the old country had closer ties to traditional Jewish beliefs than Jews born in the United States whose parents were born in the United States; perhaps Solomon's faith was stronger because her father and grandfather immigrated from Germany (Elwell 26), while Josephine's parents had been born in Georgia. Despite the difference in religious beliefs, both women made choices to devote energies to social service, often through Council. They were committed to social justice through social reform to improve the lot of humanity. "Humanizing the workplace and the city " achieved "the eternal Jewish goal of hastening the messiah" (Elwell 181).

The humanizing social service and reform work of Council played a large part in the Jewish expression of more women than Hannah G. Solomon and Josephine Joel Heyman. Council played a large part in many members' Jewish lives. In the beginning of the organization Council founders integrated religion and philanthropy by realizing Reform Judaism's ideal of social justice "through action informed by study" (Elwell 161). "Women had always been kept out of the mainstream of Jewish religious life" (Elwell 99), and Council women became involved in Jewish study and took responsibility for their own Jewish education, "laying the foundations for their own definition of Judaism and Jewishness" (Elwell 116). "The founders of Council seized the opportunity to explore a religious realm that had been previously closed to them as Jewish women" (Elwell 180). Council women took part in "study groups which not only provided education about Jewish issues, but also helped them to define their roles as women within Jewish life" (Wenger 41). The tradition had neglected women.

Jewish study was not enough. For Council women, being Jewish was 'doing good', for Council women did not separate their duty to God and their duty to humanity.

In keeping with early Council women's attitudes, Josephine Joel Heyman spent much of her adult life serving humanity. Their philanthropies were the nessessarily active expressions of their work (Solomon, "Sheaf" 47). National Council founder Sadie American said that "to a Jew to be something means to do something ... and saying which does not express itself in conduct ... is a mere sham" (qtd. in Elwell 100, from Proceedings 100).

Although no in-depth research on gender conflicts encountered by the local Atlanta chapter exists, such a study has been done on the National level. Because of the close interchange between the national and local organizations, it is probable that the struggles encountered by National were known by the Atlanta chapter. Although the following refers to the National struggle, the implications bore on the lives of Atlanta Jewish women and Josephine Joel Heyman in particular.

As Council participants in the early years connected to each other and to Jewish tradition, they realized that Reform Judaism and Reform rabbis had not rectified the historical inequity between the religious responsibilities and the religious education of women and men, and Council women began to redefine their relationship to the synagogue. They decreased their dependence on the rabbis and acknowledged that the synagogue could serve as but one of many bases for their broadly-conceived religious work (Elwell 120). The established religious community failed to take women seriously, and wanted the women to leave contemplation of religious matters in the hands of the rabbinic authorities (Elwell 165). The community deliberately attempted to undercut Council women's efforts both to learn and to teach Judaism to one another and to children. Because of the lack of support from the rabbis and because a number of Council members either were unwilling or unable to forge ahead with a distinctly religious component (Elwell 114), Council turned to philanthropy and away from Jewish education (Elwell 124).

Josephine Joel Heyman's interest in philanthropy over Jewish instruction reflected the same pattern as Council. Due to Josephine's feeling of missing out on spiritual aspects

of religion, it is interesting to note that though the original organizers of Council hoped to build on both faith and humanity, the Council that emerged in the twentieth century was preoccupied with philanthropic projects, not religious issues (Elwell 137), and Jewish study ceased to inform the philanthropic activity of Council (Elwell 161). American-born Council members such as Josephine Heyman who had never known anything but Classical Reform Judaism may have suffered from Council's failure to develop Jewish educational programs.

When Council stopped focusing on religion, it stopped working for establishment of equality of women in Jewish life (Elwell 168). Instead, Council members of the twentieth century, including Mrs. Heyman, who never denied their Jewish heritage (Elwell 180), could identify their liberal social service programs and philanthropic programs directed toward serving the Jewish community as "practical fulfillments of Jewish religious ideals" (Elwell 169). Just as the Classical Reform Judaism of Josephine Joel Heyman's crowd defined itself as universal and humanitarian, rather than sectarian or particularistic, and moved from a narrow, religious definition of Jewishness to a broader cultural definition of Jewishness, so did Council members define "their projects and interests as universal and humanitarian" (Elwell 180).

Although Council's attitude of a universal and humanitarian approach towards the work rather than a religious approach was clear-cut, its attitude toward gender restrictions for women was less definite. On the one hand, women members, including Mrs. Heyman, could be called traditional because they accepted social and institutional structure of the American Jewish community by not challenging the "exclusion of women from positions of power within the ... Reform Jewish Hierarchy" (Elwell 186) On the other hand, the founding of Council indicated that Reform Judaism failed to treat women as equals, and could be called radical (Elwell 188).

Whether labelled traditional or radical, Council continued its appeal to a broad range of American Jewish women because it engaged in projects and concerned itself with issues

that reflected woman's traditional role in America and American Jewish culture (Elwell 188). It is understandable that Council could not succeed with women's self-initiated study groups in an era when women's education had not gained wide acceptance but could succeed in social reform when general society tolerated women working for social reform (Elwell 188-189). Council women worked outside their homes, but not in areas formerly controlled by men. Because these women were involved in the newer fields like school and municipal reform and legislative lobbying, they could distinguish themselves and become leaders (Elwell 189). Council women's success, and thus Josephine Joel Heyman's success, rested on their ability to serve others, not on their ability to educate themselves Jewishly or concern themselves with Judaism (Elwell 89). Although Atlanta Council women did not uproot traditional conceptions of womanhood (Elwell 23) and "did not threaten the very base of Jewish or American society" (Elwell 189), in the 1890's they were among "the innovators and leaders of social service and relief work" (Wenger 43).

The restrictions on Council women as a result of sexism were offset by the expansion of Atlanta Council women into the non-Jewish community. Because a minority group's ability to survive may well be dependent upon the capacity to adjust to a dominant group (Sutker, "Atlanta" 248), Southern Jewish women were considerably sensitive about the nature of relationships with Southern non-Jewish women. In Atlanta the Council joined the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs in 1895 (Wenger 45). This was Atlanta Jewish women's first formal integration within the non-Jewish women's community (Wenger 46). Once the Federation accepted the Atlanta Council, the women's club was considered prestigious in the Southern community, (Wenger 46) and Council women were considered clubwomen on the social level of non-Jewish society clubwomen (Wenger 44). Although the inclusion of the local chapter of Council in The Atlanta Society Bluebook in 1901 (Sutker, "Atlanta" 194) may sound trivial, the ability of the Jewish women to be accepted by non-Jewish women brought opportunities they would have not had otherwise.

Although the 1890's were promising for Atlanta's Jewish women in some ways, there were also ominous financial and political changes that occurred in Atlanta after 1890. These threatening changes must be mentioned before turning to the childhood of Josephine Joel Heyman, for such changes affected Josephine's childhood as well as her adulthood. It was in 1890 that the erosion began of the highly secure position of Atlanta's Jews, an erosion that resulted in the lynching of Leo Frank, a respected member of the Atlanta Jewish community (Hertzberg 214), when Josephine Joel Heyman was fourteen years old in 1915.

The changes in Atlanta began with the rural resentment that surged in the South from 1880 to 1900, a time when business dominated the national and state politics (Cameron 1-2). Atlanta's industrialization, transportation, and communications revolution reflected national trends at the end of the nineteenth century (Bauman, "Role" 71-72). Due to the industrialization of the South that began after the Civil War, Atlanta progressed. Although Atlanta prospered with industrialization and urbanization, rural areas, which continued to dominate, did not flourish (Cameron 1-2) (Bauman, "Role" 71-72).

With the changes came movements such as populism and progressivism. During the surge of rural resentment, the Southern Populists came as reformers to end corrupt business rule. Tom Watson was a leader of the Populist movement in Georgia from 1890 to 1896. During his leadership, economic decline destroyed many farms (Cameron 1-2). Many of the impoverished farm families fled to Atlanta seeking a better life (Hertzberg 203). Unfortunately, Atlanta was not prepared for the expanding population, and newcomers from the farms often faced urban poverty.

Dispossessed farmers now living in Atlanta were ill-prepared for urban life. The rural families had always been aware of their Anglo-Saxon heritage, and after moving to the city they believed outsiders were menaces to pure Southern blood and Southern values. Because of financial disaster, industrial upheaval, and political unrest, they perceived Jews as representing negative religious and economic qualities (Hertzberg 203).

Chapter 2: The Nice Southern Jewish Girl, 1901-1919: Birth through High School

In interviews later in life and diary entries during adolescence Josephine Joel Heyman's childhood and adolescence as a Jewish girl in Atlanta come to life. Besides her own voice, this chapter includes analysis of the larger context of her Atlanta and Southern Jewish community, as well as a discussion of her individual personality development.

When Mrs. Heyman was eighty-eight years old she discussed her childhood:

> My mother was gay and bright and had loads of friends and everybody loved her. She was very pretty and happy and had a great sense of humor. She was ten years younger than my father, and I never saw any man adore a woman as much as he did. [He called her Dearest and Trumpy, his Ace of Trumps.] My father was not handsome; he was a rather homely man, but my mother was a beautiful young woman.
>
> They had been married five years before I was born in 1901. Let me tell you how I got my name. A wonderful uncle of mine whose name was Joseph had died young, and his tombstone is a tree cut off at the trunk. My father told me he had said, "If we're going to have a son he's going to be named Joseph. If you have a daughter, it's going to be Josephine." So that's how I got my name.
>
> I grew up on 14th Street and there were a number, a little cluster, of several Jewish families. The rest was all Christian neighborhood. We had a really happy childhood there. The school was on 10th Street. So you see it was not far. The idea of having to go on a bus -- it was only five blocks. There were hardly any Jewish children. All the Jewish people lived on Washington Street and Pryor and Richardson, out there. And they thought, when we moved on 14th Street, we had just moved outside the world. They said, "I don't know why in the world the Joels moved way out there!" And I felt like it was such a handicap because I didn't know any of the Jewish boys and girls. We only met at Sunday School.
>
> I remember as children we played out in the street at night and it was cobblestones. And there was so little traffic - they had enough light to cast a circle. And we used that circle to play games. And my, we all gathered at the Falers' steps.
>
> There were two houses way up the hill; it's all gone now. It's been taken down, the whole hill.
>
> We played children's games - Drop the Handkerchief and Follow the Leader. We would hold hands, and drop hands. Somebody would run around, and the person they'd drop the handkerchief behind wasn't supposed to know it, and they would run, run, run and if he caught you, he would be the next one in the circle. And we'd play Farmer in the Dell. Hi ho the Derry Oh, the farmer's in the dell. Then the farmer chose a wife, and so on.
>
> We lived on 14th Street in one of those big old colonial homes, and up in the back there were servants' houses, and the cook or the maids slept in there. We had a cook and a maid and a chauffeur who acted as butler. They would get $10.00 a week. And when one of them got married, we gave her a wedding in the back. It was a big backyard. We had servants who brought grandmother's breakfast in bed.

My mother, [Ella Menko Joel] had seven people living at her house. We had five bedrooms in the house, and three bathrooms. My [maternal] grandmother, Grandma, [Caroline Oberndorf Menko,] who was always an invalid, and my old maiden aunt, Auntie [Fannie Menko, her mother's sister] lived with us. I don't know how my mother ever stood it. There were my brothers Benjamin Franklin Jr. [born in 1903], (I called him Bubba,) and Lyons II, Lyons Barnett Joel [born in 1905]. Until my mother's younger sister, Maud, who the family called "Honey," married and moved to Birmingham, she roomed with me.

Grandma would be in bed, have her breakfast in bed. Every day before we left for school, we'd go in her bedroom and say, "Guten Morgen, Grossmutter, " and she'd say, "Guten Morgen, Mein kind." [Good morning, Grandmother. Good morning, my child.]

And part of the family was next door to us. First on the hill was my mother and father and me. Next door, the Lyons Joels. My father was Benjamin Franklin Joel, and his brother was Lyons Barnett Joel. And they, the first generation of Benjamin Franklin Joels and Lyons Barnett Joels, bought these lots and built twin houses together.

And I never had a sister because I had a cousin who was just a little younger than I. And her name was Helene Joel; we were first cousins. Later we married brothers. Helene Joel's brother, Lyons Barnett, was named after his grandfather.

My father had a dry goods store, called Bass Dry Goods Company, which was on Mitchell Street, between Forsythe Street and Whitehall. On the first floor they had piece goods and jewelry and stuff like that. Next door was a shoe store, and upstairs was ladies' ready-to-wear, suits and dresses and all. My father was in charge of the first floor, and my uncle, the first Lyons Barnett Joel, was in charge of the second story, and next door was a shoe store and when my brothers grew up, they wanted them to come in and the brothers said, "No, not Bass', no."

Of course my father could buy things wholesale. I thought the things that came from Bass' were just terrible, and when they made me wear a coat from there, I was just furious. I wanted to buy my coat from Rich's or Davidson's or Allen's.

I didn't work in the store. My father thought it would be a disgrace to have his daughter have a job. When I went to college and everybody said, "What're you gonna do," I said, "I'm gonna get married and have children." He thought it'd be a disgrace to the father to have his daughter work as if Father couldn't support her. Of course it's different now.

My father's place of business was downtown. He worked so hard, but he would come home for lunch in the middle of the day! It was about three miles. That was when we had an automobile. My mother had seven people living there. With three meals a day. A hot meal in the middle of the day. And I don't know how she ever lived through it but she did.

And guess where we went as a summer resort? To Marietta [now six and a half miles from Atlanta]. [laughter] There was a big boarding house run by two old maids and an old bachelor brother. Miss Allie Crockett and Miss Louise, and I think he was Mr. Dan. It was so homey. They would all sit on the veranda at night and rock in the rocking chairs and talk. To relieve my mother of housekeeping, we went there for two months and my father would work during the week and come up on weekends.

Our family was completely Reform, from the very -- I don't know how old I was before I knew Jews weren't supposed to eat ham. My father particularly like[d] pork sausage. (We had abolutely [no idea], I didn't even

know that that [pork] was forbidden until I was grown up and heard about this.) See Dr. Marx was ultra, ultra Reform. All of these customs were gone. And we were really, except for going to temple once a week, and holidays, we were just exactly like our Christian neighbors.

When I was growing up, Hanukkah was a minor holiday, and we lit the Hanukkah lights, the Hanukkah candles, and also when we were children, we had Santa Claus, and hung up our stockings. But there was no thought of Jesus, or Christ, in connection with Santa Claus. And when we were little we believed he came down the chimney.

And we had a house that had fireplaces, and we hung up our stockings on Christmas Eve. I had two brothers, younger than I am. They're both dead now. I had a cousin [Helene] who lived next door, and she would sleep with us. And we'd get up around five o'clock in the morning.

We went to temple. Every Saturday morning. I went with my mother, and with our next door neighbor. She had a daughter my age, Marie Rosenbaum, who is now living in this Linbrook, the building next door to me ... I don't see her anymore.

She and her mother and me and my mother, we walked downtown; the temple was near enough for us to walk down there. My father had a store on Mitchell Street, and we would walk there. I don't remember how we got home -- whether we took a streetcar or not; I think by then we had an automobile. It was a great thing to ride in an automobile.

We just were assigned seats at temple -- they were benches, not like pews. But the Heymans had, I remember, a seat way over to the right. Now this was the old temple. The Sunday School rooms were downstairs. The front was on the street and then it went down a hill and the Sunday School rooms were on street level. The temple must have been on Pryor, with Richardson on the side. Most of the Jewish people lived on Pryor and Washing Street, Capital Avenue, and we moved out on 14th Street when I was very young (Levy interview).

The above interview of Mrs. Heyman gives us a flavor of Atlanta at the turn of the century. In many ways the story of her early life was typical of the German Reform Jews of Atlanta. When the family moved "way out to the sticks, a half a day's buggy ride away" to 14th Street and Peachtree when she was six years old (Harris), they were part of the German-Jewish move northward in Atlanta to the area that today is called mid-town. The synagogues and other Jewish organizations were on the strongly Jewish southside (Bauman, "Musings" 47).

Although the Joel family represented a new trend in the Atlanta Jewish community in their move to a new neighborhood, their ownership of a dry goods store represented an established trend. Many Jewish merchant and extended families in the South during that era owned dry goods stores. Although it was common for females from poorer families to

work in family stores, middle class families such as the Joels did not want females to help support them (Campbell 99). Jewish women, unlike their husbands, "were not expected to center their lives around paid labor. According to prevailing American standards, women worked only when their families were in financial need. Popular notions said female paid laborers were lower class, married to failed men, spinsters, or young women waiting to get married... In a Jewish community striving to be accepted by America's wealthier families, none of these situations was enviable" (Rogow 155).

Another characteristic common for German Jews was their pride in their national heritage, and Mrs. Heyman's maternal grandmother, Grandma Menko, represented this German Jewish pride. Grandma "Menko played the piano and taught the children German songs, such as 'O Tannenbaum.'" The German Jews "had even established English-German-Hebrew academies in the 1860s and 18970s to preserve these three languages symbolic of their multicultural identity" (Bauman, "Musings" 47).

The Joel's large, close, extended family was characteristic of both Southern and Jewish cultures. Although Jo never knew either of her grandfathers, Grandma Menko lived until her death in 1918 with Jo's family, while Jo's paternal grandmother, Sophie Lederer Joel, lived next door with the Lyons Joel family.

The big colonial twin houses that the Joel brothers built were typical homes for both Jewish and non-Jewish Southerners, for Southern-Jewish families aspired toward the Southern aristocratic model of the English country gentry and the big colonial home with a considerable backyard that included servants' houses.

To further reach their goal of adapting to the South, Southern Jews acted like other religious Southerners (Lipson-Walker 137, Urofsky xii). As a young girl, Josephine Joel and her mother and a neighbor girl of Jo's age and her mother walked downtown to temple every Saturday morning. Jo said she had complete faith as a child and that she was very religious (Levy interview, Bauman interview 38).

Despite their observance of Judaism by going to temple once a week and celebrating a few major holidays, the Classical Reform movement did not observe most Jewish customs. Instead, in the spirit of the Classical Reform movement of that period, Jo and her family tried to be similar to their non-Jewish neighbors by "aping the gentility of the white Christian upper class" (Lipson - Walker 108). As Jo put it, they were just exactly like their Christian neighbors except for going to temple, for unlike Northern Jews, Southern Jewry did not express itself in an ethnic or cultural fashion (Lipson - Walker 137). Rather, in the spirit of the urban upper class, "Jo attended her first opera before the age of seven, hearing Enrico Caruso when the Metropolitan Opera came to Atlanta" (Bauman, "Musings" 48).

Although Josephine Joel's early life seemed pleasant enough, Atlanta had problems. Conservatism was still strong even though Jo's first fifteen years coincided with the Progressive Era's reform spirit that addressed the social problems from the industrialization and urbanization that followed the Civil War (Rice and Jackson 74).

Race relations were particularly bad. Blacks in Atlanta and in the rest of the South were rigidly segregated, and white people did not understand Negro culture (Rice and Jackson 74). White racial attitudes hardened during this era, and Atlanta courts even used separate Bibles to swear in blacks and whites (Rice and Jackson 74). Blacks were completely disenfranchised through special laws that blocked the black voter (Rice and Jackson 75-6). Blacks faced ever-present violence from white perpetrators who continued to lynch, reflected by one particularly violent episode in 1906 when whites came into black neighborhoods to injure and murder members of the black community in a race riot (Rice and Jackson 76-77).

Despite the racism of Atlanta's white population, five private black colleges had been in Atlanta since reconstruction (Cole 330), and a black middle-class was able to rise economically through entrepreneurship and the professions (Rice and Jackson 76). Also, W.E.B. DuBois, one of the most influential black leaders of the twentieth century, and a

principle founder of the National Advancement of Colored People in 1910, was a professor at Atlanta University from 1897-1909 and 1933-1944 (Rice and Jackson 77-78).

Besides racism, antisemitism was also on the rise during Joesphine Joel's childhood. In the first third of the twentieth century bias and prejudice against not only blacks but also Jews and Catholics ran strong in Georgia (Coleman 291). With increased foreign immigration in the 1890's, Southern xenophobia and antisemitism increased (Wenger 67-8). Rabbi Marx told the congregation in 1914 about efforts being made to protestantize the public schools in Atlanta and of the vulgar stage and moving picture representations of the Jew and Judaism (Rothschild 72). In an interview when she was eighty years old, Mrs. Heyman began to touch on complexities and tensions for Southern Jews when she recalled her "new neighborhood," the German-Jewish move northward in Atlanta to the area that today is called mid-town when she was six years old. This neighborhood had a friendly atmosphere, and her mother and aunt became friendly with non-Jewish women, but "not too friendly" (Leeds 10). Atlanta Jews mingled with non-Jews and were often accepted into economic and government circles, but Rabbi Marx said Jews and non-Jews did not mix 'after 5 o'clock' (qtd in Bauman, "Role" 82). Josephine Heyman recalled that she went to elementary school with "the very top level society Christians," and one girl in her elementary school said something about being Jewish, and she never forgot it (Leeds interview 10-11). On the social level that constituted "top society" in the city, the position of the Jew was very insecure (Sutker, "Atlanta" 157).

Although she didn't like to remember it, in 1913, when Jo was twelve years old, "one of the most violent anti-Semitic outbursts to (ever) occur in the United States" (Cameron 1) began in Atlanta. In April 1913, twenty-nine year-old Leo Frank, a highly respected member of the Temple (Rothschild 68) and superintendent of a pencil factory in Atlanta, was questionably accused of murdering a thirteen year old white girl, Mary Phagan, who worked in the factory. Leo Frank was a graduate of Cornell University who had been sent to Europe to study in preparation for heading his uncle's Atlanta business.

His uncle had generously helped the Temple. Leo Frank moved from New York and lived in the fashionable Southside with most of the other Jews of his class. He belonged to the same synagogue, the Temple, and the same social club, the Standard Club (Hertzberg 202), as the Joels. He was married to Lucille Selig Frank, a native of Atlanta from one of the most prominent Jewish families in the city. Because of their wealth and social position, the Franks were considered powerful (Rothschild 70).

Leo Frank fought for his life, but Atlanta, filled with devastating anti-Jewish propaganda, found him guilty. The press stimulated prejudice (Rothschild 68). A jury imposed the death sentence even though there was not much evidence against him. After Governor John Slaton commuted Frank's sentence to life imprisonment, half of Georgia's 3,000 Jews temporarily fled the state (Silver 32), including the Joel family who fled to Birmingham, for fear of riots. National Guard troops were called to protect the governer from angry mobs (Rice and Jackson, 90). The hatred of the community culminated in 1915 when an anti-Semitic lynch mob abducted Leo Frank from the state prison in Milledgeville and hanged him in Marietta, the young working girl's home town (Rice and Jackson, 90).

To better explain why the memory of the ordeal traumatized members of the Temple, Janice Rothschild, wife of the Temple's eighth rabbi, Jacob (Jack) Rothschild, visualized the background:

> Rabbi Marx ministered to sorely troubled members of his congregation under the glare of ugly publicity and the mass hysteria that it engendered, corruption and collusion within local agencies of law enforcement, deliberate withholding of evidence, the cynical use of emotionalism for private gain. One must hear the violently prejudicial captions shouted by corner newsboys, the loudly-voiced and bigoted conversations on street cars, the jeers and insults of a red-necked mob coming through open windows into the courtroom itself. And incredible as it may seem, one must imagine human beings -- thousands of Georgia men, women, and children--enraged at being denied the "privilege" of desecrating the dead body of another human being, a man accused and convicted on the barest of cirumstantial evidence (70).

Even at eighty-eight years of age, Mrs. Heyman had a lot to say about the ordeal.

Leo Frank? Well, I heard my folks talking about it. They knew his wife, who was Lucille Selig. They didn't know him very well because he was a Yankee. But Lucille had married him and they had no children.

I remember hearing them talk about this terrible thing. The *idea* of such a thing. Of accusing a man who had been President of the B'nai Brith Chapter! The idea that he would do such a thing: and then as it came out about Mary Phagan had been raped, and they said certainly it was Jim Conley who did it. But it was a *terrible* experience, just awful.

And then I remember -- I was a child then -- when his sentence was commuted by Governor Slaton to life imprisonment. They expected a riot. And my father sent the whole family down to Birmingham where my aunt lived because they were talking about mobs for Slaton. Slaton's home was in Buckhead. And they were going to walk straight up Peachtree Street to lynch Governor Slaton. And we lived just off of Peachtree. On 14th Street. And the men stayed at home, but they got pistols and even my brother, even Auntie, even Grandma, who never went anywhere, they were all put on a train and sent to Birmingham. I was already down there anyway visiting my aunt.

My aunt, the one I called Honey who lived with us, married and moved to Birmingham. I think I came home from school one day, I was about seven, and she had, they didn't want her to marry this man. And Auntie, the one who lived with us, she carried on like my aunt was dead. She sat, next thing to sackcloth and ashes. She sat sniffing and weeping. And she -- my aunt -- married a man named Manny Adler.

His full name was Emanuel Abraham Adler. And he was -- well he didn't make much money. My father and his brother bought a number of stores for him, called Emanuel Tailor and Company where he sold tailor made suits to fit a person, had a chain of them, for fifteen dollars. He moved to Birmingham, and that's when he had his store. They didn't -- they were not successful. This man, well, he never made any money. And of course my aunt, the idea of working in those days was unheard of. But she did the next thing that was almost unheard of. She didn't have a servant. She did, she did all of her cooking herself.

And that's where they, we were all sent. She had a, he built her a little house. She loved that house. And I was a great favorite of hers. Because we had roomed together.

How did I start talking about this? As I say, my family talked about Leo Frank. Another crazy thing. We children would play on the front of the steps in the arc light, would play the case, the trial, and I can remember now.

"I get to be Luther Rosser. I get to be Luther Rosser." Luther Rosser -- he was the best lawyer in Georgia.

And nobody wanted to be Dorsey, the lawyer for the other side.

And we had the trial and all of that stuff. We didn't know anything much about it except that a nice Jewish man who was married to an old-family Jewish woman was being wrongly accused of murdering a woman, a young woman, which he didn't do, and the chances are that it was the black man, Jim Conley. But it's never been solved.

I told my son-in-law, when he was rehashing this thing. Eventually they employed Luther Rosser and Reuben Arnold, the two finest lawyers in the state of Georgia, and they messed up that case. I said to Charles, my son-in-law, "How could they have bungled the case so?" He said, "They

really did. They just did not, they did not do what they should have done in this case. He should have been proven innocent."

Now my good friend Carolyn Haas Kahn, her father, Herbert Haas, was Frank's lawyer. And he was the one that went down -- I think that she told me that she was born the day that Frank was put in jail. And her father Herbert Haas was the main lawyer.

Then after he was not proven innocent they hired, I don't know where the money came from, maybe the Jewish community, they hired these two lawyers who were the best you could get. Hugh Dorsey, who was the prosecuting attorney.

Arthur Heyman, my father-in-law, was a partner of Hugh Dorsey, who was the villain in the case from our point of view. And they tell the story, the Heymans do, that the daughter, Dorah, who lives in Birmingham now, she's ninety-two years old and going strong, that she came to the office one day and refused to shake hands with Hugh Dorsey.

And I can remember my folks talking at the dinner table. They were criticizing Arthur Heyman for not leaving the firm where Hugh Dorsey was. I can remember my mother saying, "Well you can talk. But it's his living. He's got nothing to do [with the case]. I mean a lawyer takes whatever clients he wants to take. It's got nothing to do with what Arthur Heyman would think about."

I never knew the Heymans in those days. Well, I knew who they were, but they lived way out Peachtree Street. And the man I married was three and a half years older than I was and I hardly knew him at all until I grew up.

As I say, I was a child. But I do remember some of the dinner table conversation.

But many years later, in fact just a few years ago, my son-in-law, Charles Wittenstein, wanted to get a posthumous pardon for Frank. Well the whole things was so unpleasant in my memory, I said, "*Don't* do it. *Don't* bring the Frank case up again. It's over. The poor man is dead."

And I, we all felt sure he was innocent. But whether he was innocent or guilty; it was all wrong. This was oh, I guess four or five years ago they brought the whole thing out again and I think they did get a posthumous -- I don't think they called it a pardon -- they called it an exoneration (Levy interview 1989).

The trauma of the Leo Frank lynching led directly to the formation of the national Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith (Silver 32). Three months after the lynching, "thirty-four white men dedicated to the 'sacred duty' of protecting womanhood, white supremacy, and 'pure Americanism,' climbed Stone Mountain to burn a fiery cross" (Rothschild 72). Stone Mountain, sixteen miles east of Atlanta, rises eight hundred and twenty-five feet above the surrounding plain (New Standard Encyclopedia 16: S-827). Out of the mixture of racism, antisemitism, and xenophobia, the Ku Klux Klan reactivated and held state political power for a decade (Rice and Jackson 90-91). The Atlanta Jewish

community lived within a climate of hate (Rothschild 73). The homogenous, conservative, xenophobic, and fundamentalist Southern culture (Lipson-Walker 106) had not been curbed by the quick assimilation of the Southern Jews, an assimilation hastened by deep-seated fears of antisemitism. Although many German Jews had once felt optimistic because Atlanta brought financial security, this security could not keep them safe from bigotry. A threatening cloud hung over the Jewish community, for leaving Europe and moving to the United States had not kept them safe from hatred (Hertzberg 215).

Although the Leo Frank lynching was horrific, overall Jo did not describe her adolescence as traumatic.

> The way I grew up you mostly had parties with your Sunday School class. And I was very distressed because we had moved out to 14th Street. The whole Jewish population, all of the boys and girls, lived on Washington and Capital Avenue -- up there -- and we were over on 14th Street, and I felt like I hardly knew them.
>
> But we -- I had friends in high school -- girlfriends. We were more or less going in crowds. We would have parties at somebody's house. They'd take up the rugs and turn on the victrola. And we would dance. And then there was the old Standard Club, which was on Washington Street. And that's where all our fathers were.
>
> And another funny thing. Today a girl and a boy start dating. And you date really just the one boy. In those days, the more boys you dated, the better. And I can remember, I think I wrote it in my diary, "I am worried so about being popular." I had red hair, I don't know if you can tell it now, I had really red hair. I, of all things, was red haired and born Jewish (laughter).
>
> And once I got a coat with a cape on it. And I was able to hide my hair. Well I had a plait cut off later. It must have been just beautiful. Which I never knew.
>
> And then when we went to Girls' High School we had to take a streetcar and we walked down to West Peachtree or Peachtree. See we were on 14th Street between the Peachtrees. We took a streetcar. It took us an hour to get to Girl's High School. We thought nothing of it [chuckle]. There were all girls, which I was really afterwards sorry about. So that I really never knew any Christian boys. But, it was just, we just knew we would never marry anybody but a Jew (Levy interview).

Jo's early adolescence within the Atlanta and Southern Jewish Community illustrates the social life of the Reform Jews of the South.. Social ties were valued by the classical Reform Jews of the South, and they emphasized social ties more than religion or religious heritage. Southern Jews maintained networks of family, friends, and acquaintances, and were characterized by their intricate connections with other Jews

throughout their region (Lipson-Walker 46-7, 102). Josephine Joel Heyman was not only close to the Atlanta Jewish community, she was close to Jews in other parts of the region, visiting relatives and participating in youth activities.

Young Jewish people like Josephine Joel gathered in Birmingham and Montgomery, Alabama and Atlanta and Columbus, Georgia. In Montgomery The Falcon Picnic started around the turn of the century for the Fourth of July, and grew to a weekend of elaborate parties for Jewish high school and college-aged males and females to meet. Later Ballyhoo in Atlanta and Hollydays in Columbus, Georgia, were held annually "during Christmas vacations, replete with Christmas trees and decorations." Jubilee was Birmingham's Labor Day gala. Southern Jews wanted to have gatherings so their young people would meet and marry within the group. Endogamy operated as a social mechanism for the survival of Jewry in the South (Lipson-Walker 330-337).

In Atlanta Jewish club life was particularly important, and the Joels belonged to The Standard Club, "the oldest Jewish social club with the most prestige in the general community" (Sutker, "Atlanta" 160). Jews were "excluded from the other major social clubs of the city" (Sutker, "Atlanta" 156), and Jewish clubs provided recreational facilities, social activities, entertainment, and food and drink (Sutker, "Atlanta" 164-5) for Jewish families. The members of the Standard Club "were of German or Central European descent, economically secure and even wealthy, and congregants of " the Temple (Sutker, "Atlanta" 158).

Although many patterns of Jo's childhood were common for the German Reform Jews of her group, the development of her individual personality can be seen in her diaries. Seeds of a feisty nature were evident in her adolescent diaries, and a flowering of her high spirited nature and independence grew throughout her diaries and letters. In the opening paragraph of her first diary, begun on Dec. 28, 1914 when she was thirteen, she wrote that "Some very funny things have happened since I was born, and I am going to try to write an account of them as I remember them now." A joyful and happy tone recurred as she wrote about holidays, friends,

and family. She was a serious, thoughtful, and conscientious chronicler whose enthusiasm dotted her pages.

This lively girl who liked "to have some fun occasionally," as she wrote in 1915, also was conscientious, and as an adolescent she was quick to admit her guilt when caught misbehaving and just as quick to bounce back from her remorse. After she was caught reading on the sly, she was so ashamed that she wondered if she could ever look anybody straight in the face again, and she "made the biggest resolution ever." She prayed for forgiveness and vowed she was never going to read in bed after hours, and that she was "going to try to be a good girl everywhere but in school..." (Jan. 2, 1915).

Her writing also showed diligence. At fourteen years old in 1915, when she was appointed leader for a debate at school, she proclaimed that she ate debate for nearly every meal and talked about it so much that she even dreamed about it at night (Jan. 16 1915).

Her diligence, to her ideals as well as her work, was apparent by the time she was fifteen. She said her motto was to light the lives of those who loved her, and that the way to "do this now is by being all they expect of me." Her parents gave her a birthstone ring for her birthday, and she wrote that the ring was her motto and "shall be to me like the shoes of the little boy in the fairy tale which pinched when he did anything wrong." Her opal wouldn't pinch, but when she looked at it, she thought of all it meant, and that her conscience wouldn't "pinch awfully" (Oct. 29, 1916).

Besides diligence, her extensive social skills were also apparent from an early age. In an early diary she wrote that "a kind of instinct" made her try to appear to the eyes of her friends as innocent in a delicate social situation that she had finessed by thinking and campaigning. All the while she was laughing to herself because she nobody knew that she knew about her upcoming surprise party. Her first impulse was "to tell the whole truth to all," but then she reasoned that if "Mamma and all the folks were so dear as to take such a lot of trouble to give me joy, the least I could do was to be surprized..." She finally decided on her "plan of campagne: They must think I'm surprized whether I am or not"

(Oct. 15, 1916). Her ability to keep from disappointing friends and family because she found out about their plans for giving her a surprise birthday party predicted her later effective social skills working with many different people and groups for progressive causes.

Josephine Joel Heyman's nontraditional gender ideas developed over the years. When she was a girl, her family and friends were consistently involved and supportive of her work. In her diary she wrote that when her father woke her up he said, "Get up, Jo. I've got another point for your debate." Her father telegraphed her mother, who was visiting relatives in Birmingham, when Jo's side won at her school in Atlanta. Her mother sent a telegram of congratulations that Jo put in her diary, along with her speech and the points for the "rebutal" (Feb. 4 1915). She wrote that she wanted to read her first debate when she was an old lady.

Diaries

The first diary begins on December 28, 1914 and ends on January 23, 1915. It is twenty-two pages long. She wrote this diary between the ages of thirteen and fourteen years of age. There are eleven entries.

The front of the notebook she used for the first diary has the picture of the head and neck of a horse. Underneath is printed

MADE BY MONTAG BROS. ATLANTA, GA.
The BLUE-HORSE
NO. 519
COMPOSITION BOOK
QUALITY-NOT QUANTITY

Dec. 28, 1914

At last I have started my diary. How long I will keep it up is a question yet unanswered. For two years or more I've been wanting to write a diary but never have. Some very funny things have happened since I was born, and I am going to try to write an account of them as I remember them now.

To-night I am going to a dance given by the "T.P.I." which is a club the boys of our age belong to. The letters of the club name are a secret and also are many other things concerning the club. All the boys are surposed to ask

a girl to go with them. Donald Oberdorfer[1] asked me. Sidney Gershon[2] wanted to take me too but Donald asked first, so I have to go with him. The dance is going to be at the Standard Club House and begins at eight o'clock.

Christmas week has been a very busy one socielly for the children both in my croud and in the older croud. Rebecca Mathis,[3] a dear friend of ours, came up to spend the holidays in Atlanta and several parties have been given in her honor. She goes with the older children[4] and they have a dance every night except Friday until school opens.[5] I am thirteen years old and go with the younger croud, although I'm not very popular and don't enjoy the dances very much because I am a "wall-flower." I hate not to be popular, but don't mind acknoulageing it. The reason I'm not as popular as the rest is this: We moved out on the north side w hen all the other families were living on the south side and we naturelly drew more and more foreign to each other. That was six years ago and I was too little to realize what effect it would have on my life later. Donald and Sidney moved out on Fourteenth Street just two houses away from us and so they usually take me to the dances.

Last Friday night Evelyn Adler gave a dance. It was a surprise party and, she having moved north too and goes to Tenth Street School with me, I was invited. Of course Donald took me. I'm getting right tired of his escorting me. He is <u>so</u> fat and people tease me about him <u>so</u> much. I sometimes feel as if I'd almost rather stay home than to go with him. I had a pretty bad time. Sidney and Donald would n't dance with me but once each, but that was once more than they danced with any one else, except may be they danced once with Helene, or Marie, or Rose (other north side girls). Helene is my cousin and lives next door from us. Her last name is Joel like mine[?]. Marie Rosenbaum and Rose Eichberg together with Helene and myself form the "Fourteenth Street Quartette" and generally stick together.

My oldest brother is named Benjamin Joel. Both he and I are red-headed. My little brother is Lyons. My name is Josephine. We live in a home I love dearly with big colonial posts with Mamma, Daddy, Grandma and Auntie. I [wish everybody] would come to see us. They would come [to] 61 West Fourteenth Street, Atlanta, Ga. My oldest Brother is always called "Bubber" and never "Benjamin."

Dec. 29, 1914

To-day I feel like the "Morning After the Night Before." At the "T.P.S." dance last night I had a glorious time. The minute I reached the door of the club, everybody rushed to me asking for dances. They had programs, the first I ever had, and I had mine filled for all but three dances. The "Fox Trots" I had to sit out because I didn't know how to dance them. I want to keep my first dance card for ever and ever and ever. I'm going to put it in this book in this page. The refreshments were very good, but the dancing. Oh! It was grand! I was n't a sign of a "wall-flower." No one was.

By these first few pages one would think I all ways went to dances and parties, but I don't. I have only been to five dances in my whole life, but this Christmas is a sociel one for nearly everyone and quite naturelly we discuss it more than any subject. That is why I write so much about dances! Five dances were given that I was not ivited to. It hurts my pride very much to have to mention certain things, but as to acknowledgeing it, I don't mind.

Dec. 31, 1914

To-night we say good-bye to 1914 and welcome 1915 by dancing it in and I long to dance it out next year, but who knows surely what they'll be doing in a year's time.

I haven't thought much about making any New-Year's resolutions. Most every year I make a great many and nearly always break them, so I think this year I make one [smart] resolution, I haven't desided what yet, but that one must be loyally kept.

It seems only yesterday that we lay in bed waiting for the twelth -hour, the whistles, and for 1914. Although last year was 1913, it was not unlucky. We had lots of trouble, but it turned out so fine that I am sure every member of our family thanked you from the bottom of his or her heart for letting the thing turn out so fine.[6]

I'll write about the "trouble of 1913" now but will not say much about it. I'm for one especially gives me cold chills down my back every time I think about it. In March Lyon[s] was run-over by an automobile, but got well thank God. I can't write any more about that now. I could hardly write that one awful word.

In July my Aunt "Nona," as we call her instead of "Lenoa" which is her real name, was in

Mamma's "electric"7 and had her arm broken [in] an accident. That was all the harm done. She is a very fat woman and it came hard for her.

My! what a lot of dismal mess your are gro[an-]ing about now, Josephine Joel, cut it out and talk of happy things. Tell about the New Year's dance. We are going to another dance to-night. This is going to be a New Year's dance and I think we are going to stay until the "little wee hours of the night." Myrtile Gershon is giving the dance. I hope I won't be a "wall-flower," but will have a good time.

Jan. 1, 1915

Happy New Year, diary! Oh, to-day was such a beautiful day, so sunshiny and bright, and last night was such a happy, moon-light night, that and one having no more cares than I have couldn n't help from being glad and happy.

The New Year's dance was as wonderful as anything almost ever was. I had a glorious time. I was so happy when I left home for the dance, that I could hardly keep from dancing right into the automobile. My program was filled in just a little while.

A funner thing happened last night. [I had] Charles Heyman down on my card for the fourth dance and he got me mixed up with Marie and came up to her and said, "Josephine, I believe it's my dance with you." I was standing right next to her and heard him say it with my own ears, but afterward Marie said that she did not hear him call her "Josephine." In the middle of the dance he discovered his mistake and came up to me and said, apoligetictly, "You'll have to excuse me if I make mistakes of this kind, but I just [can't get you Fourteenth Street girls seperated." I said [that] was all right, but down in my heart I hated to miss a dance with the best dancer at the dance, he is said to be, if I had a chance and just lost it through a mistake. He made up for it by dancing with me later that night.

Jan. 2, 1915

Oh, diary, I'm starting the New Year so bad. I don't want anybody to ever see this diary but me. I am most afraid to write this naughty thing in here.

Everybody who likes to read knows how awful it is to have to stop just as it gets interesting. I came up stairs to go to bed on Jan. 1, New Year's day, and saw the book I had been reading and opened it

and pretty soon I was sitting down reading. Suddenly I looked up and there stood Daddy. I don't believe I ever have seen him look so angry before. Oh! It was so bad of me right after I had had such a nice time all the holidays, and even if times were so hard,[8] I had just gotten a new blue dress that I was so ashamed at being caught doing something on the sly, that I wondered if I could ever look anybody straight in the face again.

Well, I'll breathe after that big sentence I just wrote.

I went to bed and made the biggest resolution ever. I prayed to God and asked for forgiveness and told him the resolution and vowed not to break it. (I haven't so far) I am going to write out the resolution here now.

"I resolve never to read again after I have been sent to bed or told not to. I am going to try to be a good girl everywhere but in school and to mind Mamma and Daddy and the ones that are kin to me.

Josephine Joel."

I'm only going to try to do the last part, because I forget so often when I'm tempted. I'm such a bad girl.

I forget to say that Daddy took the book away from me, and said he would n't give it to me until next Christmas. It is awful to be reading a book and have it taken away, unfinished.

Jan. 5, 1915

School started yesterday again. It seems now as if we never had a vacation at all. I don't get much time to write in you, my diary now, because after I finish practicing the piano and studying I like to read.

Daddy went to Birmingham on business[9] last night and when he told me good-bye he gave me my book and said not to read that night. I didn't ask him why he gave it back so soon or anything. I was surprised and delighted.

Last Saturday night a little baby was found on the porch of Rebecca's house in Chattanooga.[10] She and "Aunt" Hanna Mathis (her mother) were in Atlanta. Her (Rebecas) Aunt that lives with them sent "it" to an orphan home. I wish a little baby was left on our porch. Wouldn't it be interesting to have a baby left and keep it and not know where, or when it was born, or who were its parents, or anything about it? Just like a story. Then many years later the mystery (or how ever it should be spelled) will be solved in some way or other it would all end happy.

Jan. 9 (1915)

I've neglected you for several days, my diary, but nothing special has happened. I [don't] get much time to write anything even when I am not reading [or] studying, or practicing, because Helene is usually over here and, as I want to keep you a secret, I can't write in you then. I don't want anybody to read you but me - ever. I must confess that I am ashamed of you and don't want anybody to know the things I write in here.

This is Saturday afternoon and everyone has gone out but me. (I mean all the girls have gone out.) Grandma hardly ever goes out and Mamma or Auntie one usually stays home with her so of course everyone is not out. But I am lonesome and don't feel like studying or practicing. I finished a book to-day and don't feel like starting another to-day. The book I just read is a girl's diary. It is very interresting. I don't ever expect mine to be at all interesting, but when I get old it will remind me of myself when I was a little girl. I am a bad girl too. Guess what I got in Spelling for the next quarter? You may guess all you want to, but I'll not tell. It is [to] bad. I don't want to be reminded of it when I'm big so I won't write it down. Oh, I'm so ashamed. If I only had another chance, but, like a picture I once saw in the paper of a beautiful girl knocking on a door, and, getting no response passed on, "opportunity knocks but once." (I wonder if I spelled "opportunity" right.) Spelling is an awful trial to me. It is one of my worst studies. But I've done so little studying lately - no wonder I got a bad mark.

We (the kids) had a show last Sunday night. It was called "In Want of a Servant." I was "leading lady". The show was over to Hermine's and even Grandma went to see it.

The Fourteenth children formed a club [and] it two months ago called, "The Pleasure Society." For the first term (two months being a term), Donald was President, Bubber was vice-President, Rose was secretary, (I hate to look up words in the dictionary, so I doubt if I spelled Rose's office right) and I was treasuer. For the second term, I was elected (Is it spelled right?) President, Marie vice-President, Helene secretary, and Henry Rosenbaum (Marie's younger brother) treasurer.

The members of the club are so very bad at the meetings that it is impossible for any Presidient to keep them in order. We have a club paper which I will put in the

book. It will tell enough about the club and won't tell any more.

Aunt Maude is one of my maiden aunts. She is n't an old maid yet and not likely to be one. She is sickly, and not very pretty at all. She is a Christian Scientist and very different from the rest of us.[11] She is so queer in some of her ways. Goes to bed at eight o'clock sometimes. She is engaged to a gentleman named Mr. Bernie Goldsmtih. Us children call him "Uncle Bernie" already. Here is where she is queer again: sometimes they hug and kiss before us and talk over the telephone nearly an hour each day, and yet she tells us they are not engaged and don't expect to marry at all. That is why I blush when I see them make love. I think it is so throughly foolish the way they act. I [love] romance in books. Why can't real people be like book people, I'd like to know? You bet when I get big and if I ever have a lover that I love, I'll act just like the heroines of books I have read. I don't know how they act, but I just know that it is lots nicer than the way the only two lovers I've ever seen act. I wonder if I'll ever get married? What will I be going [doing] in ten years time?

One night Helene, Bubber, Lyons, and I desided we would hunt for Aunt Maude's love letters which Uncle Bernie had written her when she was away this summer. After sea rching (I don't know how to spell it) for a while, we found a whole stack of them tied with a pink ribbon (I <u>think</u> it was pink) in Grandma Joel's bureau draw.

I'll stop long enough to tell about Grandma Joel. She is Daddy's Mother. She can get about fine and just at present is in New York visiting two of my Aunts that live in that big city. When she is home she lives in "the house next door." Aunt Maude lives there too.

Well, we found those letters and went into a closet, turned on the light, locked the door and had a regular "picnic." Such slush, mushy mess! I wish you could have seen them. One began, "My prescoius, <u>sugar-plum</u>, darling girl." Possitivily shocking. But to think he would put "sugar-plum" in. If I had n't seen it with my own eyes, I would n't have believed it. I wonder if he loves her all that. I don't see how he could. But she always quotes when Helene tells her, she don't see how Aunt Maude can love Uncle Bernie and Uncle Bernie love Aunt Maude, "Love is blind." It certainly is in this case to me.

But going back to the letters. As I was putting the "sugar plum" one back they all spilled on the floor We finelly (miss spelled) got them together and back in their old place. We told Mamma and Auntie and they said not to dare to tell Aunt Maude, or she would be raveing, and they also said it was very naughty of us and that was the end. I know it was bad, but I'm not sorry a bit. I like to have some fun occasionally. The next day the letters were not in the draw[er].

Jan. 13, 1915

I can just write a little now, because I am very busy. My aunt who lives in Birmingham came up Sunday morning early. When I was little, I named her "Honey-suckle" for some reason or other. We have shortened it to "Honey" since then. She is the littlest lady ever. No nickname ever suited anybody any better than "Honeysuckle" suits that dear little Aunt of mine. Everybody loves her, even the cook and maid. Five years ago she married a man nearly twice as tall as she is.[12] None of us wanted her to marry him, but she was going to New York and stopped off at Baltimore, where he use to live, and they were married. They came over for their fifth anniversary which was on the seventh.

Uncle Mannie can do lots of funny things. Once long time ago when I was not over three years old, he hipmotised (you need n't tell me it is spelled wrong, because I know it) a little negro boy and made him do anything. He made him dance and before that day the boy did n't hardly know what dancing was. That was just one of the many other things he made that poor boy do. The grown folks told me this story, but I saw him do something marvelous with my own eyes.

He takes two paper dolls and makes them stand on their feet and <u>dance</u>. There is no trick about it because he lets us see him make the dolls. He simply holds them up on their feet with a comb and they stand up [by themselves on] the comb and they dance up and down. It is the funiest sight I ever saw - the tall man sitting down on the floor, holding a comb over the heads of two paper dolls, which are dancing up and down

Uncle Mannie went home last night and Honey followed this afternoon. I wish he would let her stay a little longer. We all hate to see her go so bad.

Jan. 16 (1915)

Guess what has happened, my diary. We are going to have a debate at school. I'm leader of the negative side, I have got the worst side too. The subject is 'Resolved, that the farmer is more of a benefactor to the community than the manufacturer. I'm the manufacturer. (That is one word I do know how to spell. I've spelled it enough already).

Well, since Monday the leader of the negative side has n't thought of hardly another thing but farmer and manufacturer. I've started to write my speech, but think I'll tear it up and start over again, it's so punk.[13]

I've eaten debate for nearly every meal and talk about it so much I even dream about it at night. Yesterday morning when Daddy woke me up this is what he said, "Get up, Jo. I've got another point for your debate." That got me up in a hurry. So, you see the days are started with "debate." I am writing now before breakfast, so this is another day started by the debate, 'cause I'm telling you about it, ["ain't I" crossed out].

Jan. 17 (1915)

After Sunday school was over this morning I went over with my cousin, Gussie Crohime,[14] to her house and she gave me a few points for the debate. She is a young girl, not yet married. She has a sweet face and I like Gussie very much. She is nearly as enthuestic over the debate as I am and helped me a good bit. We are going to the library Tuesday before I go to music and get some more points. The debate is progressing very nicely and will soon be finished (I mean written.)

The negative side is going to have a meeting at Dorothy Elyea's house Thursday. Dorothy speaks second on our side. I'll tell you who are the debators on both sides, but I don't know the order of the speaker's on the affirmative side. You already know that I speak first on my side and Dorothy second. Lucile Hall is third and Erskine Jarnagin last. On the other side Carrie Fory Yarbrough is first. The others that are on the affirmate are France Woolley, Frances Higgs and Evelyn Powell.

Jan. 23. (1915)

It's been nearly a week since I started the "Jun. 17" account. To-day is a rainy Saturday, but in spite of the rain we went to a "movie." It (the movie) was fine. 'Twas a very sweet picture.

The debate is written and typed and half learned. Miss Dunlap, our principal, wants to hear it Monday. Our "awful day" is to be next Thursday. I wonder will we meet with victory or defeat. It is useless to say, I long for the "former," (that is big language for me). You know that already. The question is "Will I get it?" The answer is "I doubt it, but I'm going to try."

We had a fine time Thursday at Dorothy's. (but I'll have to stop now because I hear Helene at the door.) It is Jan. 28 now, but I'll tell about the other afternoon right quick. Evelyn Ader [Adler] and Lucile15 walked home with me and on the way we stopped and got a weinie. (Whether is to [it is] spelled right or wrong, it was mighty good.) Evelyn (and Lucille) are bigger and older than me and I love to go out with them. We've been right chummy lately and I love them both. When I walk with them, I feel so big. Just like, years ago, I'd see "big" girl's walk up and down and long to be "big girl" myself. I considered a girl thirteen quite big then, but now that I am that old, I don't feel a bit older than when I would envy older girls, except when I walk with those two girls.

A few days later, I went to get a weinie with Marie and Helene, and tried to feel and make them feel "grown up" like, but I couldn't do it to save my life. We locked arms, but something was missing.

Once in a while I like to feel grownup, but sometimes I cry because I so old already. Oh, I wish I was only ten! I hate to grow up. If I live, some day I will be old and wrinkled and gray like Grandma. I don't want to be old, I want to be a little girl forever, and ever and ever. Oh no I don't, because then everybody else would grow up and leave me. I wish <u>everybody</u> could remain their present age, but it is impossible, still it won't hurt me to <u>"wish</u>."
(Good-by. I will continue in another book)

The second diary begins on Feb. 4, 1915 and ends on March 27, 1917. It is forty-six pages long. She wrote this diary between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years old. There are twenty-two entries.

The front of the notebook she used for this diary is a drawing of a man's fist holding a stamp that says OK. Underneath is printed

Feb. 4 [1915]

Oh, I have such a grand way to start you off, Diary. "We won." The good old manufacturers won. Hurrah for the "Blues" the "Manufacturers" the "Negative." The negative wore blue hair ribbons and ties. The affirmative wore red. All the boys wore colors. I don't think there was a one of them with no ribbon on. Some had blue, some red, and some had on both colors.

I was terribly much afraid when I first got up to make my speech, but soon became quieted. Our side knew their speeches fine. The others stumbled alittle. The rebuttal was piles of fun after it was started. The starting was pretty bad, but later it was nice.

I was so surprised when the Chairman of the Committee said, "Both sides did fine. It was one of the most interresting debates I ever heard, but the Judges decided in favor of the -- negative."

I had been prepaired to go over to my apponents and shake hands with them, and say, "I'm glad you won. You deserved it." But when the Judges declared the negative had won, I was unprepaired. After a minute my apponents came over and shook hands with us. It was quite plain they were as unprepaired as we were to do the part we were prepaired to do, and I guess they would know how to act if they had had to take the part we took. (Some mixed up sentence I just wrote, isn't it?) But we would n't swap places with them for anything. They expected only victory while we expected defeat. Had they worked harder, insteadof just taking it for granet they would win, because theirs was the easiest side of the subject, they would have way beaten us. That is the trouble of having things to easy -- you are so apt to take no trouble

I am going to put my speech in here now, and also the points for the rebutal. When I am and old lady, I'll like to read my first debate.

Feb. 11. [1915]

The reason I've neglected you for so long a time is answered breifly in two words - "Valentine[s] Day." I've been so busy fixing my valentines for the people I want to give them to, that it has taken all my reading time and the time to write my diary. But it is piles of fun. Mamma went to Birmingham to visit Honey last week, but she is home again now. We had the debate while

Mamma was away, and Daddy telegraphed her about my victory. She sent me a telegram of congratualtions, which I'll put in here.

The Standard Club is giving a mask ball for all the children of our Sunday - school Saturday night aweek. The children of the crowd I'm surposed to belong to are going to mask as something they won't tell me. They don't consider me as one of their crowd. Have you ever been unpopular? Isn't it awful? Just to know people don't want to be bothered with you. But going back to the masqueade ball. We don't any of us know what we are going to dress as. We have had a mask ball every year except last year ever since I was a little bitty girl. At the last ball we had, all of us "on the hill" (that is what we call the houses near us, because they are on a high terrace) decided to keep it a secret from each other what we were going as. We each one thought ours was splendid. I was a baloon-seller. But what should the first thing my eyes struck when we reached the "ball - room" be, but two other baloon - sellers. They looked so familier I went toward them, and soon reconized Helene as one baloon - man and Sidney as the other! Three baloon - sellers from "the hill" - and the joke was on all three of them! Neither of them knew the other was going to be anything likethem.

I won the prize two times and Bubber won it the other two times. One of the Joel children have won it everytime. I got my prizes for being a nurse and a mailman. Bubber got his prize for being a white-washer one time, and an ice - cream - cone seller the next time. Surely it would n't do for the Joels to break their record, would it?

Sunday, Feb. 21 [1915]

It is a shame that I did n't write in you sooner, but I've been busy. We have to write the a composition for the "U.D.C." which stands for United Daughters of the Confederacy.[16] Every year certain grades in the school have to write it. The subject is "Causes That Led to the War Between the States." This means the Civil War of course, they just put it in better wording. I started my composition last night, must soon stop writing in you and do some more on "my war."[17]

This next I'm going to record is a joke that happened. First I want it [to] explain a few points. You'll notice that the date at the top of this page is the "21" and to-morrow is George Washington's birthday. For the selection the boys had

to say in elocution this month, Miss Webb, our teacher, gave them "Antony's Oration Over the Dead Body of Ceasear." One day last week the boys didsomething bad, and Miss Webb said they owed theclass an apoligy. Then they all apoligized in a somewhat like manner. The lst boy, namely Donovan Owens, (and such a bad boy) said:

"Freinds, Class-mates, and Country-men,
Lend me your ears. I come here to apologize
Not to chop down a cherry-tree,
The good in me will live afterwards,
The evil, Miss Webb, always finds out.
I thank you for your kind attention,
And I'll return your ears to you next Monday."

How the class laughed! They possitivily screamed! Miss Webb was so angry, she couldn't speak. She just sat there, briming over with anger. Poor Miss Webb! She has no fun in life, all her share is gloom and sorrow. May be that is why she seldom appreciates a good joke. But I feel sorry for her. She has to support a sick sister and herself on the salary she gains from teaching school. There is no chance, hardly, for her sister to recover.

From what I have written before, surely anybody would think I was not liked by anybody who knew me. Don't think that. I am not "unpopular" with the folks I know real well. It is just those childrn I don't see often that don't like me. They never see me except Saturday and Sunday, and then hardly ever say a word to me. It has always been like that ever since we moved to the "North Side". I use to hate to be in their presence, but when I got away from them I was content to remain away forever. But I've grown older. My idears [ideas] have changed. I don't want to grow up to be an unpopular young lady, but I want to remain a child as long as I can. If I was sure I could get "in" with them when I was older, I would not mind now. I like to imagine that sometime when I've grown up, I come across this book and laugh at my unpopularity at thirteen, because at twenty I'm the "belle," and most popular girl in all the crowd. -----

"Day dreams, visions of biss [bliss]."
— that is all they are.

Monday Mar. 15 [1915]

It has been so long since I wrote in here last that I have nearly forgotten what I havealready written.

At the mask ball I won the first grils' [girls'] prize and Lyons won the second boy's prize. There were about six or seven prizes awarded in all. I don't

think it is fair for two in one family to get a prize, but nobody kicked, so we both kept our prizes. I'm writing with Lyons' now. It is a Waterman's Self filler fountain pen. I got a gold pin. Its shape is round. The gold looks like it is sort of plaited.[18] But oh, me, I didn't tell you what our costumes were. Lyons represented "Atlanta Made Goods." He had a megaphone and was continually hollowering, "A blow for Atlanta. Buy Atlanta home - made goods, and we'll all be happy" and other things. He wore a pair of white pajamas, simply covered with advertisments. He had candies and Atlanta - made cakes, but the part I thought was the cutest was his hat. It had printed on it "I was made in Atlanta."

My costume was a lady's dressing table. It was a good deal of trouble for Mamma, and really she deserved the prize instead of me. The table was surported by four light liges [legs], so I could rest it when I was tired of carrying it. A mirror covered the front of me, and pretty goods was draped from my head to the floor. All the legs of the table were hidden by the same kind of goods, which fell from the table to the ground. Toilet articles were placed on the table. I hate to read books with a lot of description in it, so I'll not describe anything else.

We had an awful time getting over to the club, but so much fun after we were there that it made up for the little inconviencience (such a way to spell it, but I can't find the "Webster")in getting to our destination. I use entirely too many little words, and not near enought big ones in my speach, therefore I'm going to write as many big words I can think of, (if I don't forget) even if I can't spell them right. Undoubtedly Spelling is my "Waterloo." How I have changed subjects in this last paragraph; and penmanship too!

Thursday, Mar. 18, 1915

I have just had my red hair washed. (Sounds like I had several different colors, don't it?) I'm reading "Peg O' My Heart" now. (Oh, how confusing. Of course I'm not reading it right now. That is just a "figure of speech." I have started it and will read some in it after supper. That is what I meant.) It's perfactly splendid. So nice and "lovey." (Oh, those are not big words, but there are n't any words, big or little, that will describe some things, and books are one of those.

But now for what I have been intending to write ever since the seventh of March. That was the day we wrote the composition I mentioned on Feb. 21. The sixth grades, both morning and afternoon sessions; our

grade, the Seventh B; and the Seventh A, usually known as the Eight grade, were the classes which were sentenced to write them. One child's composition from every specified grade in every school in Altanta were sent up to where they could be examined by the "U.D.C." judges. Mine was sent up from the Seventh B; Margaret Parker's was sent up from the Seventh A. She was a former member of our class, but skipped a grade. I like Margaret very much. I don't know the sixth grade children very well, so I'll not mention their names at all.

Added later:

Margaret won the metal. I never heard anything more of my "U.D.C."

Tuesday Apr. 6, 1915

April Fool day is past again. We didn't plan any very good jokes this year, but, oh you [should have seen] last year! We were terrors last year, and I think I'll tell a joke, though [it] can hardly be classed as a "joke," last April first.

You know, I've told something about Aunt Maude Joel and her beau. Well they've been secretly engaged for years, and are n't married yet. Since the European War broke out, he has a pretty hard time to save up enough money to marry.[19]

One night about a week preceding April 1, 1914, my brothers and I decided to play this joke: My Aunt Nona was to be the "victum" of this one and Aunt Maude and "almost" Uncle Bernie were to be the "tools." We'd planed to get the cook to telephone to Aunt Nona's early in the morning on the first day of April and tell her that the sweethearts were married early that morning and were then on their way home. That was a perfectly innocent joke, and could really cause no one any harm, because Aunt Maude really liked to be teased about Uncle Bernie, though he pretends to object to it seriously.

It happend that I overeslept myself April Fool morning and forgot all about the date. I was combing my hair when I looked out of my front window and saw Lyons on the porch. He saw me and then told me that instead of carrying out the plan of the joke I had suggested he had got Mary, the cook to telephone that Aunt Maude was real sick. I knew in a minute he had done wrong, but it was too late to remidy things at all, for just at that moment Aunt Nona appeared at the foot of the steps. As she hurried on to the porch, Lyons yelled out, "April Fool, April Fool." Just at that second Daddy

came out laughing heartily. "Nonie" was so mad at the joke, and so wrought up over the fear for her sister that she burst out crying. Nothing would comfort her. Uncle Bruno came for her and took her home. She then was very sick; had to have a doctor. I know this last statement sounds extraodinary but this Aunt of mine is very sickly. If you could see her, she would look just the opposite of "sickly." She is very fat, but we often call her "The Jonah of the Joel Family".[20]

One summer we all went to the seashore with Nonie, and she had "mumps". We all took them from her, and, you may be sure, did not enjoy their company at all.

So that was the big joke we played in 1914, and also the result of no jokes being played in 1915.

May 12 [1915]

My, I haven't written a record (not victrola records) in here in over a month. If you notice, that is the way I usually begin the records. Next usually comes an excuse. My present excuse is as follows: Bubber has been sick. The doctor thought at first it was typhoid. We were all very anxious. I just keep thinking of the scores of books I had read where typhoid fever patients were real sick, but finally recovered. But the doctors fears were not realized. In a short time, compared the [to] the lengthy illness predicted, Bubber was well. That is not my excuse of course, but it is a precedent. My room is the "sick room." That is when ever one of the boys are sick, they are always put in my room because it is right next to Mamma's and Daddy's room. So you were shut up in my room, while I changed my lodging place to Bubber and Lyons' room.

Oh, I'm in an awful "delimma." I went to look for the key to unlock the draw[er] I keep you in and it had disapeared from it's usual hiding place -- a pair of slippers I wore when a little baby. You see those slippers hang on my wall as a soivernere [souvenir] (I know 'tis spelled wrong). In them I keep the key to my bureau draw. In the bureau draw I lock the desk draw key, and keep you in the desk draw. I did n't beleive I'd be able to open the desk and get you out as the bureau draw key was missing. I looked a while and discovered an old key that unlocked the desk draw. But I fear someone will get you and read you, and for that reason I can't tell ev-

erything I'd like to to you. There are a few secrets that you don't want anybody to know but just yourself, so I cant tell you as I thought I could 'cause someone else might find out.

What a lot of words I just wrote and did not tell anything "to boot."

I declare spring is the prettiest, lovely, greenest, most lovely season in the world. I meant to tell you about the flowers and trees and grass and all in the last chapter, for spring came early this year and last month -- April -- was the prettiest month this spring. All the "April Showers that bring May Flowers" happened not to come this year, but the May Flowers were Johnny-on-the-spot. Our roses are simply lovely

Grand Opera was here the last part of April or the first part of May; I don't exactly know which. I saw two operas -- "Tales of Hoffman" and "Rigoletta." Both were wonderful. In "Rigoletta" there was one Quartet that thrilled your whole body and Oh, it was - - - - no words can express the way music sometimes makes you feel, so I don't need to search my vocabulary for somethbing that is not there.

Rose Eichberg and Marie Rosenbaum were in a debate at school to-day. Evelyn Adler and Kathleen Collinsworth were on their side. The Subject was "Resolved, that wheat is more beneficial to mankind than cow." Is n't that a foolish subject? The idear of comparing a grain with an animal. I was for Rose's side, which was the affirmative; and oh, oh, oh, the poor little wheat sheaves[21] were badly beaten. They were not as fortunate as I was.

Aug. 6 [1915]

It's been a long time since I've written a record here and I'm dreadfully behind. During school time I thought I would have plenty of time to write in vacation, but my room is the coolest of all and for that reason is usually occupied.

Helene and I went to Birmingham to visit Honey about a week after school closed. We had a fine time. There are very few girls our age in that city, but we met four girls. Our best friend (that is, girl friend) is Lillian Karpeles. Of course Honey's my best lady friend there. After our two weeks stay had ended we came home and Lillian paid me a visit. She's a very queer girl -- one that you like very much at first, but after you know her any length of time you don't like her as well. At least that's the way she affected me.

While she was here Marie gave a heart-dice party for her. Most of the boys and girls were out

of town, but the few that were here enjoyed themselves very much -- judging from appearances. Charles Heyman[22] took me. I was scared to death as soon as Marie told me that he was to be my escort and trembled all over everytime the telephone rang for fear it was he calling up to invite me .-

Once I was called to answer the 'phone and made Lillian come in with me, and stand right by while [I] said "Hello." Then, after all that it was Evelyn Adler inviting to go to town with her to see a movie. But finally he did call up and I answered politely; said "Yes, thank you. I'll be glad to go"; and am living yet.

He's a perfectly strang[e] boy, I don't hardly know him at all -- that's why I dreaded it so. Honey came home with Lillian and went back to Birmingham with her too.

While we were in Birmingham, we got a telegram, saying "Mamma, Grandma, Auntie, Bubber, and Lyons arrive that afternoon." Signed "Daddy."

That was an almost unheard of thing - Grandma coming to Byhm. We thought it was a joke Uncle Mannie was trying to play on us and telephoned the Western Union and had them repeat the telegram. It was true! Our whole house - whole, except Daddy, was coming to see us! I danced around for joy.

Well, they came that Monday afternoon at 5:45. They all stayed with Honey in her little home. They left Birmingham Wednesday.

The reason for this hasty visit is that they expected some trouble - probably a riot - in Atlanta on account of Slaton's decision that Leo Frank should not hang, but spend his life in prison.

Luckily the mob (formed only of the comman "Rif - raf") did not harm the citizens. They wanted Governor Slaton, but they could n't get him. He was guarded. After one night their attempt to kill the governor ended, and things quieted down some.

But to go back to the party: It was grand. So was the one given the following Saturday night by Maurice Clarke. Simpson Mathis, of Chattanagoo, took me he is here now, visiting Aunt Nona.[23] I wrote " he took me" but meant "I took him." He was a swell escort. Didn't even take my arm down the stairs.

Aug. 22 [1915]

School is approacohing at the rate of 60 miles per hour. Not a month longer vacation! I hav n't really done anything useful this summer

but make a cake and some teddy-bears. I'm making a silk pair now.

I don't like teddies so very, very much, but for summer they are nice.

Sept. 10 [1915]

Next Monday —— High School! H I g h S c H O O L !! H I G H S C H O O L ! ! I wonder will I like it?

We have surely had fun this summer. Four parties in all. Marie's party was the first. Then Maurice Clark's. Donald gave a heart-dice party and dance on Aug. 24. And next Saturday Julia Philips gives another dance. Sidney is going to take me.

Sept. 30 [1915]

Well, school has started. I'm just crazy about it. It's so nice with only girls. When my garter popped the other day, I was n't a bit embarrassed because it's liable to happen to every girl there sometime. And when Evelyn Powell told me at recess that I had my waist on wrong - side - outwards, I just changed it: that's all.[24]

There's so much to tell and so little time to tell it in. I wish I could write each "feeling" I've had and could write about each happening right after it happens.

I'll begin with New Year's day.[25] Everybody was wishing everybody else a Happy New Year and kissing each other. Harry Gershon has been real sick, but he's alright now. On New Year's I went with Auntie over to tell Mrs. Fanny H. N. Y. and she took us into Harry's room. Since he was sick he declared that no girl could come in his room unless they'd kiss him. Of course he's just lots older than I am and I did n't think he'd count me in his "kising list", but he did. When Mrs. Fanny and Auntie said, "Go no [on] and kiss him, I did, because he's such bushels older than me that it did n't matter. You bet I would n't have done it if he had n't been lots older.

On the following Monday school started. There are over a thousand girls at Girls' High and sixteen first grades. I'm in the eighth.

Oh, it was such fun the first day! My! but we felt big! I'm the only Jewish girl in my room — A - 8. After school that first day, a whole crowd of us girls went to a movie. It was fine. I do so enjoy going out with a crowd of jolly girls

We take five studies and have five teachers. They are: Miss Culver (class - teacher) for Spelling. I don't like Miss C. much but she only teaches spelling so I can put up with her that long. Miss Frances Peck teaches us English. She is adorable. Pretty, young, gay, sweet and a good teacher. She's my favorite, although [I] like Miss Young (latin) and Miss Catchings (algebra) fine too. Miss Morris is the Science teacher - she's punk. Mean as the very dickens (Excuse slang expression)

Oh, latin's great. 1. amo, amas, amat. Porta, portae, portam. We took up some translating and you just wait, pretty soon I'll be able to write something really connected with my diary in latin.

Added later:

Now I'm crazy about Miss Morris, and simply hate Miss Latin (Miss Young)

Oct. 2.[1915]

I did n't near get all I wanted to say written, when I was interrupted.

October second! In fourteen more days I'll be fourteen.[26] Imagine! Me — little me — fourteen! I'm getting old. Oh, how I hate the fact. While I like High School real well, I can't help feeling a little sad when I think of the fact that I'll never be a pupil of Tenth Street School again. One day last year a crowd of us girls jokingly termed it the "school of our child-hood," and I feel like a grandmother having "left child-hood behind."

But each year I'll get older. Pretty soon I'll leave High School behind. I just hate to grow up, but I'm no different from any one else, so I have to.

I wonder if I'll ever get marriad. I've decided never to marry for anything but love. But I really don't beleive anybody would marry me for love or money or looks, as I have not much of the last two and without them you seldom get the first.

I don't much like the idear of being an old maid, but if I am one I'll work or [do] something, and I want to be independent like Auntie; not depending on my brothers like Aunt Maude is on hers.

Enough for my future.

Now for the present. The first day of school, an awfully funny thing happened. A whole crowd of girls went to a movie after dismisel. First we went to Nunually's to get something to drink. Marie went to sit down and Helene did too. Helene thought Marie was going to sit in one chair but Marie really intended sitting in the same chair that Helene wanted to sit in. Helene moved the chair and Marie sat on the foor. It was such a funny sight. All of the other people in the place laughed just as much as we did. Poor little "Wee-Wee" was so astonished, that she just lay there. After a while we helped her up, and it all ended happily, or, rather laughingly.

Sunday night-Oct. 31. [1915]

Last night was Hallow'en. Hannah Grossman[27] gave a party. We had a right good time. Hannah said that she had - - - - -

There's where I had to stop, and as I can't remember what I meant to say, won't finish the sentence.

Christmas night - Saturday [1915]

And now 'tis December! The trees are bare, but I can't say that the ground is covered with snow, as I would truly love to say, but [it] would be a fib. We have had some real cold days though. But who cares about the weather? Nobody.

Well, a long time has passed since my last scribble. I know from what I have written already and from what I am going to write, you will think that all I ever dream of, or do is, going to parties and dances. But truely I like other things too. I suppose I'd be real "popular" in sociey, if I could talk to the boys of our crowd as I talk to the home folks. But it can't be did. I seem to really lose my tongue when any of the boys are around. Mamma was very popular when she was a girl, and surely I should have in herited a triffle from her. But really I don't care much. Of course it has always seemed the grandest thing in the world to me to imagine myself the center of a happy jolly crowd, all laughing at things I say, but I can find other things just as nice. I don't really think I was cut out to be a society lady; all I want to do in that direction is have fun.

Mamma gave me a perfectly lovely dance last Tuesday night -- December the twenty-first. Maybe I didn't dance that night though I had the best time of my life. I was no "wall-flower" that night. It

was glorious. Louis Wellhouse, a stag, called me up Tuesday afternoon and asked for the first dance. He was, of course, my partner for the evening then.

Monday night I'm going to the "T. P.S." dance with Alex Dittler. By the way, "T.P.S." means "The Pathfinders Society." Foolish name, is n't it? For two years that club kept it's name a secret. Then suddenly made [it] public. Six members dropped out and formed another club because of making the name known to all. They formed another club called the "T.U.Q.", The United Quitters. Of course that isn't really what the initials stand for; it is only the name the "T.P.S." gave them.

Jan. 14, 1916

Just think, a whole year has passed since I started my diary! Remember the resolution I made last year? Well I kept it. Truly I did. I'm afraid to write this year's resolution down, because I have broken it a dozen hundred times already.

Monday and Tuesday are the days to take the quarterlies. I got out of them all except drawing. Old Miss Wilheik makes me sick and tired. I never could draw, can't draw, and never will be able to draw. I'll "plunk" the quarterly exam I know. Little Willie Moon - face, Miss Wonick's - name, is the craziest teacher we have. Her nick-name fits exquisitly. She is short and dumpy and fat. Her face is shiny and resembles the moon so exactly that she could go out on a cloudy night, when her twin is not shining, and she'd be a great help to lovers, -- they'd really think that the old moon was calmly smiling on their kisses.

Oh my, just see how I have broken my resolution not to talk about anyone, but Willie Moon face is not a whole one anyway. She lacks a brain.

Nothing else of special importance has happened in connection with school. Really I don't dread school so terribly. Old G.H.S.28 isn't a bad place at all.

I think I'll finish up about the Christmas dances. The T.P.S. dance was splendid, but at Elise Weil's dance I had the best time ever. That was the beginning. I was <u>myself</u> at a dance for the first time. Really I found plenty to say, and had a perfectly wonderful time. Sidney took me.

Mildred's party was next and last and rottenest. John took me and I had a punk time. <u>Enough!!</u>

Mar. 5, 1915 [1916]
Sunday

I haven't much time to write so will be very brief. Since Christmas my weekly routine has been very much the same each week. The five school-days I naturely go to school, and if it was not for exams I'd really like [school]. On the twelth of Feburary the girls gave a leap-year dance. We each gave a dollar and drew a boy. I drew Ralph Lippman, so took him. The girls (or most of them) went by for their boy. Then we filled their dance cards. I had the grandest time ever

To pay us back, the "T.P.S" is going to give four dances. Sidney asked me to the first; Ralph to the second, and Alex to the four. The third is unasked.

The Saturday night following the leap-year dance, Helene gave one. Lewis Haas took me. Again I had a grand time. Then was the "T.U.Q" dance. They gave one before the leap-year dance, but I was n't invited. I went to the second, however. I had lots of experiences but hav n't time to write them all down.

Mar. 23, Thursday.[1916]

Now I'm sitting at my desk in my petticoat. My feet are bare, too. In other words, I'm not dressed. You see I don't have to go to school to-day. I surely am glad.

To-day and to-morrow are quarterly days. I don't have to take any. Tuesday afternoon I began to get joyful and I've been in my seventh heaven of delight ever since. Tuesday I was over to see Marie, and we sat down on the steps with Janet and Clair. We talked all afternoon together, and if there's one thing which will delight a girl, it's talking to older girl's, and being able to feel almost as old and interested in the same things.

At supper Tuesday night Mamma said, "Jo, we'll go to town Friday morning and eat dinner at the Piedmont because you don't have to take any quarterlies." Daddy said that he'd meet us too. Won't it be glorious? Just like old New York, again. Yesterday afternoon was fine, too. The machine came for me, and we had a regular Jitney bus coming home. First we loaded up with school girls, and droped them out at their various homes. Then we passed Tenth and picked up enough there to fill the machine up again.

When we got home Mamma said, "Would you mind staying home from the dance Saturday night?" I was perfectly misterfied, and said, "Why, Mamma?"

"Well, if you'd be willing, I'd let you go to Birmingham with Uncle Ly[29] and see Honey."[30]

I hated to miss the dance and so I didn't go to Byhm.

- -

To-night, Mamma said, "One wish that I have is to have a paid companion when I get old. There Mother Joel[31] sits now, all alone. She has lots of daughters and yet she is all alone. I want to have someone when I get old."

Then I said, "Now you look here, Mamma. Grandma J. has many daughters and you just have one, I know, but your one daughter is going to be better to you than all of Grandma's many ones put together."

Mamma was awfully glad then and said she hopes I'd remember. Why of course I remember. It's the <u>little</u> things that count, I [am] convinced now surely.

April 25 [1916]

Gracious, I've so much to tell I don't know where to begin. First I'll say that I am just home from "Lucia."

I won't say much about the operas because Aunt Etta brought me a theater book from N.Y. and I'll write them up in there.

June 19 [1916]

I was interrupted and April 25 and have forgotten all the "so much" I had to tell.

School is over for the summer! Last year, my first year at G.H.S. was lovely. We had such [fun.] There's a spirit of good fellowship amongst [the] girls that, no matter how hard the lessons [are, we] can laugh and forget it". We did laugh an awful lot last year. I just love to laugh, don't you?

[Let] me tell you some sad news. I had to take Latin last quarter. Of course I declared I really should n't have had to take it if "she'd" been [fair. I] thundered scores of names I'd hate to repeat on poor harmless Miss Young, But when I got 90 on the quarterly I was somewhat pacified.

June 30 [1916]

Now, for a little I'm going to stop with my own affairs to tell the affairs of Grandma Joel.

Long ago, when she was young (just about twenty-three years old) her husband died. His name was Mr Barnett. Then life was hard for the young widow especially as she had two children - a boy and a girl.

Finally she married again - this time to a clerk in her first husband's store - a man named Joel. Then the other children were born. The two Barnett children were adopted by their step-father and were regarded by him and all as his real children. The children never knew any difference - they lived like real sisters and brothers. Of course they did know the story of Grandma's life but regarded it only as a story.

This story would not concern me so much if it were not that Daddy was one of the first children- a Barnett child. It seemed terribly strang[e] to me at first - that my name was really Barnett - not Joel at all. Helene told of the first husband's existance only, but one day at the hotel Nonie[32] told me the whole story, and told it - oh, so different. She made me just love my Grandfather Barnett. She also gave me a picture of him. She said, "Josephine, Grandma gave me this to keep until you were old enough to appreciate it. I think you are old enough now." I took the picture and no one knows I have it. It is so very old that it awes me just to touch it, but I love and prize it dearly.

I put it with you Diary.

And now, Past, good-bye. Once again
I'll turn to the present.

Oct. 15, 1916
Sunday night

Do you remember what important event took place in the House of Joel on this date? An especially important event to a certain member of that House, by name Josephine. If that had n't happened, I would n't be writing now, - in fact I would n't be. I sometimes wonder just what and where I would be if it had n't happened. But it did happen. Fifteen years ago to-day it happened, for to-night I finished being fourteen forever and ever and entered fifteen.

I want to say here, and if ever anybody sees it, I'll just wish for an earthquake to swallow me or something equally as quick to carry me away. I started off the year by telling a story - oh, a whopper, but still I'm not sorry. I told it and just hope nobody finds out. But I'll begin at the beginning.

A few weeks ago I laughingly said, "Mamma why don't you give me a surprise party on my birthday?"

"She asks me to give her a surprise party," Mamma laughed, "but then it would n't be a surprise."

"I never thought of that," I said, "but I think it would be delicious. Please, Mamma."

Mamma said something about rediculus, and we did n't think of it again, - at least not for sometime.

Friday night, as we started to go down town to see a movie, Mamma said that she wanted to see Mrs. Gershon before we left and when I asked her what about, she gave some answer that was highly unsatisfactory. "Sidney's birthday is on the fifteenth too," I thought, "maybe, - - - - but of course not. Impossible. Hush thinking of such wildly delighful things." So I thought no more of it, and the next morning I went to Temple as innocent as a baby - only a fourteen and three hundred sixty-five (on account of this being leap year) old baby.

Everyone seemed more or less interested in my birthday, but I didn't suspect a thing. After temple was over and we had said, "Good Shabbath"[33] to Dr. Marx, I heard Helene say to Rose, "Who's going to take you?"

"Hush!" Rose simply yelled and looked quickly at me to see if I had "caught on." Helene slapped her mouth over her hand, oh, I mean hand over her mouth, of course (just a "slip of the pen"), and [she] looked at me too. Why, certainly, I caught on." At once popped into my head Mamma's mysterious visit

to Mrs. Gerson the night before. I have never felt so dazed before. I moved away from Rose's and Helen[e]'s eyes as quickly as possible. I seemed to dream, I was actually numb, but even at first a kind of instinct made me try to appear to the eyes of my friends as innocent.

I took dinner with Lola, and as we were walking to her house, I thought it all over. My first impulse was to tell the whole truth to all, but then I reasoned that if Mamma and all the folks were so dear as to take such a lot of trouble to give me joy, the least I could do was to be surprized.

Later on I was simply miserable to think that I had found out. I finally decided on my plan of campagne. They must think I'm surprized whether I am or not. I knew it would be hard to appear surprized but I simply must be. I felt better then and didn't mind knowing so much.

All this time, of course, I was laughting and talking to Lola. At first I blamed Helene, but even if she had n't blundered, Lola's little hints would have told me. her one topic all day was parties in general and surprise parites in particular. No matter what we were talking about, she'd always bring up the inevitable subject. Often she'd say, "Don't you wish you could have a surprise party on your birthday?" and when I'd answer, "Yes, but I don't want to wish for anything so impossible," she would think herself sly and I could see her laughing inside. But she did n't know that I, too, was laughing to myself.

That afternoon we went to town to a movie. Before seeing the picture, we went to make a purchase.

"Let me see one of those little perfume things to go around your neck," she said.

"Oh, are you going to buy yourself one? I just love 'em. Is n't it pretty though?" I cried, for the adorable little ball was one thing I have wanted for a long time.

"How much," asked Lola.

"Three dollars," answered the saleslady.

I was silent. I wondered if Lola Hirsch,34 rich as she was, was going to spend three dollars when next to that brilliante, expensive article lay one for fifty cents, even though it did look horrid beside its more dazzling companion. She acted very queerly, but I don't know just how. Without waiting but a few minutes, she charged the three dollar one, and had it wrapped. Then she turned to me and said, "Here, Jo, this is your present from me." Imagine - three dollars spent on poor little me by Lola. But of course she could n't take the cheap one with me right there. So now I'm the proud possessor of a perfume ball.

I ate super with Gussie (as pre-arranged by the conspiritors) and I was all flutter, flutter inside and awfully afraid they would see my excitement. But they didn't. At last when we started home I was actually cold with excitement. Gussie put her coat around me, but it didn't warm me a particle.

Oh, I can't describe that feeling when I finally arrived at my own dance. I thought I would have to act surprized, but when they all rushed upon me I forgot that I expected them. I trembled and really cried, though for the life of me I can't tell why. It was so lovely and everyone was so dear and sweet to me. But I'll lied when they said "Were you surprized?" After all I was surprized - but at myself, not them. I've said so much that I was so surprized that I half believe it myself. Isn't it funny?

Oh, I had a wonderful time! Don't think I did n't notice that not many of the "best" boys (according to the girls, - which means best looking) danced with me, but lots of them and all the girls have started calling me "Jo" and that means that they're better friends.

I've uddles[oodles] more to write but my hand is nearly dropping off. Mildred and Hannah - I simply can't write more now, but maybe I'll finish to-morrow.

Good-night,
Sleep tight in your bed
(Quoted from Brother Ben when aged five years)

Oct. 29, 1916.

At last I have found five minutes to write in, but I really must hurry. I have n't time to put down the many things we talked of in bed on that never-to-be-forgotten night, but they were the regular things the girls usually talk of in bed, and as usual, ended in a heated discussion of matrimony.

Now I must hurry to my "sunshine ring." It was among my other presents found at the breakfast table Sunday. My birthstone ring it was - an opal from Mamma and Daddy. It's beautiful in a shadow. [It] has a mixture of blue and green colors. Then it looks a trifle cold, but as soon as a light of any kind touches it, it is alive and wonderful. It looks like a brilliante sunset scene - the Sky blue ring, brightened by the sun reflexted in colors of golden red. My ring is my motto. I do not know exactly what my motto is but its something like lighting the lives of those who love me, as they made mine so happy on my bithday and with my changable ring. The only way I can do this now is by being all they expect of me. My motto seems to exact a lot of things from me because it is so indefinite. When I'm tried [tired] and don't feel like practicing, my ring says: "Practice." I hope I shall be able to live up to the

lovely opal, and mean to others what it means to me. Not exactly that, either, for I do not wish to be a sermon to everyone. I think my ring shall be to me like the shoes of the little boy in the fairy tale which pinched when he did anything wrong. My opal won't pinch, but when I look at it and think of all it means, my consciene will pinch awfully.

March 27, 1917

It is "trés" bad the way I've forsaken you lately. Once I thought of disowning you but reconsidered later. Christmas week and its good times of now a "thing of the past." Outside of that one gala week I have not been a "society Lady" this winter and yet the time has passed unusually fast for now the trees are budding and gentle spring is nie.

By the way, I have a French soldier but I haven't written to him yet. Rose's soldier sent her mine's name, which is Henri Sence. That, grown-up Josephine who will some day read my poor scratchings here, is French Phonetics. If you don't understand ask Miss Slaton.[35] Already I've made up fifty million and one romances concerning French soldiers. One is really "tr`es" cute and I think I'll write a theme on it. I suppose "trés" pussles [puzzles] you so allow me just a word of explanation. Trés (very in French) is the rage in B1 now and is especailly popular with yours truly. "J'aime Franc,ais, mais je pense que est-ce trés difficile."[36]

Although Jo's diaries give an inside look at her early adolescence, she was able to remember aspects of later adolescence in interviews.

Well, I tell you, Dr. Marx just ruled with an iron hand. There was no argument with him. As a child I, we all always wondered but nobody's come back to tell us what happens after death. And is there a God. And how do we know and all that. Well, the rabbi at confirmation, Dr. Marks had us come on every Wednesday afternoon to talk about Judaism and all, and we'd ask him questions. And the poor man naturally he couldn't tell us (laughter) .. He said - he was a very sarcastic man - "Nobody's come back yet to tell us what it's like after death."

I had complete faith as a child. But I lost it along the way.

Rabbi Marx was so opposed to Zionism. Now this was way, way back. At first, it wasn't even called Zionism. It was called, uh, going back to Palestine. And he used to say, "Everybody who wants to go, who is in favor of Palestine, let 'em go there." I didn't know there was another side to the question until I was a grown, married woman.

I really met Herman after temple. We used to go to temple on Friday night, and for young people to have a car was unheard of. But

> Sidney Gershon, who lived next door to us, had a car. And one Friday night, Herman's often talked about it, a whole bunch of us got in the car and rode. I was so excited. We went so fast. We went thirty-five miles an hour. It was an open car. No top. And it was the most exciting thing to go that fast.
>
> And so Herman said, "I want to stop at Highlands. I want to get something."
>
> So he bought a box of candy. And he passed it around; he was crazy about candy. And he said he noticed that - oh, he did say another thing.
>
> I had a cousin who also lived next door. He was an older cousin. He was five yeas older than I was. There was my cousin who was a year younger, Helene Joel who married Charles Heyman, and older than that, five years older, was her brother, who was named for his grandfather, whose name was Yoel. And he hated it so. He was named Yoel Joel. And they would kid him at school. They said, "It sounds like a Chinese name." So he changed his name. He took his father's name, Lyons, and put the Y in front of it. Y. Lyons Joel. But he was killed in France in the First World War.
>
> But I was telling you how I got to know Herman. I think that was the first time he ever noticed - Oh I know!
>
> We would go to temple on Pryor Street, and we sat back here on the thirteenth row and he sat way up front. He said he was with Y. Lyons Joel one time and saw me in the distance and he [Y. Lyons Joel] said, "That's my cousin. You watch out for her. She's going to be a knock out when she grows up."
>
> And that's the first time he [Herman] ever noticed me. Of course I hadn't noticed him at all (Levy 1989).

The Atlanta and Southern-Jewish Community learned first hand about the ravages of war. The Temple celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in January 1917, but the mood was tempered by "America's deepening involvement in the European war" (Rothschild 73). "Three months later, on the eve of Passover, 5677, America entered the war in Europe" (Rothschild 76). The lengthy list of war jobs and contributions by the congregation included giving money, raising funds, conserving food, holding special services, sewing for the Red Cross, and entertaining and distributing recreational items to soldiers. The children made a plaque listing the names of the more than seventy congregation members who served in the Armed Forces. Three of them, including Jo's first cousin Y. Lyons Joel, did not return. Dr. Marx was so notable in his service toward the war effort that he was "the only clergyman included on the program of the city-wide mass celebration for the armistice" (Rothschild 77).

As she moved towards young adulthood, spiritual loneliness and loss of faith moved into Mrs. Heyman's life. She felt disappointed because she had so much real spiritual feeling and the rabbi, Dr. Marx, had totally unsatisfactory answers and sermons (Bauman interview 41-42). She and her friends felt that Dr. Marx was a very sarcastic man and did not inspire them for Judaism (Achievement interview). She said she was disillusioned at a fairly young age and that it was silly, but that she had very unhappy experiences when her grandmother died in 1917 and her young cousin, Y. Lyons Joel died at the end of World War I in 1918. She had prayed every day for her cousin's safety, and she got mad with God because He didn't answer her prayers. It was only later in her life that her mother-in-law shared how she talked to God and told Him things, thanking Him for all of her blessings, but not asking Him to do favors for her, which for her daughter-in-law was an entirely new way of thinking about God (Arthur Heyman personal video).

Confirmation was also disillusioning for Jo, for her longings for a spiritual community were not fulfilled. Instead, each confirmant had a reception at her own home, and the children would compare with each other who had the most visitors, and the confirmation girls competed to see which one had the most beautiful dress (Buamn interview 42). The Temple had become fashionable. It was a beautiful place to meet and the choir was very good (Hertzberg 66). Just as the majority of Reform Jewish rabbis had not helped fulfill the spiritual needs of the Council of Jewish Women in its early years, so was her Reform rabbi not fulfilling her spiritual needs after childhood. Like the women in the Council, she turned to good actions and worthwhile pursuits to achieve spiritual well-being.

Josephine Joel Heyman's lack of religious interest was not unusual for an American Jew of her era, for over the decades religious participation declined locally in the Atlanta Jewish community and nationally in many other Jewish communities. Although synagogue membership was high, only the High Holidays and important ceremonial occasions such us births, marriages, and deaths brought synagogue attendance (Sutker,

"Atlanta" 305, 312). In the twentieth century there was a distinct decline in the importance of the synagogue (Sutker, "Atlanta" 110).

In Atlanta at The Temple from the second decade of the twentieth century to the middle of the century the congregation was by in large apathetic, frustrated, and resistant to leadership by their rabbi (Rothchild 62). The younger men who stepped forward to take the place of the elderly leaders did not have the dying generation's energy and enthusiam for religion or their faith. The younger men concentrated on service to the general community and civic responsiblity (Rothchild 64). Unlike his predecessors, Dr. Marx held the pulpit for years. He eclipsed congregational lay leaders as the voice of Atlanta Jewry, and represented the congregation to Atlanta's Christians as well as temple members. Lay leadership was no longer needed, and temple members felt no need to participate (Rothchild 64-5).

The rabbi was correctly concerned that a non-worshipping congregation would affect the preservation of the Jewish people (Rothschild 65). Although Josephine and her husband and children remained Jewish, some of her grandchildren married non-Jews, a common trend throughout the United States. As the years passed American Jews became increasingly assimilated and were therefore more apt to marry non-Jews.

The Zionist movement, the attempt to attain and develop a national homeland in Palestine for Jews who wished to settle there (Sutker, "Atlanta" 167), was one of the main divisions between German, Reform Jews, such as The Temple of Atlanta, and the rest of American Jewry (Sutker, "Atlanta" 170). The Reform Jews, who desired to be accepted as loyal citizens in the United States, sometimes opposed Zionism because they were afraid of accusations of disloyalty to the United States. Even in Atlanta in 1913 at a Southern social workers convention one of the principal addresses, made by the president of Furman University, lashed out viciously against Jews and Catholics and declared, "We must rise up and say that no church with its head abroad shall gain dominion in this country" (Rothschild 68). Reform Jews of the nineteenth century had disavowed any national ties

to Palestine (Elwell 29), for they wanted to avoid any hint that Jews in the United States might not be patriotic Americans (Hook 4). Many American Jews believed that exhibiting different patterns from their neighbors could lead to accusations that they were not for democratic ideals (Hook4, Elwell 29).

Nevertheless, as a youngster Josephine Joel went to temple regularly, and she first met her future husband after temple. Herman Heyman was a good match for Josephone Joel. Both of their families had early starts in the United States, with German grandparents who emigrated before the American Civil War in 1860. Both were raised in close Atlanta Jewish families that valued academic achievement for females as well as males. Because members of the Heyman family were by all accounts civic minded, devoted, moral, and broadminded, they were able to support the ideals and interests of Josephine Joel.

Endnotes

1 In 1989 Mrs. Heyman said Donald Oberdorfer"was my first sweetheart." She laughed. "He would carry my books home from school. We walked from Tenth Street School home. And he always carried my books. And one day, we had an argument. He got mad, and he threw my books down on the sidewalk. And he said - my father came along and said, "Is that any way for a little - for a young gentleman to treat a young lady?" Well, Donald - then they moved away. They moved to a place near Piedmont park. Donald told me afterwards that he was so mad. He screamed and he howled. He said, "I'm not going to leave. I'm not going to leave Fourteenth Street." But they did. And we were always good friends. And we were more or less sweethearts, but never anything serious" (Bauman interview 76-77).

2 "The Joels were joined by the Oberdorfers, Gershons, Rosenbaums, and Eichbergs in their move to the northside. Jo remembered that she 'hardly knew southside Jews' -- even some of the Reform German Jews who lived in that neighborhood. Her closest friends came from her northside neighborhood ... Most of their neighbors were upper-middle-class Christians..." (Bauman, "Musings" 47).

3 Rebecca Mathis was her lifelong friend, mentioned repeatedly in her diaries and letters.

4 Rebecca was a few years older than Jo.

5 Possibly Friday was omitted because it was the Jewish Sabbath.

6 Possibly she is referring to thanking God.

7 Car.

8 Her references aren't clear, but probably the economic crisis over the instability of the cotton market due to World War I in Europe affected the Atlanta economy (Tindal 33-69).

Later she wrote in her second diary on April 6, 1915 that since the European War broke out it was hard for her aunt's fiancé to save money to marry.

9 Jews throughout the South did business and networked together.

10 Her lifelong friend Rebecca Mathis lived in Chattanooga for her early years.

11 "A noticeable group of German Reform Jews espoused Christian Science during this era. Classical Reform emphasized rational analysis and individual control over decision making, while Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, taught that disease, sin, etc., are caused by mental error" (Bauman, "Musings" 59).

12"Referring to Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel A. Adler" (Bauman, "Musings" 49)

13 In the 19th century punk as an adjective meant worthless, foolish, or empty talk; nonsense, rubbish. (Oxford English Dictionary).

14 "Daughter of Sol and Rosa Menko Cronheim" (Bauman, "Musings" 50).

15 School debate friend.

16 This conservative white woman's organization historically excluded Jews and blacks.

17 Many Jews were for the Confederacy during the Civil War.

18 Here is a good example of a typical gender daily difference of the era. The boy got something useful, a writing pen, while the girl got something decorative, an ornamental pin, to make her look attractive. To remedy the situation, Jo, who was never a passive girl, uses her brother's, the boy's, gift to do her writing.

19 As in her first diary entry of 1/2/1915, she is probably referring to the economic crisis due to the instability of the Southern cotton market due to World War I's starting in 1914 in Europe (Tindall 33-69).

20 Instead of calling her a fat whale they called her a Jonah.

21 Perhaps from Bible stories she had heard.

22 Charles Heyman later married Jo's cousin Helene, and Jo married his brother Herman Heyman.

23 Simpson Mathis of Chattanooga escorting Josephine Joel in Atlanta while visiting Aunt Nona is an example of the Southern Jewish network at work.

24Jo's comfort in a girls' high school may have been one reason she wanted to attend the women's college Smith. Evelyn Powell was one of the debaters mentioned in the January 17, 1915 diary entry.

25 Rosh Hashonah is the Jewish New Year.

26 Her actual birth date was October 15.

27 Hannah Grossman (Shulhafer) was one of her lifelong friend and the third of the "Three Musketeers" along with Jo and Rebecca Mathis (Gershon). Hannah's mother was Mrs. Leo Grossman.

28 Girl's High School

29 Uncle Ly was Lyons Barnett Joel, brother of Jo Heyman's father, Benjamin Franklin Joel.

30 Honey was Maud Menko, Mrs. Emanuel Adler, the sister of Jo Heyman's mother Ellen Menko. She shared a room with Jo before she married and moved to Birmingham.

31 Mother Joel was Sophie Lederer Joel, the mother of Jo Heyman's father, Benjamin Franklin Joel.

32 Nonie was Leonore Joel, Aunt Leona, the sister of Jo Heyman's father, Benjamin Franklin Joel.

33 Greeting meaning "Have a good Shabbat, or Sabbath." She mixed together the Hebrew, Shabbat, with the English, Sabbath.

34 Lola Hirsch was the member of a prominent Atlanta Jewish family.

35 Miss Slaton was the sister of Governor Slaton who commuted Leo Frank's sentence. "According to the memories of her pupil, Miss Slaton was partial to the Jewish girls, perhaps in response to the prejudice associated with the Frank conviction and lynching" (Bauman, "Musings" 48).

36 "I love French, but I think it is very difficult."

Chapter 3: College: A Jewish Southern Belle at Smith College, 1919-1923

During Josephine Joel Heyman's college career Atlanta, the country, and the world were changing. During her college years Josephine was away at Smith College, a private school for women. Just as important as the college experience to the Southern belle were her courtship years, and meeting and writing her future husband, Herman Heyman.

While Jo attended a private woman's college in Massachusetts from 1919-1923, daily life went on in her hometown and state. After World War I business was good in Atlanta (Rothschild 77). Overall there were no major economic problems for the Temple's congregation.

Problems for the poor, however, loomed large. While Jo attended one of the best women's colleges in the United States, many students in Georgia did not go to school. There were no strong child labor laws, and many youngsters worked twelve hours a day for fifty cents (Coleman 306). Education in Georgia lagged behind the nation and region (Rice and Jackson 82).

During Josephine Joel's college days the voting rights of white women changed. The year Josephine Joel was a freshman was also the year that the first state, Georgia, voted to reject the Nineteenth Amendment, the right for women to vote. Later that year, however, enough states did ratify the amendment, and by the time she was a sophomore "white women in Georgia began voting for the first time. In the 1920s they formed organizations, such as the League of Women Voters, which sponsored programs ranging from instruction in ballot marking to detailed studies of state and local governments" (Coleman 306-7). Also during the decade The Temple set a precedent for the election of women to the Board of Trustees (Rothschild 82).

Although voting rights for white women and financial security were reasons for optimism for Josephine and the Atlanta Reform Jewish community, they faced other serious problems. "The KKK was stronger than ever" (Rothschild 79). In Josephine Joel's junior and senior years the

Klan became "so powerful in Georgia that few public officials dared speak out against it" (Coleman 309). The governor of Georgia was now Hugh M. Dorsey (Martin 149-150),

> the man who as prosecuting attorney had played the major role in convicting Leo Frank....Neighbors showed so little respect for Jewish worship that the congregation had to engage police to keep down street noises during services. In movies and plays, characterizations of Jews became increasingly offensive....The bill requiring daily Bible reading in the schools came before the legislature again....The rabbi tried to meet these problems in a positive way. He not only preached universalism but practiced it, becoming recognized more and more as the symbol of Jewish participation in community affairs....He was deeply involved in many organizations, both civic and cultural (Rothschild 79).

General dissatisfaction, however. grew in Dr. Marx's own congregation. Temple attendance was still down. Dr. Marx had inadvertently led his congregation away from Judaism. By leading them toward their goal of acceptance as fellow Americans, he had led them away from bonds with Judaism. The Temple's reform community equated "Jewishness" with "foreign-ness," and socially they did not want to mix with Orthodox Jews (Rothschild 79-80). Away at Smith college during the school year, Jo's spiritual conflicts in her college letters reflect the barrenness of her congregation.

When Mrs. Heyman was eighty-eight years of age she recalled how she happened to go to Smith College.

> My father said when I was born, "She's going to college in the east. I want her to go to...." He wanted me to go to Vassar. He said, "She's going to a real college." Well, it just happened that my history teacher in high school went to Smith. She talked so much about Smith. And then my older friend, whose name was Rebecca Mathis, she afterwards married Harry Gershon, she was Rebecca Gershon; she had gone to Smith. She graduated before I got there. But I said, "Ok, Daddy, I'll go to college but I want to go to Smith." That's why I went to Smith. I had to take entrance exams. When I got back, one girl in a thousand went to school in the east. If they went anywhere they went to Agnes Scott. Which was good, too (Levy interview 1989).

Although in the early decades of the century few Southern Jews attended prestigious schools like Smith College outside the South, Josephine Joel was not the only Atlanta Jewish girl to do so. Not only did Rebecca Mathis Gershon, but also her first cousin and neighbor, Helene Joel, and her future husband's sister, Dorah Heyman.

Josephine Joel did not overcome hardships or face social disapproval to attain her educational goals. Although a college education in her era was controversial to those who did not want women to have careers or be independent (Campbell 30), education was generally respected by Jews. Historically Jews believed that learning was a primary duty and mark of distinction (Sutker, "Atlanta" 110). It was natural for women who were reared in homes that placed a high value on learning to wish to develop their own intellectual potentials (Campell 34). Jo's family always provided substantial moral support for her scholastic endeavors, and she had a sincere intellectual interest in learning. While in most families of her era the male was given more opportunity for education to aid him economically and socially as the primary breadwinner (Sutker, "Atlanta" 50), the Joel family sent their daughter to the more prestigious eastern college and the boys to Georgia universities. That pattern continued when Josephine Joel married and had a son and daughter of her own. "The high standards set by the Eastern schools -- Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Smith, Wellesley -- were not easily matched in other regions of the country" (Campbell 37). Many notable women of Josephine Joel's day made use of private schools (Campbell 41), for they "enjoyed the stimulation and development of their intellectual capacities." Education proved to be a vital element in such women's life cycles (Campbell 42).

Although it was not a typical Southern trait, most Southern Jewish families wanted their children to excel in academics. As the twentieth century moved forward many Southern Jews earned college and graduate degress from prestigious universities in the United States (Lipson-Walker 60, 62).

Another common Southern-Jewish trait that was illustrated in Josephine's college career was the struggle for success. It was regarded as an achievement for the individual, the community, and the family to succeed in school or otherwise. Success made the Jewish people look good; there was an emphasis on success in America, in the the South, and for men and women.

Josephine Joel struggled with success. From Smith College she wrote to her future husband, Herman Heyman, about her confusion in achieving Phi Beta Kappa, because, although she wanted very much to be honored academically, and was concerned that she would not earn the grades needed, she was disappointed after she was initiated because it didn't seem to mean as much then. Later she wrote about graduating from Smith cum laude but not magna cum laude, and said it must be a big blow to her relatives to know "their young prodigy is not among the 16 best in the class," and that she was sorry on the family's account (ca. June 15, 1923). Her success reflected on the extended Southern-Jewish community.

Although understanding the Southern-Jewish community makes it easier to understand Josephine Joel's college letters, it is also important to understand Smith life. The pastor of the Baptist church in Northampton greeted the new Smith students and described the city of Northampton in the "1919-1920 Students' Hand-Book:"

> Northampton lies in the Connecticut Valley, about thirty minutes' ride by train from Springfield and Greenfield. The situation is one of peculiar beauty since it is almost completely encircled by low mountain ranges, and lies betwseen the Mill and Connecticut Rivers. Both the Boston and Maine and the New York, New Haven and Hartford railways run through the city (Watts 88).

According to the "Students' Hand-Book" of Smith College, if freshmen arrived at the train station in Northampton, Massachusetts in September, 1919, they might recognize members of the Smith College Association for Christian Work by their badges. One of these upperclass women students might have befriended Josephine and helped her get a carriage or taxicab for fifty cents to go to temporary lodging for $1.00 per day or room and board for $2.75 per day. After she arranged a room on campus, she would have a bed, a chiffonier, a table and a chair, and any other furniture could be bought at The Furniture Exchange in the basement of the Students' Building.

On Monday afternoon before the college opened the social committee of the Smith College Association for Christian Work held an informal tea for entering students also at the Students' Building. The first college exercise was Chapel in John M. Greene Hall at 8:30 on Tuesday morning. Everyone was expected to be present, and the President

delivered an address of welcome. Freshman Frolic was on Saturday, and freshmen girls were each invited by a member of an older class to be introduced to "scores of girls." "On Sunday," read the handbook, "you will want to go to church in the morning" (Students' Hand-Book 14-19). Under Social Regulations, "Sunday was to be observed in such a way as to make the day one of quiet and dignity." Social functions were to be avoided (Students' Hand-Book 25). Chapel services were held at 8:30 every morning except Sunday, and although these services were not compulsory, the handbook said they were "of such value to the students in their daily life [sic] that they should not be omitted" (Students' Hand-Book 84).

A list of social regulations were given in the 1919-1920 Smith College pamphlet on Customs and Regulations. In the evening chaperonage was required for entertainment outside the college, except entertainment at the Academy of Music and motion pictures. Chaperonage was also required "for meals taken outside the college houses except at places on the approved list. After five o'clock p.m. students may not, unchaperoned, take dinner or supper with men not members of their immediate families except at the the approved places in Northampton." Finally, chaperonage was required for riding, driving, and motoring (Customs and Regulations 7). The list of approved chaperones included heads of college houses, women of the faculty above the rank of assistant, and any woman designated for a special occasion by the head of the house. Students returning from evening parties had to be accompanied by their chaperone whether they came by carriage, automobile, or street car. A student wishing to ride, drive, or motor alone with a man, not a member of her immediate family, had to obtain the permission of the Dean. A written request from a parent or guardian had to be presented (Customs and Regulations 8).

Because a theme of Josephine Joel's college days was her Jewishness, it is significant that the first listing under the heading Student Activities in the Students' Handbook was The Smith College Association for Christian Work, "a federation embracing most of the religious and philanthropic organizations of the College." Its stated

purpose was "to deepen the Christ-life in the College and to promote the development of a broad and intelligent activity in the cause of humanity." The membership consisted of a large majority of the students of the college, and each member was expected to feel a personal interest in the welfare of the association (Students' Handbook 33). The Religious Service Committee provided speakers for the weekly Tuesday evening meeting of the association and also made arrangements for the speakers who conducted the services during the Week of Prayer for Colleges (Students' Hand-Book 34).

Attending Smith was like being part of a family (Young). When Sophia Smith founded the college, she stipulated that a "cottage system or buildings or homes for the students instead of one mammoth central building should prevail" (Students' Handbook 73). Josephine Joel's college dorm was named Northrop House.

Although Smith was only forty-six years old by the time Josephine became a student, a wealth of customs and traditions that she referred to in her letters had already built up (Students' Hand-Book 66). Included in Jo's college letters were references to Paradise Pond, sings, Mountain Day, Rally Day, and May Day. At Paradise Pond students enjoyed boats and canoes owned by the college and by students (Students' Hand-Book 79). Sings were "held for the practice of songs for special occasions, such as basketball games, Washington's Birthday Rally, and Steps Sings" (Students' Hand-Book 66). The sings were held by the classes and the College. Senior Sings were during the Spring term on the steps of the Students' Building. The other classes stood facing them, forming a hollow square, and sang in reply. Just before the last of these sings, the Senior class had a hoop-rolling contest; the winner of the race was supposed to be the first bride. After the class singing, on this night, the Juniors solemly took the steps given up at the same time by the Seniors. The latter, soon after, formed a large circle on the lawn, and did their most popular stunts (Students' Hand-Book 70).

Mountain Day was an institution which many New England Colleges practiced. In October the students formed parties "to explore at their pleasure the beautiful hills and

country which surrounded Northampton" (Students' Handbook 69). Rally Day was the celebration of Washington's Birthday in the gymnasium. Because there was not enough room for the entire college, those who had been most faithful in attending college sings were given preference. The classes sang their songs and made speeches in the gym. On the first of May the Senior Class went "early in the morning to serenade the President, the President Emeritus, and the Dean, and to hang May-baskets on their doors" (Students' Hand-Book 70).

Besides offering customs and traditions, Smith College offered challenges. Josephine Joel's ideas about race relations, women's roles, and religion were tested.

The South's racial and historical past included the legacy and aftermath of the Civil War, conflict with the Yankees, defeat, and a strong sense of regional tragedy (Lipson - Walker 51). Although Josephine Joel, as a white child of the South, was inbred with a Southern sensibility, her progressive beliefs were in conflict with a patriotic white Southern stance. When she was twenty years old, she expressed in a letter from Smith college that the Northern Memorial Day was celebrating the defeat of the Confederates and that she was "Dixie enough at heart not to join in very gaily," but she knew that it was best for the North to win in the end (ca. May 30, 1923).

Her Southern identity was repeatedly tested at Smith College. In a letter on March 6, 1923, she described "a most nerve-wracking experience." A professor of a two hundred student lecture class tricked her by asking first if she believed in democracy and then if she believed "The negro ought to have equal rights with the whites and be allowed to vote in the South." She said no "as all Southerners are supposed to do," and then he dragged up what she had first said about democracy and caught her in the trap she had been expecting and trying to avoid.

Yet, despite her loyalty to Southern ways, she was in conflict with the patriotic Southern white stance because she had had progressive thoughts about African-Americans as far back as 1923. She wrote, "As the negro gets more educated and richer and more

cultured there seem[s] to be no reason why they ought not be allowed equal rights." Her fears and conflicts about race quickly surfaced when she went on to say that "we all admit it is undesirable for the black race to swamp the white but that is what they may do if we have a true Democracy" (ca. March 6, 1923).

Josephine Joel also questioned traditional roles for Southern females. Smith College, which challenged her Southern ideas on race, also challenged her Southern ideas on gender. For instance, the idea that Southern ladies should only function in the private, domestic sphere were challenged at Smith. After writing about race in a letter in April 1923, she wrote about gender roles. A woman in charge of the appointment bureau gave her a talk on the South, and how much they needed college women to help in public things. "...She entreated me to do something and not just frivol the time way." Josephine was inspired and determined "to do something real next year" (ca. April 30, 1923). In another letter she expressed that she had "always been afraid of doing nothing but society" until she could "grab somebody as a life victim" (ca. June 9, 1923). Besides challenging notions of traditional gender roles, Smith, like her earlier school, Girl's High, only admitted females, and women were able to bond without the constant interference of men. She wrote about giving another student her Senior pin to wear for a year, and said they had a very nice time (ca. June 12, 1923). Surely her opportunities to develop without male interference gave her a safe environment to explore her strengths.

Challenges at college were not limited to Jo's regional and gender identities. Religious issues were questioned as well. Her Classical Reform background did not serve her needs during her academic years in the East. She was distressed over her lack of spirituality. For instance, in one letter she asked her future husband, Herman, if he believed in God, and said that she used to say her prayers every night and pray for the things she wanted God's aid for, but after praying for over a year for only one thing, that her cousin might not be killed in World War I, she decided that praying did no good

because her cousin died. When she observed the faith of Christian friends at college, she felt despondent about her own lack of faith.

The Classical Reform Jewish attitude of her childhood came through when she was at college and wrote her future husband about her discomfort at a fall High Holy Day service at an Orthodox synagogue (ca. Oct. 26, 1921). It was not unusual for Southern Reform Jews of her generation to be more uncomfortable at an Orthodox Jewish service than a non-Jewish church service (Lipson-Walker 198-204).

Besides articulating her problems with religion and spirituality at Smith, she also articulated her problems with being Jewish at Smith. Regular attendance was expected at chapel for all students, and during The Week of Prayer a minister talked for an hour every evening, and every night they had "praying and singing and discussion in the House" (ca. February 14, 1923). Josephine Joel had mostly Christian friends at college, for Smith had under 6% of a Jewish student body during her student days (Eberhart). She felt the discussions that dragged the Jews in made the Christian girls antagonistic, and so she tried not to think about it, and when she didn't she was happy with her Christian friends.

But the issue of being a lone Jew among Christian friends at Smith recurred regularly and often. She wrote that whenever she thought about it, she got sick because her Christian friends liked her "even though" she was a Jewess, and therefore could not be her real true friends (ca. Feb.14, 1923).

Despite her distress over prejudice at Smith, she participated in a round robin letter with close friends from Smith for fifty-five years after graduating (Wittenstein, Bauman interview 60). She also participated in and served as president of the Smith College Club, which met once a month.

The years of Jo's education in Massachusetts were also the years of her courtship and bellehood. She recalled details of her social life at eighty-eight years of age.

> So I finally did get to be popular. All through this diary -- my not being popular -- When I came home from college I had a specially beautiful dress, and I remember that I dated some boys who went to Marist College.

> In those days it was very popular, the Jewish boys went to the Catholic College. And my brother went there. My cousin went there.
>
> And the colors were blue and gold. And at this dance, one of the boys came up to dance with me, and he said, "You're wearing a blue dress and you've got gold hair. So you're Marist colors."
>
> And then later another one came up from University of Georgia. Georgia's colors are black and red, and he said, "You're Georgia -- you got red hair." (Laughter)
>
> So I remember one week I had a date every night with a different boy. And that was the acme. That was the tops (Levy interview).

It was usually impossible for Southern females to ignore the pervasive Southern ideals of the belle (Jones 1529-30). This period of time between being a daughter and becoming a wife was supposed to be a glamorous and exciting period for privileged white girls. The goal was to attract as many suitors as possible, in order to be picked by one as his wife. According to the historical prescription, the belle was to be fragile, flirtatious, sexually innocent, bright, shallow, beautiful, and entertaining, but not challenging or touchable (Jones 1529-30).

Josephine Joel's courtship letters to Herman Heyman reveal much about her response to the ideal of the Southern belle. She was at Smith college writing letters to suitors from Atlanta during most of her courtship years. Even though she studied in Massachusetts, she considered herself an on going member of the Atlanta Jewish community. According to Atlanta Jewish archivist Sandra Berman, Josephine Joel "was considered one of the most eligible belles in the Atlanta German Jewish community, and she was ardently pursued by many suitors" (Mss. 5).

Although she succeeded in the belle's goal of attracting many suitors, most of the standard conceptions of a Southern belle's courtship years did not apply to her. Her letters did not reveal the simplified glamour and excitement of the Southern romance novel's belle. She herself was not the stereotypical fragile Southern belle, although she sometimes sounded vulnerable. She discussed with sensitivity and in depth the intricacies and complexities of her relationships and the courtship ritual.

Compared to the assault of graphic sex these days, hers was a time and a community of innocence, with overt sexual talk practically nonexistent. Also, because she

held to the nineteenth century romantic ideal of a one and only true love, she expressed distress when she enjoyed the company of several suitors because she believed she was only supposed to have positive feelings towards the one who would be her future husband. Her courtship practices were as ethical as her other pursuits. She wrote that she wanted to be fair to all sides because several men were interested in her, and she took great pains to explain her position honestly to each suitor. When she mentioned other potential mates in her courtship letters to Herman, her tone was reassuring, kind, honest and often playful.

She wrote Herman that she enjoyed activities like reading, writing, card games, and trips to New York, but that she disliked conventional female tasks such as washing. She made it clear that she did not share commonly held romantic expectations and conventional attitudes about a wife's and mother's job of cooking. She discussed problems of and conflicting attitudes towards marriage, and said that she did not share commonly held romantic expectations and conventional attitudes about matrimony. In keeping with her progressive leanings and sense of humor, she joked with her future husband about his mother's teaching him to shop, clean and sew, and wrote that she approved of his domestic training because he would make a very efficient husband.

Later in life Mrs. Heyman enjoyed telling the story about dating Herman at college.

> And then one night, this was also after temple on Friday night. He [Herman] went to Columbia when I was at Smith. And I was a sophomore and my cousin Helene was a freshman. So they made a date with her. He and Alan Summerfield said to us, "Well we'll take you to a show in New York one night on our way up." So we did.
>
> To get to Northampton was a miserable train ride. Of course there was nothing but trains then. There were coal engines. And we were having upper berths, and it was so hot. And no air condition. And I can remember waking up in the morning with cinders all over the pillow.
>
> Well anyway he was at Columbia when I was at Smith. We had one date. And he and Alan Summerfield and Helene and I would date, and we both, Helene and I wanted Herman to be our date, not Alan. So we tossed a coin and I got Herman, which was just fine. And the two men came in and Herman picked up Helene's hand and Alan picked up mine (Laughter). So we went to the show that way (Laughter).
>
> Anyway, he [Herman] was furious with me because I don't think I ever wrote to him and thanked him for the date. We went to a theater and then we went to the Astor Hotel and had club sandwiches and something to drink. He said he spent his whole allowance until Christmas on that one date and never heard from me.

And I told my aunt who I visited, "You know, I know a boy who's at Columbia Law School. I just don't know whether I ought to call him or not, but his name's Herman Heyman."

And I was eager to call him but I didn't. Well afterwards we got to be very good friends my Junior and Senior years at Smith" (Levy interview).

Letters

Josephine Joel was nineteen years old when she began these letters to Herman Heyman. On Jan. 27, 1921 she was a sophomore at Smith. These letters end in April 1923 when she was a senior. Almost all were on monogrammed stationery saying either Josephine M. Joel or JMJ.

[ca. Jan. 27, 1921]
Saturday
Herman, dear-

Well, I am back at the good old Northrop House and mighty glad to be here. I have a sudden great affection even for the prunes and beans they give up here and everything about the place. In other words I am awfully glad to leave that d... infirmary. But I am still terribly weak and wobb[l]y on my feet. I was in bed so long that I have to learn how to walk again. And I don't feel any more like studying! My first exam is Monday at nine and I just can't make myself open a book for it. Suppose I'd flunk out midyear of Senior year! That would be nice. Guess I don't want to do that.

There isn't a thing to write you about. I'm glad Atlanta is at last having a little winter weather. It is still freezing cold up here.

I've had reports of Madelaine's wedding from various sources - also of Helene's recovery. Mamma wrote me that your visit to the hospital created quite a hot debate - whether you went because you were Charles' brother or because Helene was my cousin. People are so crazy.

I finally wrote the family I had been sick -- I had to tell them something as I simply could not write every day. They got scared in spite of how unimportant I told them it was and Daddy telephoned up here and of course when he was told at the House that I was in the Infirmary they nearly died and phoned up there. It was [a] lot of fun to talk to them and the connection was so good it sounded as if they were right in the next room. They made me promise to call them again the next night tho I was perfectly all right then. They do go thru so much worry unnecessarily.

To-day I go to class for the first time in over a week. Only have one class thank goodness on Saturdays. I signed up for another English course for next semester - like a nut. I'll be doing nothing but reading now. Kinda foolish but I like it and why not enjoy college as much as possible? Yet it does seem foolish to take stuff here that I could read outside just as well. Only I probably wouldn't. How goes "Notre Dame de Paris?" I trust you are beyond Ch. II by now. Time for class so bye-bye.

Love,
Jo.

[ca. Sept. 28, 1921] Smith.
Wednesday.

Dear Herman,

This is prompt answer. Maybe you do not fully realize that fact but if you had ever corresponded with me before you would. Please realize the promptness of it.

Thanks for your nice letter. It was waiting for me and I hereby state that the picture you imagined of my reading it while "tired and homesick" and of its cheering up my "drooping spiritis" was not very far from an accurate description drawn from life. I was homesick when I read it and it did cheer me up a little. But I am still homesick or maybe not exactly homesick but lonesome. I do not cry for home but I almost cry (guess I would if I ever did cry - which I don't) for just somebody, anybody to be really close and intimate with - I want a near, dear friend. You see, all the girls I really loved graduated last year. This year I have only acquaintances left. They are very nice and lovely to me only they are not friends. I am so lonely I could die. This feeling of nobody cares - whether I - live - or - die is not such a nice one - and rather new to me as I have always been so fortunate in having wonderful friends. Please write to me, Herman, and make it a long letter. I'd like to advertise: wanted - a nice Jewish girl required to have qualities of which friendship can be formed. If I could only find one I'd be very happy and love Smith again.

Well, I guess I've bored you with my troubles long enough. I really am glad to get back to the campus, et cetera. Don't think I'm not for a minute.

You know, Herman, I was so surprised at your handwriting. I don't know why as I had not formed any definite idea as to what I thought it would be like. I must have unconsciously expected it to be somewhat like Charles! Anyway I had the hardest time convincing myself that it was yours. Of course as soon as I read it there was not a doubt in the world as to the writer. I could about hear you saying it - it just sounded Herman all over. You said you had nothing to say so in desperation resorted to "bull." Is that the way you work? Slam when nothing to talk about, bull when nothing to write about! Think I've served my turns in the former, don't you? Such slams as a I received! And up to the very last moment too. I'll never get over that D. G. one! When you go to Temple next say a prayer for me, by the way.

My schedule this year is hectic - more afternoon classes and one from four to five Thursday and Friday which puts an end to many gay week-end trips to New York. Also the cut system has been revised and we are only allowed 25 a year. Formerly it was 35 a semester.

It is cold up here. Not cool, but cold. I have nothing but a gingham dress and a silk jumper. I'll freeze to death if my trunk does not come soon. By the way, the soon-arrival of my trunk is the cause of this informal stationery. I asssure you I have better but it's all in that d... trunk.

My first class begins in five minutes. It is Bible - of all the deadly subjects. Think I had better stop this letter now or you'll think I have lost my cheerful disposition when all that has happened is that I am cold and homesick and lonely.

Write soon, please.

My best to all your folks and especially Joseph.

'S ever,

Jo.

[ca. Oct. 11, 1921]

Saturday.

Dear Herman,

For the last ten minutes I have been inwardly debating as to whether I would join the yelling howling mob in the next room or go downstairs and wait for the mail or write to you. You are witnessing the result of my meditations and I assume you you should feel flattered that I prefered this to gossiping with the gang or the delightful experience of sitting in the front hall gazing thru "Life," with one eye on the door ready to make a dive at the postman and be the first to seize the mail. It's lots of fun, only very often has a most pathetic anti-climax: you deal out a huge stack of mail to everyone but yourself. Oh, the lost, deserted feeling after all that waiting and watching for its arrival.

One of the girls just brought up a letter and a package so I am glad I stayed up to begin to write to you. Supper will be ready before I can finish I know but I have to write in snatches now and then or have to put off writing.

Monday.

Hope you don't mind this serial affair.

Honestly, I have never had so much to do. Just heard that the Ga.-Harvard game is to be this coming week-end and I am distracted as my clothes are wrecks, my fur coat has not come yet, I have a written on Monday, and do not know whether Bessie Rothschild will let me stay with her or not. Is n't that a bad way to be in? I have to make myself a dress in desperation - but when I'll have time to do it I don't know. If I did n't want to see that game so badly I certainly would solve all difficulties and not go.

Enjoyed your letter very, very much. Your diary of a lazy man sounds very enticing at present to my overworked soul and body. You do some good sleeping, don't you? Well, I am mighty glad my dangerous rivals are not luring you forth from quiet meditations and slumber. As to your handwriting - how you mistook me! Your writing is much better than I expected it to be - which is a kind of left-handed compliment I admit. Yours is infinitely better than your highly honored and respected brother's - but don't tell him this as far be it from me to be in a a position to judge of the merits of the use of a pen. I blush with shame at my own hen like scrawl.

Did you see the "Bat"? We did! We sat at the top row of the top balcony and yelled and screamed and clutched each other to our heart's content. Then all night in my dreams I was hot in persuit of various ones of my friends here, accusing first one then the other of being The Bat.

Speaking of the "Bat" and thus light comedies, I saw Walter Hampden in two plays Saturday: "The Servant in the House" where he played the part of Christ and "The Merchant of Venice" where he was Shylock. The irony of his parts appealed to me greatly. But I was a wreck after they were over. Such a strain on the emotions! Don't you think I am getting intellectual? You should hear the subjects I'm studying - the theory of happiness - what pleasure is higher, pleasure of the mind or the body, etc. Therefore I went to see Hampden to prove to myself that I really prefer the lofty pleasures - what matter if I did have to forego an evening of bridge and fudge?

Wednesday, you know is Yom Kippur.[1] It happens to be a holiday for Smith for the purpose of going off on picnics and having a good time in the woods - day known as Mountain Day. And such agitation! Us Jews did not know what to do. There seemed to be no point in staying home from the hike as there is no Temple anywhere about here still we did not like to go. But what could we do at home all day? Well, we finally decided that we had better stay home to keep the respect of our Gentile friends even if we did not have the desired setting for the Day. It is really terrible not to have a Temple to go to when you really want to.

Please write me all the Atlanta news and gossip. I correspond with very few people this year and so have to depend on those I do for news. Don't desert me! And do it soon.

My best to all your folks.

As ever,

Jo.

[ca. Oct. 26, 1921]

Saturday [crossed out]
Wednesday.

Dear Herman,

"Saturday" was a[s] far as I got with this letter Saturday. I hope you will excuse the scratching it out but frankly this is my second best stationery and I only use it on a favored few and can't afford to destroy any for a little thing like Saturday.

Was so glad to get your letter. Good boy to stay in Temple all day Yom Kippur. I did you one better - went to the orthodox in the superlative degree. True, we only stayed one half hour but in that time we got enough concentrated religion to make up for your length of time. I never saw anything so funny - peculiar - as their services. Hats on, shoes off, chanting - everybody raving on by himself - anything they happened to desire to say they yelled forth in Hebrew. It really was not a bit holy or sacred. The men talked business and the children ran in and out to their heart's content. It really reminded me of the Georgia state legislature. Our Temple is so much nicer and quieter and more solemn.2

Well, your team "done noble." I had an awfully good time that weekend. Spent the first night with Dot Merz. We talked Atlanta until the wee small hours. It was such fun to be with her again - she is a darling, Herman. I wonder if the ears of the Heyman family burned that night. If they did not there is something wrong with their anatomy. After the game we decided to telegraph you and Charles as it was really a Georgia victory tho they were defeated but the Western Union office was closed. Anyway, our intentions were the best.

Honestly, I have never been so busy. This week-end I am going to N.Y. As somebody once said: "It's a great life if you don't weak-en." Incidently, I have a written in child pschology in fifteen minutes but I just cannot make myself cram. If I flunk, it will be entirely your fault for if I did not write this letter I would not flunk. But if I did not write I would not hear from you. But if you did not write such cute letters I would not care - but you do. So it's all your fault. But I really must close now - will write more next time. As ever, Jo.

[ca. Nov. 8, 1921]

Tuesday morning.

Dear Herman-

With a stack of fifteen letters before me all carefully arranged in order of receipt I sit me down to write. I gaze at the first letters and sigh. Then I put one over on myself and slyly slip yours from the very bottom of the pile and put it on top. Such a weak will I have to yield to temptation thus! It is really disgusting on my part and I hope [you] will overlook the lack of character displayed by such an act.

Thanks for your sympathetic understanding of my desire to go to Europe. You have the correct idea of education - what it ought to mean - not a mere A.B. I wish my family could catch a little of that spirit. Also, I wish they had the same respect for my mental capacity (altho perhaps over- estimated - that is n't the point!) that you have. In other words, they won't even consider my plan - "please get all such ideas out of your head, Josephine, and settle down to study." Oh! I was so furious when I read the letter. I had to concentrate on the fifth commandment to keep myself from sending violence via the mails.

That's too bad the trouble you are having with your campaign for the Ga. Fund. I am enclosing a letter I received that struck my sense of humor. Mrs. Laurychin has certainly devoted some of her life to the study of psychology. Have you ever seen such a masterpiece? But she laid it on a little too thick or else I have studied too much psychology myself. I think I'll give $25 of my private stock but I cannot solicit among my Yankee friends - even to find out the name of this mysterious person. However, it would be amusing to do it. I wonder what she'd do then.

You said you "served garnishment" to the man in Newman. Does that mean that you will prosecute him in court? I mean, is it a case and will it be in a court room and everything? I looked up the word in the dictionary and this is what it seems to mean. Am I right?

Nothing new up here. At present we are living for Thanksgiving and then we will live for Christmas. But I am almost skipping over living for T.g. and am counting the days to Christmas and home.

You may answer this letter according to your rule too - it suits me fine just at present.

As ever-

Jo.

[ca. Nov. 20, 1921]

Dear Herman -

This is going to be a "to-be-continued" letter as I am so busy these days that I have to write in snatches of five minutes each until finally I have a letter out of the whole.

Why does everything have to come at once? A long paper in Ethics due Saturday and I don't even understand the meaning of the word! And Helene's folks are coming up Friday and of course I want to be with them but how I am going to manage all I don't see. To-day is Thursday and the paper is in dark obscurity. So do you see why I have to write in snatches?

Since you advised me so well (tho to no purpose as it happened) concerning my European trip, I'll ask for more legal advice. The Christmas vacation starts this year on Tues. Dec. 20th. I have decided to take double cuts and leave college either Fri. the 16th or Sat. the 17th arriving home either Sun. or Mon. morning. (Have n't decided yet but that is not where I want your advice.) Helene is not going to do this. Now, the point is shall I tell my family or just walk in on them at five o'clock in the morning and give them the surprise of their young lives? It would be so much fun. The only trouble is that they'll be so disappointed to find it's only I and not Helene too. What shall I do?

Days later -

Herman, I am trusting to your kindness of heart to forgive this delay. Right now I have no right to be writing but I want to send this so you won't think I am terrible. The folks are here and waiting for me for breakfast. When I started this letter I thought I had reached the height of busyness but since then I have been informed of two long papers (in addition to this one in Ethics) due Dec. 10 and 12 respectively. Much reading has to be done for both. Oh, I am desperate! If I could only get to work on them and get rid of them but I have to go riding all day and to be with Aunt Ray and Uncle Ly until ten to-night. All of which would be delightful in ordinary conditions but in this life cluttered with papers it is not so good. One of them (papers) is on children's faults. Can't you write me a few words of wisdom? Of course, I know your work is not in the juvenile line but maybe you know some faults of children - draw on your own past childhood for examples!

The nuts were wonderful, Herman. The house nearly went wild over "Jo's southern pecans." Thanks just loads for sending them - tell Harold H. I appreciated his share in getting them to me and his hello message in the box.

As ever,

Jo.

P.S. Sorry I can't run home for Thanksgiving!

[ca. Dec. 3, 1921]

Saturday.

Dear Herman -

This is an S.O.S. if there ever was one. I need your help if you can give it. I have to write a paper on Shakespeare as a lawyer - the evidences from the plays that he knew law - how well, how did he learn it, etc., or does this legal knowledge prove that Shakespeare did not write the play but that Bacon did? That's the subject in general. Now, I don't know a thing about law except the one or two things you have told me which I am afraid don't relate to this subject. Second hand material is all right so I am going to read all I can find that has been written on the subject. But I thought if you could give me a little first hand stuff it would be much better. Of course, you may never have considered law from this point but I thought maybe you did. It is possible so I decided to write and ask you. Also, have you read Shakespeare's will and does it give evidence of good legal

understanding or not? Now, if you don't know any of this stuff don't bother. Also if you have n't time to fool with it don't bother. But in any case please let me know just as soon as you can as the paper is due next Saturday and I will wait until Thursday to see if you can give me any help. So please just scratch off a line if you are terribly busy (an important client may have turned up since I heard from you last!) saying you can't furnish any information just so I'll know and can go on and write the paper as best I can. Thanks a lot for doing this for me if you can.

Honestly, there never was a girl had so much to do. Besides my lessons which seem to have piled up at the end in order that we may enjoy Christmas vacation the more because the contrast will be greater I have so many things I am crazy to do. I have a cute idea of a way to make a dress and bought the material yesterday. It is the worst temptation in the world to see it and not allow mayself to cut into it until my papers are done. Also I have "If Winter Comes" by Hutchinson and I am so crazy to dive into it that it's terrible. I certainly am looking forward to the trip on the train coming home when I can read all I want without feeling as if I am neglecting something.

And in regard to coming home, I decided to stage the big surprise but to leave New York Saturday morning at 9 A.M. instead of 12 o'clock Friday midnight. Then I'll reach Atlanta at a respectable hour. Thanks for offering to meet me. I will not take advantage of the offer, however. You see, Alex3 wrote and asked when I was going home and wanted to try to go on the same train. So I wrote him about the same time I did you of my hanging-in-the-balance-plan. Now, I don't know whether it is because Pittsburg is nearer than Atlanta, or because Alex is a prompter correspondent than you are but he answered long before you did saying he would be home three days before me and offering the same thing you did. It really is n't necessary to be met at all now since I arrive at one o'clock and at the Brookwood station and besides have Rose Eichberg for company.

Herman, I was so overcome at your asking for a date three weeks in advance when your mode all summer had been fifteen minutes in advance, that I have not recovered from the shock. I hardly know how to accept except at the magic hour of eight P.M. And you also embarrass me greatly when you say "what night can I have" as if almost all my nights are taken when the sad truth is that none of them are! Guess I had better stay home the first night but if you want the second (Monday) I will be delighted to bestow it upon you. If you do not care for Monday, let me know which one strikes your fancy and it shall be yours. Such is the extreme degree of my popularity. However, it might be well to let me know pretty soon what evening you prefer as there may (you know, extraordinary things do happen sometimes!) be one or two others who would like a date and I don't want to get things balled up. You may think I am unduly optomistic in my view! How about it, oh king of slams?

Herman, I have spent entirely too much time writing to you. I should have stopped pages ago. But I told you of the temptation to make the dress and read "If Winter Comes." Consider this letter in the same class with them - and I succumbed to the temptation!

As ever, Jo.

Please don't forget to answer at once about the Law in Shakespeare. Thanks!

[ca. Dec. 3, 1921]

Thursday night.

Dear Herman-

Your letter came about ten minutes ago. How's this for promptness? I am simply dead tired so this is not going to be a long letter - I just want to tell you how much I appreciate your help. It was really thoughtless of me to put you to so much trouble and I do appreciate it loads. I am going to finish up the paper to-morrow and type it. I think I'll use your information about the Merchant of Venice. It does not prove much either way I admit but at least I can understand it which is more than I can say of most examples cited by illustrious lawyers. I thank you very much for writing - also for sending it special as I

would not have received it until to-morrow otherwise and now I can be ready to type tomorrow. Honestly, I am getting to be a regular grind the last few days.

We had a mass meeting to-night to discuss the affairs of state and also practice songs for the debate with Dartmouth Saturday night.4 We had a good old-fashioned "rah-rah" time. I do enjoy such, once in a while.

Is Marion still in Atlanta? Give her my love if she is. Tell Dorah that we may abolish the ten o'clock lights out rule - then college life will be worth livng.

Honestly, I am so excited about coming home. Can hardly wait. Dream about it every night, plan all day. My family are n't half as glad to have me as I am to get there. I feel right step-childish.

I really must go to bed now - I am so tired I'm about maudlin or something half-wittish.

Good-night. Again thanks.

As ever,

Jo.

P.S. It is so sweet of you to save your choice slams for me. I appreciate that little kindness.

[ca. Jan. 5, 1922]5

Wednesday night
7 P.M.

Dear Herman -

You wonder where in the world I am and what in the world I am doing here. Well, I really don't know. We arrived quite safely in New York about four hours ago and taxied quite safely to the Grand Central Station where we met the usual howling yelling mob of girls bound for Smith. All right so far. But then I was seized with one of those foolish impulses that I suffer from - the kind that made me want to go to Columbus that night after the Phi Ep. dance when you thought I was crazy. Well, my cousin happened not to think I was so crazy so I persuaded her to change our trickets to the midnight train. It was the most glorious feeling - alone in New York, no family and as much money as we needed. We went first to McBride's and purchased two tickets for "A Bill of Divorcement" which "they say" is one of the best shows in N.Y. Then we went to the Waldorf and washed off the train dirt, then to

(see back of page one)

the glory of the Fifth Ave. stores. We wandered in and out of them until they closed and then our more studious side asserted itself and we went to the public library where we spent a simply wonderful hour. It is a marvelous place. Only I felt ignorant, Herman, particulary in the Art Gallery part. I recognized so few of the paintings and statues and the names of the artists were Greek to me. Well, from there we went to the Claridge for diinner. Gee, we felt swell walking across that floor. We sat on a seat along the side with wonderful cushions and had three waiters at our service. The funny part of it was too much. Every minute we'd think of our families faces if they could see us and we could laugh so that we'd give away our country townness. Then we decided to write letters until theatre time - wandered all over the Claridge looking for the writing room, finally conceived the brilliant idea of inquiring and were told that there was n't any. We crossed over to the Astor, found a desk but not stationery and saw a sign over the desk saying "This desk if for the use of registered guests only" so we were afraid to ask for paper. So we left the Astor and set out for the Pennsylvania. On the way we saw this place - Hotel Navarre - and decided to try it. So here we sit in a nice little Ladies Parlor - tho I have no idea what kind of a place it is. Now, of course you think I am silly and I won't argue about that but I am sensible so much of the time that it is fun to be foolish once in a while and oh, it is such a grand, free, independent feeling, and just as safe as Northampton. I would love to see B.F.'s6 face when he reads my letter about the adventure. Don't guess

I'll write it home, tho, until we are safe in Hamp as they might not like it until they know it's all over.

We had a nice trip up - not particularly exciting but fun. After to-night I am going to settle down to work. Yes, it's about time but to-night is our one last fling.

I'm awfully glad you came to the train, Herman. Thanks! Also, I hope there is a letter waiting for me at Northrop House. You said there was so I believe you. How is this for promptness? Answering even before I receive your letter.

Time for the play so good-bye. Please answer this p.d.q.

As ever -

Jo.

[ca. Jan. 14, 1922]
Excuse smears! Don't know what happened.

Saturday.

Dear Herman -

Have you ever considerd letter writing as forbidden fruit? Has it ever been a pleasure that you had to deny yourself - like going to the movies and playing bridge? Or is such a state so foreign to your experience that you can't even imagine it? Well, any way, it exists, allow me to inform you! A dozen times I have had to pull myself away from my desk and stack of unanswered letters and push myself to the library. All I have really wanted to do since I got back is write letters. Tho I am in Norhtampton I cannot get my mind away from Atlanta. So you would have heard much more than this if I had not forced myself to study. Herman, I really want advice as to how to concentrate. I have never had much trouble before, as I was really interested in my work. But fun must have entered so deeply into my blood and bones that I cannot stir up pep for anything else. Truly. I am worried. I can make myself go to the libe and sit behind a book for two hours but I cannot make myself see the book instead of the Standard Club and Huyler's and various scenes around the vicinity of Atlanta. It is terrible! I find myself grinning out into space and come to realize that I was in the middle of Easter vacation[7] having the best time in the world. Midyears start in two weeks and I am geting desperate. At this rate I'll flunk sure. What shall I do? Have you ever been in this sad state and how did you get out? I really am worried about myself.

It was quite a shock to me to know you did not think staying in New York unchaperoned was a terrble thing to do. I am glad I did not know this until afterward as I am sure some of the fun would have vanished into thin air if I had know[n] we were not doing anything unconventional and a little dangerous. That feeling of daring made the whole escapade thrilling. If we had the thought it was terribly safe it would have been awful.

Guess I'll go skating to-night - or rather, falling down to-night. I make a brave attempt at it but it is mostly brave and not much of an attempt. They say the ice is wonderful. We certainly had some snow storms this week - almost got snowed in but were not quite that lucky. I had a most delightful experience. I forgot to brush the snow that had piled up on my window when I "opened" it for the night and since my bed is right under the window I was very rudely awakened at an early hour of the morning by a cold, wet sensation on my face. Oh, it was just lovely! My hair was soaked and I was miserable generally. But unfortunately I did not get pneumonia and have to go home.

This is certainly an old hen letter, Herman. I never knew such a grouchy old thing. And I don't really feel grouchy at all - except when I think of the great deficiency of brain matter inside my head. I guess the trouble is that I am just a little bit homesick and miss having no good friend. It is always this way at first after I get back. Do you remember the letter I wrote you last fall about my longing for one real true friend? Never have found her, Herman! Oh, I have stracks of chums, acquaintances and such - have fun with them, talk to them, bridge with them, movie with them but I have no real friend that I will keep after

college days. I miss people like Hannah and Rebecca M. Gershon so much. It was so great to see them Christmas but it spoiled me. Well, I'll get used to my chums again after a while. It is just the beginning that I mind so much.

Helene and I are going to splurge to-night and go out for dinner. Ah - steak!!!

My family is in Florida so I had hardly heard from them at all. They went in the car and must have had lots of trouble on the way as Dad has showered me with postals saying they had joined the Pollyanna Club and such cheerful little bits. Hope they finally arrived safely.

Well, I must go up to the Infirmary now to see my best chum who has been sick ever since vacation. Now that is trouble to weep about! That poor Peggy.

Write soon, please.

As ever,

Jo.

[ca. Jan. 28, 1922]

Friday night.

Dear Herman -

I received your letter a few days ago. It left me quite speechless with rage. Really, I cannot begin to tell you how angry I was. The red-head temper just flared out (I have "cooled off" some now.) I must inform you that I do not much appreciate your "plan" to let me do all the writing, you all the reading. I am afraid I'll have to decline your generous offer. However, since writing to me is such a distasteful job for you I will forego my intense pleasure in writing to you in order to release you from the necessity of answering, if you so desire. I certainly do not want anyone who is as pained by the process to write to me. Really, I am sorry I did not know this sooner as I would not have made you suffer by inflicting my letters on you before Christmas. Well, I hereby release you from any obligation you may feel toward writing. You need not answer this if you don't want to. Please suit your own pleasure as I could not enjoy hearing from you unless I thought you wanted to write.

It has been freezing cold the last few days - yesterday it was 26o below zero. I was most delighted that it got so cold so I can brag about it. You know, 26 below is pretty frigid.

Is n't it terrible about Vivian Marks' father? That poor kid! I feel so sorry for her. It must have been a terrible shock.

Glad Charles is doing so well. I knew he would. He just looks as if he could hand them a good line and make them buy.

So Joseph is a basket-ball star as well as a tennis shark! Be sure to give him my love. Them are the happy days - the days of high school basket-ball games. I used to be for Marist, naturally, and how we adored those games! long time ago when I was young.

Well, remember what I said in the beginning of this letter, Herman. Write if you want to, but if you do not want to - don't.

Sincerely -

Jo.

[written in pencil]
[ca. January 7, 1923]8

near Chamblee

My dearest Pete -

I've just left and am too miserable for words. Why did n't you come to the train anyway? I was a fool to tell you not to. What if a few Jews do gossip? Oh, I could kill myself for being so silly. I started a dozen times to phone you to come down but then I remembered Mazie's9 sad fate because of somewhat similar but less direct action and so for fear of following her footsteps I refrained.

There's so much I want to talk to you about. If I could just see you for an hour! I am so worried about things and I need your fair-minded, logical reasoning to help me out. If only the train were not so shaky I'd write you all my difficulties and maybe you could write me some good common sense. Well, I'll try anyway - hope you can read it. It's about Edgar of course. I am afraid I am not being fair to him. In fact, it is no use to pretend that I am. Herman, how can you like me? I'm afraid to tell you all this because I'm afraid you'll hate me as I am inclined to hate myself. One minute I argue that it is all right and I'm doing nothing wrong but the next I feel like a human skunk or a animal or something mean. Please don't hate me, dearest boy, and I'll proceed with everything.

In case you are thinking I've been "experimenting" let me relieve your mind at once. No, I have not kissed Edgar or even let him hold my hand. The whole of my crime is briefly, liking you too much - or rather liking you far more than I have told Edgar I do. Oh, I told him perfectly frankly that I like you better than I do him but he said as long as I was not in love with you he didn n't care as he was sure he would make me love him. I told him I was perfectly willing to be in love with anybody who could make me love him as I am not at all averse to love. But - you see, I did not tell him that I am half in love already - and not with Edgar! That's where the unfairness comes in. And I've promised to meet him in N.Y. and that seems rather mean for, as Mamma would say, that is "encouragement" - as well as letting him spend a lot of money on me. But this is the worst thing (I just have to force myself to tell you) I gave him my picture - not the one that you have but that grinning class-book picture. He promised to give it back if I fall in love with someone else but I really should not have done it anyway. Now then - that's everything in its perfect[?] form[?]. Then this is what I tell my conscience in defense of my evil self: I am not engaged to Herman and I'm not yet sure that I'm in love with him tho it is undeniable that I'm on that road. But if I told every body I know that, of course they'd stop going with me and since I'm not absolutely sure about being crazy about Herman that would not be very nice. I like Edgar very much and enjoy his company so why not remain friends? He knows I may never like him, of course, I may
get absolutely crazy about him some time but it seems pretty improbable now.. About the picture there is no defense except that he begged for it and I decided it would not be any worse in the end. Pete dear - please write me what you honestly think about this. If my conscience gets very bad I won't go to N.Y. to meet Edgar tho probably I would love to do it but if I believe that I really ought not I won't go - but oh: it would be fun.

Near Greensboro

Well, I'm waiting now for the porter to make up my berth. Gee, this
is a lonely trip. As a matter of fact it ought not be lonely as [I] met some girls in the diner who asked me to play bridge - which we did and it was worse than being alone. It took two of them five minutes to play each card and those two always got the bid. Also, they were Christians and asked me about a heap of Christian girls in Atlanta and of course I only knew one of them. I saw some nice looking Jewish people from New Orleans. They were so nice to me going into the diner and I was just pining to ask them if they knew Doris and Alan, etc. but these other girls trapped me. It's awfully funny how I long for some good Jews. They will know the people I know and so I'll feel friendly toward them. I think I'll look for those New Orleans people again tomorrow.

The porter on this car is terrible. He has my berth half made up and refuses to proceed farther so I may neither sit nor lie down in comfort. And he bites my head off when I ask him to please finish up the job.

Well, there is n't much left to tell you about. I read one play, started Northanger Abbey and slept this afternoon. I'm having a terrible time finding implements to finish this letter with. I broke my pencil in two, my pen went dry, and finally a girl across the aisle lent me her pencil.

So I guess I'd better finish this before she wants it.

Good-night, dear. Write to me often. I know I shall be very homesick for you.
As ever -

Jo.

[ca. January 9, 1923]

Tuesday.

My dear Herman -

You say it is a good thing for your business that I have left Atlanta. Well, it is a bad thing for my college career that I ever arrived there. Will you believe me that I sit up in class and am really not there at all but am riding around in the front seat of Mazie No. II? Now if I flunk out of college it will be entirely your own fault. I have a written tomorrow and ought to be studying but I worked for an hour this morning and promised myself that if I finished a certain amount in that time I would let myself write to you. You know I once told you letter writing went in the class with movies and bridge and other rewards for virtuous study. Well, that's about all I really want to do now. Everything else I loathe. Such a place!

Your letter was here when I arrived last night two hours late. Of course I was glad to get it. The answer which you desired to be prompt is certainly that, isn't it? I loved being with you too and only wish I had not been such a goose at the beginning as to make so many other dates. I'm anxious to see what you say to that insane letter I wrote you on the train. Oh, I was so miserable when I wrote it and that terrible train was getting farther and farther away from you every minute. Did you know that I almost cried when you told me good-bye? I think if I were the weeping type and my family had not been there I should have done it. Somehow it did not occur to me that I was really leaving the next day until you got up to go. Well, I'd better stop telling you all this or you'll think I am absolutely in love with you - and I don't know whether I am or not. I'm just telling how I felt, I don't pretend to know what made me feel that way. But I do like you an awful lot. By the way, your hair looks darling parted on the side. What has everybody said about it? Do write me the opinion of our friends on the subject. After you left Saturday night Rebecca told me she liked you a lot - she used to think you were very formal and dignified and out of her sphere - or something like that - but she really believed if she knew you better you would prove to be quite human and she would like you very much.

My trip up here was very uneventful. I will say one thing for reading - it is the best way in the world to forget that you are not as happy as you might be. I read Northanger Abbey all yesterday and did not feel blue once until last night in Northop Home - in my empy, desolate room - even had to make up the bed before flopping into it.

Such snow up here! It is up to my waist by actual measurement and snowing hard now. It hardly seems possible to go from summer to winter in one day on the train.

Another thing worries me - Uncle Ly gave me a ten dollar goldpiece at the station. I put it in with my other money and realized to-day that I must have given it to the porter as a quarter tip. Is n't that dumb? I get so ashamed of doing such careless things.

Time for class now so must close. Good-by, you sweet boy.

Love from Jo.

[ca. January 11, 1923]

Thursday morning.

Dearest Herman -

Do you remember what I told you about plans being upset by girls flopping into my room and gossiping and refusing to unflop? Well, last night it happened. I had decided to write letters from 7:30 to 10 and then go to bed. Well, when these girls finally removed themselves from the fruit cake and my room it was 9 o'clock and I had lots of necessary family notes to write so it was 10 long before I finished. As a result this letter to you had to be postponed until now.

Your letter in answer to my train letter reached me last night. You are such a comfort. Of course I knew I ought to do something about Edgar but I never thought of a middle course. I had thought of breaking up our friendship completely or doing nothing. Somehow it never occured to me before to write him that I like you more than he thinks but that is really just the thing to do. He probably will take it as hint to gracefully exit for he is not like you. There is nothing unselfish about Edgar I have to admit. He hates to give at all without receiving in return. So I'll tell him the truth (minus a few graphic details!) and then I'll feel all right about it and if he cares to sever all relations that is his right and privilege. Thank you for helping me. You are wonderful the way you put in words exactly what I know but cannot phrase. Well, that's enough for him!

Yesterday I spent unpacking, putting up my curtains (for the last time, thank goodness!) and fixing my room up. Such a job. It really took ages.

There is n't a thing to write you about as nothing has happened or seems likely to happen. We all agreed that we are glad we came to college now that it is nearly over but we wouldn't do it again if we were offered everything in the world. How I pity the poor Freshmen! Little do they realize what is in store for them!

Later.

Carolyn Newman, the girl Helene was to have roomed with, came over at that point to talk about vacation and I just have a few minutes left before class. We cut chapel to talk. She vowed and declared that I looked "in love" and wanted to know "his" name. I told her I was n't to no avail. She is going to visit Helene Easter vacation.[10]

Well, I really must close and rush off now so good-bye for this time.

Love from

Jo.

Do you realize that this is the first time in my life I have ever ended a letter to a boy with "love"? Well, it is!

[ca. January 13, 1923]

Friday night.

My dear -

Another evening is gone and nothing done except a letter to Edgar, one to my family, and now I'm starting this to my "maybe sweetheart." Shall I call you that? I really have a terrible time not calling you all sorts of fond names. It takes about a half an hour to decide how to begin my letters - then I usually want to change it before I finish. Is n't it funny? I have to be awfully careful or I'd write you regular love letters. As a matter of fact I miss you very much. There is n't much time of the day that I don't think about you. It is really not very nice for there are certainly loads of other things I ought to be thinking about. And of course I ought not tell you all this - I know I ought not. But it is the truth so why not?

You are certainly busy these days. Oh, I'd have to see you doing a case in court. Be sure to tell me all about things. So glad you won that one - even tho there was little defense. What happened in regard to the Ben Hill negro?[11]

Somehow I do not like college at all this time. Maybe later I will. These girls are so Christian. They are not of my world at all. I do want a nice Jewish friend who knows the people I know and lives as we live. I feel so all alone. Oh, what would I give to be home to night! My dear - I am not so very happy. Guess I'd better get to work and stop thinking about anything but studies and then maybe I'll feel better. Write to me lots. I am writing to you very often - don't you think so?

The snow continues. We walk along the sidewalk betweeen two mounds as high as our heads. I never saw so much snow. We hope to have a sleigh ride next week.

Well, there is n't anything to say - I've said too much already! So good-night.

Jo.

P.S. I meant to apologize for the pink paper before. I don't care for it myself but Alex gave it to me and it must be used up somehow.

[ca. January 15, 1923]
[Enclosure: Small envelope and enclosed card "Don't read till I tell you to in my letter"]
Monday.

Dear Herman -

I intended to write yesterday but as I was determined to read all of "Mansfield Park " for novel [class] it was eleven o'clock before I closed the book - not that I read all day without stopping as there were such interruptions as cooking annd consuming a delicious breakfast with the subsequent duties of dish washing and general cleaning up. Also, there was dinner and supper to be eaten and the usual amount of gossipers straying in to waste time. But aside from such details the day was spent in my big leather chair reading our friend Jane Austin. I was rather disappointed at not getting a letter from you yesterday. We only have one mail on Sunday (other days we have two) so it is particularly disappointing Sunday as I cannot say "maybe I'll get one on the next mail." Also, Sunday is of all days the most lonesome and homesick. I don't know why - perhaps having no classes and having such things as prayers (even tho it is Jesus we praise) and dresssing up in silks and high heels. But then your letter came this morning and I was glad to hear from you.

When did you decide to become a Mason?12 I did not know you were going to but it's an awfully good idea. I did once wonder why you were not a Mason but when I considered all necesssities of belonging I hit a solution that seemed reasonable enough not to require my asking you yourself. I hope you have good luck and go right on then with it.

Maurine wrote me that the two Mr. Dodds spent the evening at our house the other night. She said one of them asked about me - said he had met me one time with "young Heyman" and that he (young Heyman) was such a fine young fellow. Guess I made a mistake to write you that and should have witheld it as a "last go trade." But again Maizie teaches me what not to do and for fear of making you go to as much trouble to invent compliment-slams as you did with her I will give it outright.

I almost forgot to explain the enclosed card. It's a long story. Not a single girl in the House is engaged (publicly -- we suspect several of being privately so but none are admitted). The Seniors feel almost disgraced by the fact as last year half the class achieved it before this time. Ever since Chirstmas we have been expecting somebody to do something along that line. Saturday afternoon one of the Seniors in our branch said she was having a tea. Of course we all said "Announcement tea!" She had been one of our chief suspects and when we said we expected much interesting news to be divulged at the tea, she denied it and laughed and we took the laugh to cancel the denial. Anyway, we were all doomed to disappointment. After that my roommate, Dot Page, and I decided to have a soup party Saturday night and give them a real thrill so we giggled about it and acted silly generally and they were only too ready to get excited again. We went down to the only florist shop in town and snitched ten cards and envelopes. They came in all expectancy and then they saw the little announcement cards and pounced on them. You may see who is your dangerous rival by reading the card. Honestly, I never laughed so in my life. We also had bought beautiful diamond rings (a dime apiece at Woolworths.) We raved about our dearly beloveds - Mr. Stick and Mr. Shovel and were ready to fight to prove our own the nicer and more charming of the two. We decided to have a double wedding - start out on the train from our respective homes at the same time and stop and get married at the place where we happen to meet. The only bad part of the whole party was that in my laughing I spilled some of the boiling hot soup on my foot and so had to nurse an awful blister yesterday. It's all right now but it certainly distracted my attention from the glories of my lover "Conlie" for some time.

Your last letter must be setting me an example of some kind. Do you remember that your writing was fairly large at first and then became tiny? I just see that I have done the same thing on my fourth page. If I am so greatly influenced unconsciously by you - do be careful what you do and set no bad example before me.

Really, I cannot tell you how much snow we have. I don't wonder you can't believe it. Why, I look right at it and don't believe it. I have never in my life seen such snow. I gasp every time I think of it or look out at it. And ici[c]les! Some ten feet long. They look like great big swords. Pardon my dissertation on the weather but it is not for want of something to talk about but to impress you as I am myself impressed.

Time for lunch now so good-bye.

Love,

Jo.

[ca. January 17, 1923]

Tuesday night.

Pete dear -

Just have time for a line to-night before going to sleep. You seem to have a hard time keeping your letters away from the watchful eye of your family. Tell them that you are writing to Mabel or Miriam - the very idea of their thinking you would write to Jo - that red head, freckle faced thing! Why, you pick out girls like Mabel of the Bonita, swell looking dame! Well, I hope you have better luck in the future. I can remember how I used to try to dodge them when I wrote to Marc Rosenberg long ago in the Girls' High school days. It isn't that I wanted to hid[e] anything or be deceitful but families have funny attitudes sometimes. I am spoiled now as I can do anything along that line that I wish - hence all these letters to you! No one to nod her head and smile or say "hum" to me. Tho I do know of a case not so long ago when a girl examined the mail put on the landing to be posted every night to see if a certain girl wrote to a certain boy very often.

We went on a sleigh ride to-night and really I cannot say it was very much fun. We were packed in like sardines and the old horse needed us to pull him instead of having to drag us. We had put on all the clothes we could find - several pairs of stockings, etc. We had to peal off layer after layer and since we were not going at a racing pace and were so tightly packed we were far from cold. I had lots more fun yesterday. Three of us put on old clothes and went out and played in the snow like infants. We rolled around in it, made angels (do you know how?) and constructed a beautiful snow man -- quite a large one. Then some one dared us to go out on the roof of the little porch between Northrop and Gillett so we did and not only that - we made a baby snow man up here. He looks so cute from the street on his high perch. We longed for a camera to prove our daring feats but nobody had one on hand. My sense of responsibility is suddenly gone and I cannot feel the need of studying. Guess I better get over this sad addiction to play before my days pass by.

There is n't much to tell you. I still miss you and think of you too much. Take some pictures sometime and send them to me - kodak pictures or anything - just so I won't forget what you look like.

Well, guess I'd better say goodnight.

Love from

Jo.

Last night we had a lot of fun telling fortunes. The cards said that you would be the next boy I kiss but that I am going to marry Alex. Now, would you like the cards to be true or false? Personally, I would like them to be liars and you need not feel insulted by that preference.

[ca. January 18, 1923]

Wednesday.

Dearest Herman -

There is n't a thing to write you about but I'm writing anyway. I have been laughing all day over your mother's catechism. All families seem to be somewhat alike only your mother held off a little longer than mine did. I am sure it ought not strike me as so funny for your mother is probably really worried and I guess she thinks I'm rather peculiar. Needless to say if you refused to answer that question which would have had to be answered "yes" she knows your silence meant "yes," as you readily answered the others "no." She must think it is mighty funny. Well, I guess she is right - it is mighty funny. And therefore I have laughed at odd moments all day. It is terrible - girls think I am laughing at them and when I explain that I just thought of something funny they look rather doubious. But seriously, I do hope your mother does n't think I am terrible. You see, I know what Mamma thinks of P.B.13 so I fear the worse in regard to what your mother thinks of me - altho I must admit the cases are not exactly similar.

I read a play this afternoon all about the corruptions of lawyers in France. Seems to me whenever I see lawyers mentioned it is always their evil practices that is being lamented. This play was very interesting in showing how a lawyer can twist evidence and get a man so desperate that he almost wants to confess to be left in peace. It is "The Red Robe" by Eugene Brieux. There was one man in it who was honorable and decent and wanted justice rather than personal fame and the poor creature had a "nebbiach" life. He never got very far because he was too good and too fair.

The folks have not said a thing about Helene's operation and I'm beginning to get worried. I asked them to wire me when it was over but I have n't heard yet. I imagine all sorts of things when I'm not home and do wish they would telegraph.

Exams don't begin until Monday aweek so your wishes for good luck were a little early however very acceptable.

My eyes are beginning to hurt terribly so I guess I'd better say good-night now, dear. Love from Jo.

[ca. January 22, 1923]

Saturday.

Dearest Pete -

This will have to be a short letter as I am writing in bed in spite of the doctors orders not to. No - nothing serious. Only I had a terrible cold and fever so they sent me to the Infirmary to get entirely well. I have n't been able to write for the last couple of days but I really feel quite well now and if the fever would only leave I'm sure I'd be all right. Don't say anything about this as I don't want my family to know until I am well again. It is awfully boring up here. I'm not supposed to use my eyes and I slept so much yesterday that I am slept out. None of the girls can come near me as they are afraid it's catching[.] I have been amusing myself by thinking of you. I believe you are right - it is a lot of fun. I thought about every date we had Christmas and decided that I had been very happy then.

I forgot to bring an envelop up here tho I carefully remembered stamps so I'll have to wait until some one comes up and I'll have her address and mail it for me.

Guess I'd better not write any more now. Remember that I am not very sick, and above all don't let my family find out as they worry so over nothing - and I assure you this is nothing.

Love

- Jo.

Mr. Herman Heyman
505 Connelly Bld'g
Atlanta, Ga.
[ca. January 24, 1923]

The Infirmary.
Wednesday.

Dearest boy -

Well, to-day is a day for rejoicing - I am sitting up for the first time. But I don't feel so peppy yet and can't write a very long letter but I just wanted to tell you that I'll soon be well again. Honestly, it has been awful. My idea of something terrible is to be sick away from home. They are very nice here at the Infirmary but you are only a patient, you are not a live human being. The first night I was here I was so perfectly miserable I did n't know what to do - had a lot of fever and a cold in my chest, my throat, and my nose. I couldn't swallow my throat hurt so and couldn't breath my nose was so stopped up. The head nurse burst into my room and bellowed: "Well, Joel, what's the matter with you?" You can't realize how harsh and horrid it sounds to be called by your last name like that because men are used to it but particularly when I'm sick I like to be called "darling" or something like that and humored and petted. Mamma always does do that when I am sick and I was just too miserable to stand being called "Joel" in that awful way. I felt the hottest tears run down my already hot cheeks and I was pretty unhappy I can tell you. Oh, I felt sorry for myself all right. And the folks wrote how much company Helene was having and how many flowers she had and all. And there I was in [a] bare room all alone and feeling a hundred times sicker than Helene I know. Listen - if I ever kick about college or anything again you just say to me "Well, anyway you are n't sick in the Infirmary" and I'll be a little Pollyanna in a minute.

Well, that's enough kicking. I am much better to-day and hope to be out in a couple of days. Midyears start Monday and goodness knows where I'll land since I haven't been able to open a book for nearly a week.

I have enjoyed your letters more then I can say. They helped the day pass better. I'd love to write more but feel too tired. Will try again to-morrow.

Much love -

Jo.

[ca. January 29, 1923]

Sunday night.

Pete dear -

I feel as if I have done a heavy job to-day when as a matter of fact I've done nothing but roam over the house and groan that I have to study, I ought to study, I must study and I've got to study. It would have been much better had I simply sat down and studied. Can't do it somehow. My power to concentrate may be all gone. And to-morrow at nine is novel exam! Well, I've done the reading and I'm not going to worry as it is too late to start learning stuff now.

To night we sang hymns and somebody with a sense of humor picked out the hymn. It went "Courage, brother, courage, as the night approaches" and something about "Trust in the Lord" and all will be well. We nearly had hysterics singing the thing. Very good advice that - Trust in the Lord! Dr. Marx would say - "Bosh - learn your lessons and all will be well." But I prefer to let the Lord do it.

Don't expect a letter to-morrow. I hope to be working all day. If I can't study I'll write a line but I have fond hopes of studying.

Mamma is coming up to New York and I'm going over after exams. I am so thrilled. It was being sick that did it. She wrote right after that saying she would come. Oh. I'll be delighted to see her again. If I live thru exams joy will come at last!

Well, my room-mate is telling me it is ten and we have resolved to be in bed at ten every night during exams so I'll have to cut this lettter rather[short].

Good-night, my dear.
Love from
Jo.

[ca. January 30, 1923]

Monday night.

Dearest Herman -

Well, I am much relieved - I can study. Really, you don't know what a joy it is to feel a return of brain matter. I have done a year's work this afternoon. To be exact, I have stuffed into my head the names of 70 men with an average of 4 plays per man except two who have 21 and 12 apiece. If you care you [can] figure [and] you can see what a number that is. Honestly, I am afraid to move my head for fear that some of them will fall out. They're terribly crowded in there. Gee, if I can only keep them safely in until Wednesday as the exam is not until then. Now don't tell me you never had to do such memorizing at college. I guess not. There never was a course like this or a man like this man before. He is going to ask us to identify 20 things - [?word], plays or characters and if you don't know all there's no use in knowing any. Hideous craw!

My letters are certainly uninteresting these days. I guess you are sick and tired of reading about exams. But we talk of nothing else, think of nothing, dream of nothing else so you have to suffer while I write of nothing else.

Your letter came this morning before my exam and I was glad to get it. Hope you enjoyed your date with Mazie. How did the 2nd degree Mason business come off? I trust you got thru all right. Is Lawrence Holzman doing it to? Is that why you study with him?

Really, I cannot write any more as I'm too tired to move. Please forgive a deadly stupid letter.

Love-
Jo.

[ca. January 1923]

Thursday night.

My dearest Herman -

This letter will reach Atlanta Sunday but it will be Monday and your birthday before you get it. I want to send you my very best wishes for a happy day and a happy year to come. I wish I could extend my wishes in person but since that is rather impossible I'll have to do this as a substitute. Write me all about what you do and get, etc. I'll be thinking about you Monday[.]

Well, in spite of all my efforts to stay on the outside of this religious business I just cannot do it. At present I hate my best friends. They are so emotional in their religion - so ridiculously sentimental as they wax spiritual. I could kick the self-satisfied things. I went to the lecture to-night and just sat there mad enough to fight. He kept on talking about the Jews and Jesus and I just wanted to scream at him. I'd like to ask my friends how they can blame the Jews for crucifying a man who claimed to be a God or how they can worship a man as a god. But what's the use. They are eight to my one and I would only make them angry. Oh, I wish I could leave college. I want to live amongst Jews always and forget that there are any other people. Right now I feel absolutely alone in this college. My roommate and I have been terribly good friends and I feel very close to her at times. But she looks at me as one of that cursed race who murdered her God, and I feel just as antagonistic toward her.

And, Herman, there is another thing which troubles me much more than this Jew-Christian business for it will be over in a few months any how. Listen, Herman dear, it's this. Do you believe in God? Oh, I used to wonder if there was a God and fnially I came to the conclusion that I would never know by worrying over it, that he could not be proved but nevertheless that he did exist. I used to say my prayers every night and I'd pray for the things I wanted God's aid for. For over a year I prayed for only one thing - that my

cousin Yoel might not be killed. When he died I decided that praying did no good and I stopped it. I have n't thought much about such matters since I've been at college. If anyone had asked me I would have said that you cannot prove God exists with the intellect part it was a matter for faith alone and then I would have thought no more about it. I did not realize until last night that religion plays practically no part in my life. I never think about God. Studying philosophy has given me some sort of a moral creed, the right and the wrong, virtue and nobility for their own sake not for a reward and such stuff. But there is a difference in being good and being religious. While I hate these Christian girls for some of their ways I am overwhelmed by the really spirited joy they have. They are just as sure in their faith that God lives as I am that I'm writing to you at this minute. Oh, I envy them! And they are not dumb, childish girls. They don't think God made the world in seven days as the Bible says and they know geology and evolution but still they believe implicitly in God. I thought I did until I suddenly realized what it meant to them and how little to me. Oh, my dear, what shall I do? You believe in God, don't you? I am terribly in earnest about this. I wish I could talk to you. Or I wish Dr. Marx would talk to me and not be sarcastic so I'd feel as if he were laughing at me all the time. No one can be a really big person, no one can be unselfish unless he is religious. I feel like a pigmy. My soul feels absolutely shrunken.

You are probably reading this Monday morning in your office with many tasks of law before you and I ought to be ashamed for deluging you with such ravings as these. In fact, in the broad daylight I will perhaps feel foolish and rather melodramatic myself but oh, I am very troubled to-night. I am afraid. It is an awful thing to discover you have no spiritual side! Such a birthday letter to write to you. Oh, but I miss you so to-night. I wish you were here - I wish you were here.

Goodnight. I'd better send this letter at once or it will get even worse. The happiest of birthdays to you, dearest boy.

Jo.

[ca. February 3, 1923]

Friday night.

Dearest Pete -

It does seem like ages since I wrote to you last. Exams are the reason in a nutshell. To begin with I'll tell you that I have raced against time, trying to learn a whole course before the fatal hour. The last couple of days have been one hideous cram but thank goodness I have a rest for a while now. I only have one more exam and that comes Tuesday so I intend to rest for a while. And now I'll shut up about exams as I know you are sick and tired of hearing it.

Nan and I went on a little spree this afternoon to celebrate the end of our rush period. We suddenly decided we had to get away from college so we picked up and went to Springfield and had a good time piddling around the town shopping and such. But as a result I am nearly dead tired to-night and if I were not so anxious for you to get this letter Monday I would wait until to-morrow to write. But I'm so sorry I have not been able to write before. I was strongly tempted to send this special to Pinehurst[14] so you would hear Sunday but visions of your astonished and shocked family stopped me.

Mamma is going to meet me in New York either Tuesday or Wednesday. I don't know where we will stop yet but I'll let you know as soon as Mamma decides. I guess you'd better write there after the day you get this letter. However, I'll leave my forwarding address here in case I don't know the address in time. I'm pretty sure it will be the Pennsylvania but I'm not positive.

I have been so glad to get your letters tho I must say you do not spur on my sagging spirits when they refuse to work. Don't you know you ought not tell me you'd love me even if I did flunk my exams? You ought to make me study harder by saying you couldn't possibly love a girl who flunked. Well, anyway I don't believe I'll flunk

anything. I'll pass but I won't say how well I'll pass. Here I am on exams again! It is impossible to steer clear of them.

Good-night now, dear. I am dead tired and must get to bed. I'll [try] to write a better letter tomorrow.

Love, Jo.

[ca. February 2, 1923]

Wednesday.

Herman, dear -

I was so glad to hear from you to-day. You were an angel to take time when you were so busy to discuss problems of religion with me. I am glad you do believe as you do. I hardly know what I think. Please let's talk about it when I see you Easter. It will be much more satisfactory than in letters. One thing I know is that this over-dose of Christ I am having thrown at me by my dear little college friends is making me a better Jewess than anything ever has before. I have decided to teach Sunday school next year and go to Temple every week and belong to Sisterhood and Council things. I have also realized that I am very selfish and I'm going to try to be less so. I never think of anybody but myself and it is awful. College helps make a person self-centered. It's a life of each girl for herself and I'm really rather worried about how self-centered I'm getting.

The folks called me up from New York to-night. Helene and I had quite a chat. I think she is coming up this weekend. I certainly hope so tho goodness knows how I'm going to do all my work. I won't bother you with details but just believe me that I am in a mighty rush.

Had a letter from Alex to-day. He asked for a date the 25th and 31st and one in between. Think I'll just give him two. I discussed him with you Christmas and there is too much else disturbing me these days to let myself worry over him. Anyway, I am determined to have a date with you Friday, March 23rd so write it down in your date book so you won't forget. That is the night of the day I get home.

One of the girls who graduated last year is back for Washington's Birthday. She was quite (I might say, very) fat last year and she has absolutely turned into a sylph. She has lost thirty pounds and looks perfectly wonderful. She is like a different girl. Honestly, I can't get over it. It's like a story of magic. Well, next year I'll have to try to lose thirty pounds too. She says she did it all dieting - just not eating sweets.

To-morrow is going to be a big day - "Rally Day" it's called, meaning Junior vs. Senior basket-ball game, class songs, stunts, etc. I always have loved Rally Day. Hope I will this year.

Well, I must write a letter to my poor neglected family (see what writing to you so often makes me do!) and it is late already so I'd better say good-night now -

Love -

Jo.

POSTCARD marked Northampton, Feb. 3, 1923
Mr. Herman Heyman
505 Connally Bldg
Atlanta, Ga.

Just a line to tell you we are going to stay at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York so write there instead of to Hamp. I'll be there from Wednesday to Sunday. I'm writing this at a bridge game and can hardly do a thing for the noise and talk. Hope there is some sense in this card as I really don't know what I have written.

Jo.

[ca. February 6, 1923]

Tuesday.

Pete, dear -

Did you know that the girl you like is a dumb-bell? I'm speaking of myself in case you should fail to realize whom I mean by aforesaid girl. Well, I am dumb. Just finished my last exam and if I past it will be thru the grace of God and the mercy of Jesus. It was in civil government - government of U.S. and France and England. The whole trouble lay in the fact that two of my best friends take the course and we all began to ask each other little tiny details and so get scared and began packing our heads full of [the] most unimportant things. The subject is very extensive and to learn it all in such detail would take three days good solid work. Well, we kept learning more and more things so as not to let the other know more than ourselves and I got about half thru and had to skim thru the rest, racing against time. The exam was at two and I was worn out by my race by then. Well, I was too tired to even read the question. I could not make myself think. I'd see one word as for instance "constitution" and I'd turn on the faucet and pour forth from my mass of details. I wrote anything - nothing that was asked for. I could not read the questions and know what they meant. Oh, it was terrible. Gee, I'm a nut. I just cannot tell you how perfectly miserable it makes me. I had an A average in this course before and it is the only thing I had a change to get A in and now that chance is gone. Do you know what that means? My last chance to get Phi Beta Kappa is gone and I will tell you that I want that more than most anything in the world. It's because you have [it] that I want it so much. Please do not tell a soul this as I don't want anyone to think I have a chance at all as then the disappointment as the time will be even worse at the time. I'll probably be sorry I have told you. I could just cry about this exam. Oh, well, a hundred years from now - - (I'm beginning to become an advocate of that horrid, cynical theory of life that you expounded about a year ago. Guess I'll get over it.

Tomorrow I leave for New York. Right now I'm far from thrilled but I guess I'll pep up at the time. I'll do my best about writing but if my best is none too good I'll have to ask you again to excuse me. Well, after exams and New York are over I'll write you so many letters that you'll be completely swamped by them.

Some of the girls just came in and they have been shrieking over the way I answered the examination quesitons. One was on rigid and flexible constitutions and I started out with them but I suddenly found myself in the middle of the budget system. Well, if it caused my freinds mirth I'm happy tho the combination of laughing and wanting [to] cry produces a very peculiar effect.

I'm glad to hear Helene is going out again. I did n't realize she was that well. I know you all enjoyed the Forsyth. Is Lytell still there? Do you remember that hideous thing we saw there last summer? Where they shot somebody every second.

Congratulations on your progress in Notre Dame. You are mighty brave to keep on at it. Have you heard of or read a book called "Love Conquers All"? It's a parody on everything in general and some of it is perfectly killing. There was one chapter about Mr. Eliot's collection of books that might interest you since you purchased some collection of his. I don't think you bought this particular bunch. It's awfully funny tho - about - oh, well, I have n't time to write it now as there goes the supper bell.

Good-night. Do try to console me for my civil dumbness.

Love from Jo.

[ca. February 7, 1923]

On the train.

Herman, dear -

If I can manage to make my pen form the letters I'll endeavor to write you a few lines on the way to New York.

At last we are off and settled on the N.Y. train. We had much excitement at the last minute. The train was fifty minutes late leaving Northampton so we knew that it would

never make connections in Springfield and Miriam is coming right to the station to meet me after her train arrives so I did n't know where to telegraph her and I knew she'd be worried if the train came in and I did n't. We finally decided to taxi to Springfield and catch the train if possible. It was a terrible, scary ride trying to get there on time and skidding around in the snow. We did make the train so my difficulties are settled for a while.

There really is n't a thing to write you as nothing has happened since I wrote last. I just read a rather horrible short story, "The Gioconda Smile" by Aldous Huxley. Quite interesting in a way but a horrible story.

It's no use to try to write now. It cannot be done. Do excuse the looks of this thing.

Luv - Jo.

[ca. February 8, 1923]

Sunday morning.

Herman, dear,

All the house has gone to church so I'll take advantage of their absence to write to you. Sundays are such gossipy days but usually people are sitting around and disturbing any sort of occupation such as writing or studying. But this sudden religious wave and the consequent flocking to church leaves the hall quite deserted.

Your letter last night gave me the blues terribly. As you probably inferred from my last letter I am in a constantly perturbed state these days. So many different things worry me and I can't seem to reach any satisfying conclusions. I am finding out so many strange things about myself. I don't know what I think about any subject. But I am sure of one thing - that your friendship means more to me than anything else and that I think more of you than I ever have of any boy ever in my whole life and that if you ever again start a letter "Dear Jo" and end it "Yours, Herman" I'll be entirely miserable. As far as Edgar is concerned, I know this much: If I had to choose to-morrow you or Edgar I am quite sure I would not choose Edgar. I also feel pretty certain that I will never like him as much as I do you. The only thing about the New York trip that surprised and puzzled me was that I did enjoy being with him, talking to him, and dancing with him. I had thought before I went to N.Y. that I liked you so much that I would be bored being with another man but I was not and in fact quite enjoyed it all. I felt as if I ought to tell you, therefore that letter. I write to you a million times more often than to him. To be exact, I have written him six letters since Christmas vacation. And I never think, never dream, of telling him the kind of things I tell you. Still I like him and enjoy his company. Well, there's no use talking further on this subject at long range, as you say.

Last night we had a Valentines Party. It was awfully cute. Among other things we had little heart-shaped cakes with candy hearts on top with little sayings written on the top - you know those crazy little hearts. Well, the one I got said, "She will cut you out"! Now, I want to know who this <u>she</u> is and if she <u>will</u> cut me out. They say these hearts always tell the truth. How about it? <u>Who</u> is my dangerous rival?

And speaking of Valentines, did you send me one and if so what was it like? I got two awfully cute ones with no names and the address printed on so I have no idea who sent them. Do enlighten me as much as you can on the subject.

By the way - before I forget - if you have read either of the books I sent you send them back. The lady said she'd be glad to exchange it. I have not read either of those books (I was too wise to give you anything I would not want to borrow!) but I have heard they are good. They were recommended by as good authorities as my novel professor and Hugh Walpole in his lectures last fall.

Well, we declared truce with my room-mate in regard to her beau's picture and our various belongings. We had some fun doing it - made out a telegram signed P.A. Sullivan, postmaster, Boston, Mass. saying the picture had been found and would be returned to sender. In return Dot telegraphed to you to return pin at once and, the parcel post being

remarkably good, it arrived almost immediately and was presented to me last night about midnight.

Well, guess I ought to read a little Arnold. I'm taking an essay course this semester and it's rather hard to get down to non-fiction reading after having only novels and plays for first semester. But I think I'm going to enjoy this course. It is like philosophy only dressed up in nice language and pretty style. The professor is quite wonderful and that can make or ruin a course.

Geee, I certainly do ramble on into a long letter!

Much love -

Jo.

[ca. February 8, 1923]

Tuesday.

Dearest Pete -

They have a new eight-hour day rule at the post office now - the mailmen stop when the eight hours are over and if they have not finished delivering the evening mail there is no evening mail. Last night we watched and waited for an hour after supper in vain. No mail came. You cannot imagine the difference it makes in our disposition and the whole atmosphere. The mail is the great bright spot in our lives. Well, this morning I got six letters so that was very nice. Two of yours came on the same delivery as a consequence of the same arrangement. I was awfully glad to get them both. Give Dorah my love - and remember me to Nursryn[?]. My best wishes to your mother and father.

Last night we went to a philosophy lecture on progress. It was very good. All my profs. are such idealists. They know lots and lots and still they are idealists. I think it is an argument for idealism just because they believe in it so whole-heartedly and they are able to judge from much study and life in general. Proffy Gardiner is such an old darling. He has studied all his life and knows every language from Swedish to sandscript. He has taught at Smith for about thirty years and adores the college and the girls and philosophy. He was in love with an English teacher here - Miss Jordan but they did n't marry because there was insanity in the family. She retired year before last and we think this will be his last year. I take a seminar course with him and he gets so confidential with us. He talks about Miss J. and tells us all sorts of things that happened in his and Smith's youthful days. We had such fun this afternoon with him. He was telling us some stuff that was so far above our comprehension that we got amused and the eight of us sat there and laughed and laughed while the poor soul was doing his best to read this thing to us. It is terrible to have to stiffle laughter. We sat there with the tears streaming down our faces and every once in a while somebody would let a gurgle out and just when I'd think we were safely past disgracing outselves the girl next to me would snort and we would all go off again. Proffy J. finally realized something was wrong and indulgently smiled. That was the signal for us to go off into gales and he was forced to say, "Young ladies, control yourselves" about five minutes later. It doesn't sound funny written out I know.

Last night when I got home I found a telegram from Uncle Ly saying he'd meet me for breakfast this morning at nine o'clock. He was here just for a couple of hours. It was fun to see him and so darling of him to put himself out to see me for such a short time. I think Helene is coming up to-morrow. He said he'd be glad for her to come if she wanted to. He teased me about you - asked me for "inside information." He said the whole family is wild with curiosity. His curiosity certainly was not satisfied at all by his little visit here I assure you!

I may be too busy to write to-morrow but I'll try to.

Love- Jo.

[ca. February 9, 1923]

Hotel Pennsylvania
New York

Friday.

Herman dear -

Just have time for a line in order to tell you I am too busy to write. We've been having a wonderful time - seeing shows twice aday. I came partly to get rested up but I've decided I'll have to go back to college to rest. Of course you know Edgar is here and I've been with him lots. His constant word is, "When are you going to stop liking Herman better than me?" He is perfectly confidant that it is only a question of time. However, we have had a lot of fun and he has done everything possible to give me a nice time. I really like him very much - enjoy talking to him and going places here in New York with him. But I do like you better than I do him, Herman dear, and in spite of all he says I believe I shall continue to do so but I like him a lot also.

Must stop now as Mamma is ready to go shopping. So glad to get your letter yesterday. Love, Jo.

[ca. February 12, 1923]

Smith.

Monday -

Dearest Pete-

Well, here I am back again in this old place. I got back last night and after unpacking and putting away my things I started a letter to you but I was just too dead tired to hold a pen or to think of any words to write down. I'm so sorry I have not been able to write the last few days but I know you understand why I have not and could not.

Your special reached me Saturday night and I was so glad to get it - also your other letter which I received in New York. Mama insisted in a rather jokingly serious manner that I let her see it. I said I'd read it aloud to her but she was familiar with the method of reading aloud and skipping parts. Well, I read it to myself and was much delighted to be able to hand it over to her and say - "Read! I don't receive letters I am ashamed to show!" Then I told her I did not believe in showing other people's letters simply because they were written to me only and not meant for anyone else so, while there was nothing to conceal in them, I preferred not to publish them.

We had an awfully good time in New York. Saw seven shows including one opera - "Romeo and Juliet." It was all heaps of fun and I did enjoy it. As I wrote you, Edgar was all that was agreeable and nice. We had a good time together and in spite of the fact that he <u>is</u> a sissy I like him and enjoy talking to him. However, I am not crazy about him, do not like him as well as I do you and he knows it. We had many very frank conversations and I told him the exact truth about how much I liked you and how much more I might like you someday. The only thing I did not mention was that I have kissed you. Since he did not mention it I did not think I was, in conscience name, obliged to tell. I also told him I was going to write you all about him as that is my idea of fairness to both sides tho of course he could n't see it that way. He still firmly believes in his powers of fascination and, Herman, he may be right. This I <u>must</u> tell you. It seems hardly probable to me now but I suppose it is possible and sometime I might be crazy about him. Since he feels so sure that I will I cannot say that I absolutely won't. But I can't conceive of it and, while I am not in love with you now, I just cannot picture loving someone else and not you. You are so much a part of my life and my thoughts that I cannot imagine somebody else taking your place. Do you know what I mean? I hardly know myself for I do like Edgar. And for that reason I cannot say that I love you. But I like you so very much and so much more than I do him that the two seem absurd - I mean that I can like you so much and still like him a lot too. It is entirely inconsistent and unaccountable and yet it is the actual state of things. At times I hate myself. It seems as if I have the soul of a bigomist. I

hate to tell you all this for how can you love me when you see how silly and foolish I am? And yet I feel as if I must tell you as that only seems fair. If you only knew how I have worried! Oh, Herman dear, what shall I do? Only please do not stop loving me. I should hate Edgar forever if he caused me to lose your friendship for it means more to me than anything else in the world. Still I cannot say I love you for he is there. I do not care for him but he prevents me from caring entirely for you. Do you understand? I have tried to explain as well as my own muddled mind and feelings will let me.

I have n't heard from you to-day and am waiting for to-nights' mail hoping I'll get a letter there. This must go out on that mail by the way so must close.

Love from your [much] puzzled and worried Jo.

[ca. February 14, 1923]

Tuesday night.

Dearest Herman -

Yesterday day passed and no letter from you. And to-day passed and no letter from you. When to-night's mail arrived I made one dive for it. I found there a letter postmarked Pittsburgh and a pink letter from Atlanta. I was so disappointed not to have one from you when all of a sudden I recognized your hand-writing on the pink envelop. I was very much surprised and delighted!

So spring is coming in Atlanta. It snowed all last night here so we have little hope for spring yet. But it won't be long before vacation time. Do you know that five weeks from to-morrow I leave here? And five weeks from the day you get this letter I'll be at home. I can hardly wait myself. This time I'm not going to make any dates except with you and maybe one or two for Alex and Edgar - that is, of course, if you want them. I take too much for granted perhaps. Let me know what your royal highness desires!

This is the week of prayer here. They have a man (minister) who talks for an hour every evening and before ten every night we have praying and singing and discussion in the House. I have not attended at all as it always makes me mad and there is no use getting up discussions that drag the Jews in as it does not do away with prejudice and only makes them antagonistic. I try not to think about it and when I don't I'm happy in my Christian friends. But whenever I think about it - their attitude to me is one of liking me <u>even tho</u> I am a Jewess - I just get sick about it. They cannot be my real true friends - there will always be a gap between us and we will always be far, far apart. Oh, well, I won't think about it any more than I can help.

We have been having quite a feud in the House. It's a long story. When my room-mate went home after exams (she finished before the rest of us did) she took two pictures of her beau that usually reside in her mirror but she left behind a big framed one on her desk. We discovered the pictures gone from the mirror and wired her thusly: "Forwarding Bill's other picture - lonesome without its companions of mirror - (signed) Josephine Oriana Blackley (names of three of us.) Then we hid her picture and when she got back told her it must have been lost in the mail. She was wise enough not to believe us and still she wants her picture. We merely placed it in her bottom bureau drawer but she does n't dream of looking in her own room for it tho she has searched ours thoroughly. Well to-day she printed a "telegram" for each of us informing us that she was sending some romantic valuable of ours somewhere. She took your pin from me and informed me that she was returning it to you without a word. I know she did not send it anymore than we sent Bill's picture but we refuse to come to terms of peace even now. I'm going to raid her room to-morrow and see if I can get my pin back. I'll let you know the out come. Well, it's late so good night.

Love, Jo.

[ca. February 20, 1923]

Monday night.

Dearest Pete -

In just a few minutes we are leaving to see some kind of an opera by Mozart. I can't quite figure out what it is going to be - it is n't like grand opera and yet is n't like a Gilbert & Sullivan but I'm hoping for the best. I may have to take this letter with me and write between the acts so be lenient if the writing is worse than usual.

Just received a letter from you. Did you address the envelope? I never would have recognized your writing if you did it. How can you change so? It is a perfect scream. I believe you wrote this with your left hand or else some one else wrote it.

Tuesday morning.

The time to leave came and there was only one very short intermission so I could not finish this letter before now. So I am cutting chapel to write as I have five classes to-day and so probably would not get a chance again to-day.

We're all getting to be lawyers. We have been given a case in my government course and have to look up an analogous case in the supreme court decisions and so decide our own. We have to write it out as if we were the justices and give all our reasons, etc. Here's my case: May a state prohibit the sale of artificially colored preserved cherries? And the cases mine is referred to are:

Pluenly v. Massachusetts 155 U.S. 461

Schollinbuyer v. Pensylvania 171 U.S. 1

Honestly, it looks like Greek to me. I am tempted to ask you to do it for me but I won't as I ought to learn how myself and I can do it if I figure out what all those figures mean. And besides you have enough lawyers work without my giving you more. I just wanted to show you how legalistic we are - and of course you don't think it is legalistic at all even tho it does look like a puzzle to me.

There is one piece of news I have been wanting to tell you for a week and always forget when I am writing. Mamma and Daddy gave me a watch when I was in New York. It is a belated twenty-first birthday present and it is the most adorable little watch ever. It's like this:

[PICTURE SHE DRAWS]

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Sapphire Diamonds. I just love it and I have to see what time it is about every five minutes when I have it on. Weren't the folks darling to give it to me? Honestly, I was so thrilled about it!

They are coming out of Chapel now so I guess I'd better leave for class.

Love from

Jo.

[ca. February 24, 1923]

Friday night.

Pete, dear -

This is going to be just a line to-night as you will receive my Wednesday's letter the same day you get this - according to my figuring. But I'll explain the long delay. You should have had Wednesday's letter Saturday but the mail was not collected from the House's yesterday because it was George Washington's birthday. I did n't know that or I could have mailed my letter in the mail box. But we had one delivery of mail yesterday so I naturally supposed it was collected at the same time. Then last night as we were coming in from the show I noticed an unusually large number of letters in the box and the idea presented itself that mail had not gone out. There I saw your letter calmly reposing - had been there all day. I was just disgusted about it, but there was nothing to do then. I gave them to a lady who lives in Holyoke to mail but I don't supppose they left until this morning. I expect a wire from my family as I did not write to them the day before and that will be two days. They'll either be worried or angry and I'll either get a telegram or a letter saying I really ought to write if only a line to tell them I am well, etc., etc.

I haven't heard a word from Helene since Wednesday so don't know whether to expect her or not.

Joseph's poem was a masterpiece. Is n't it nice to have a budding genius in your family? However, I have n't noticed myself that you look so very glad when you are called Pete. You really must live up to that poem in the future.

Yes, I know how to play concentration but I've never done it much - meaning, you could probably beat me worse than you did your mother.

We had a good time yesterday. I enjoyed being sung to by the lower classes and they all evinced much love for the dear Senior Class. I really felt weepy and quite sentimental when the Sophomores say to us as their sister class - "Who'll take your place in our hearts when you're gone?" sang they and solemnly assured us that nobody ever could. So was '22 assured last year and '21 the year before - and '24 will be next year!

Good-night -- we're having a bridge party for some alums who are back so I must close.

Love - Jo

[ca. February 26, 1923]

Monday morning.

Herman dear -

My cute little watch says 10:35 and I must leave for class at 10:50 so I have n't much time to write but I'll try to scratch off a line anyway.

We have been having one round of parties since I wrote last, and I have been too busy to breathe. Helene did not come up and I haven't heard a word from the folks. It's awfully queer that they did not let me know anything and I think I'll wire them to-day. I expected Helene all week-end and gave a party for her Sunday morning only she was not here for it. A lot of girls of '22 were back for George's birthday and one of them was one of my very best friends last year. We were together nearly every minute of her stay. She is a peach and I got terribly homesick for the good times we had last year. We have good times now too of course but they were different last year. Less of the Puritan element.

Vanity Fair suffered greatly because of our gay week-end. But I've read it before so I'll be be able to "get away with it" to-day and I'll read some before to-morrow's class.

To-night we have a Pill Club meeting. Pill Club = the Philosophical Society. Some man is going to talk to us so the Club will be relieved the strain of maintaining a discussion[.] Thankful for small favors.

Marks are expected daily now and I have hideous dreams nightly. The other night I woke up scared to death. I had seen my report card as plain as if I had been awake and I had D- in civil -- the lowest possible without flunking. I could n't remember for a while whether it was a dream or the truth and I can't tell you how petrified I was.

It is now 10:48 so must close. Hope to hear from you on the noon mail -- no letter yesterday.

Love from

Jo.

[Even though the following letter was marked ca. May 1, 1923 in the archives, it appears to be ca. March 1, 1923.]

Wednesday.

Dearest Herman -

There really is n't a thing to write you about but here I am writing. I'm sending you a snapshot we took of the snow and incidently us. We are standing up straight behind the snow on one side of the street-car track so you can see how high it is. The two homes in the background are Northrop and Gillette. I marked my room window with a x. I suppose I ought to mark myself in the same manner so you will know which of those faces is mine. But if you don't recognize me look for the shortest. I'm it. Speaking of snow, we had our 35th snow-storm to-day. I believe spring will never come to this place.

I have n't heard from you to-day and I won't heard due to the absence of the night mail.[15]

Herman - three weeks from now! I'll be on the way to New York. Oh, it can't come soon enough. Are you anxious for the time to come? Please say you are! I am so sick of snow and the cold - and my Christian friends! I am really in a terribly nasty and cross and disagreeable mood these days. I trust I'll be over by Easter - I'm sure I will as soon as I get some rest and spring weather. [her wording and spelling] And there's another reason why I want March 21st to come. I want to see you to be perfectly frank about it!

Marks have not come yet so I am still happy tho the suspense is getting rather hard to bear.

Later.

We had a nice surprise to-night -- the mail came. Dot and I made a dash for the mail. Everybody else crowded around as we yelled out the names. All of a sudden I saw a Smith College envelope way [d]own the pack and pulled it out. It happened to be mine and I screamed out "Senior marks." I never have heard such an uproar. Everybody yelled and grabbed and we nearly had a panic right there. As I had feared my card was no good. I have the blues worse than ever now. I got B+ in novel, drama, and government, and B in both philosophies. So monotonous to look at! If only one of those B+ had been an A- To be so near and yet so far -- it's maddening. Please don't forget your promise to like me just the same if I don't get Phi Beta. It is to be announced two weeks from Saturday. Don't breathe this as I'm not going to tell my family a thing so they won't be disappointed. I have an average a little over B and that is all that is required for it but only 1/10 of the class is given it regardless of how many have a B average so only the highest tenth will get it. It is a question of how many people are higher than I am and we have a very bright class so I fear for the worse. This all seems foolish to you I know because you got such marvelous grades.

Good-night, dear. Love from

Jo.

[ca. March 3, 1923]

Saturday.

Pete dear -

I promised one of the girls I'd go to town with her to buy a lemon if she would wait until I wrote a letter so I could mail it at the same time. She asked how long it would take and I said about a half an hour whereupon she gasped and said "I bet you're writing to your mother! Ha-ha!" interesting that I was certainly not writing to her, or to any "her." So I'll have to hurry the writing of this letter and be ready sooner if I want to be saved from further teasing.

I beg to announce that spring is coming at last. It has n't snowed for three days now and the snow is beginning to melt. Such slushy puddles all over the campus! But we don't mind if only the evil old snow will go.

Did I write you I was going to be in Senior Dramatics? I have some little nebbish part but it ought to be rather fun being in it tho an awful lot of work and time must be given to practicing.

Thursday night the faculty gave a Gilbert and Sullivan opera for the fund[16] and the amusement of the students. And we have never been so amused. Words fail me! To see those rheumatic old maids tripping over the stage in gay and giddy atire and the dignified and solemn old professors hopping about with rose wreaths in their hair was too much. I was simply sick from laughing. We shrieked until it seemed as if the hall would fall in. My cute young English (drama) prof. was in it and he was so confused and self-conscious and grinned and blushed so that we have been tormenting him ever since. I took my program to class to get his autograph and he blushed purple and said he felt like a real actor

then. The whole faculty were wonderful sports about it and we certainly had one good time as [at] their expense.

Yes, I had noticed you were not writing much these days. Glad you realized that fact too! I hope you also realize that I have been wonderful about writing lately. Have n't I now? You must admit it.

How long is Dorah going to be in Atlanta? I bet it is great to have her at home again [.]

Well, I looked up my case yesterday and wrote out an outline of it. Mr. Kimball said the outline was all right so now all I have to do is write it up in decent form. Personally, I think it is awfully dumb. There is no difference at all in my case and the analagous Supreme Court case. All I have to do is substitute "cherries" for "oleomargarine" and I have my decision. Of course, I have to cut it down as the Court decision is terribly long but there is no original thinking to do - simply condensation and substitution of one word for another.

Well, Grace just came in to see if I had finished my letter to "my mother" so I'd better close now and mail this or you won't get it Monday.

Love from Jo.

[ca. March 6, 1923]

The Plaza
Monday night

Pete dear-

We are at the movies waiting for Robin Hood to begin. I know I'll be too tired to write when I get home tonight so I'll try to write you a line now tho I admit the circumstances are not very favorable to a connected letter.

A lady was up here last week-end visiting one of the girls. She knew how to read palms so she told our fortunes. You should hear mine. It was terrible. And lots of it was true so I am superstitious enough to be worried by her predictions for the future. She said I was very ambitious and would write a book which I would bring lots of money. I'm going to be very rich. She said my head entirely ruled my heart but that by nature it did n't but it has developed that way now. And - what do you think? - she said I was never going to be married. Is n't that terrible? I really don't want to be an old maid. Well, next year is leap-year and

Later.

The movie started then so I had to stop writing. Have you seen it? It is very good and we enjoyed seeing it. Movies are more fun up here than anywhere else in the world. We are always in a big bunch and there are girls everywhere in the place so we have a big time. The picture was a wonderful production of course; and I just adore Robin Hood and all stories about Richard and castles and drawbridges. Only I have always adored King Richard and he was so piggy in this - the way he ate a bunch of meat was really disgusting and I personally believe he did not do it that way. They also went into perfectly ghastly details of the torture men were put thru. I imagined my mother having a fit over it.

Thank heavens vacation will soon be here. I don't believe I could stand it much longer. I've never been this way about college before.

To-day I had a most nerve-wracking experience. In my government course there are about two hundred girls and it is a lecture course for two days and smaller quizz sections one day. To-day Mr. Kimball, instead of lecturing, says "Miss Joel - Miss Joel - suppose you tell us something to-day. Do you believe in Democracy?" I hate to have to talk in a big class and especially because Mr. Kimball always tries to catch people to trick them. I could see no harm in believing in Democracy so I said yes. He peltered me with questions for about ten minutes and I was so busy trying to find his traps and not involve myself in one that it was really very trying. Finally he left me and work[ed] up to a certain point [and] then he came back and thundered at me, "Miss Joel - you believe in Democracy - do you believe the negro ought to have equal rights with the whites and be allowed to vote

in the South?" I said no - as all Southerners are supposed to do. I argued until he got me quite angry and then when I had said they ought not vote he dragged up what I had first said about democracy and there I was caught in the trap I had been expecting and trying to avoid. He laughed a great deal and then agreed that the negro problem was a very great one and was getting greater every day in the South. As the negro gets more educated and richer and more cultured there seemed to be no reason why they ought not be allowed equal rights. But we all admit it is undesirable for the black race to swamp the white but that is what they may do if we have a true Democracy. He warned us as future voters that we would have to decide that question.

Later I went to talk to the woman in charge of the appointment bureau and she also gave me a talk on the South - how much they need college women to help in public things and she entreated me to do something and not just frivol the time away. I really was rather inspired and I'm more determined than ever to do something real next year.

Dot is ready to go to bed and I am tired too so guess I'd better say good-night. By the way - you know I went down town Saturday afternoon with the express purpose of mailing your letter - I made Grace wait while I wrote it and all. Saturday night I went out for supper and when I stuck my hands in my pocket I found that letter. Can you imagine anything so dumb? We got interested [in] window shopping and I brought your letter back again. That accounts for its delay.

Good-night.

Love,

Jo.

[ca. March 8, 1923]

Wednesday night.

Pete dear -

Last night we determined to be in bed at ten so I did not get in a letter to you. My apology to you. Anyway, it snowed yesterday and all to-day and I was too disgusted to do anything but grumble about the weather. To-day there is a terrible wind blowing and the campus looks like a desert with a whirl wind blowing the sand. The snow is blown around like desert sands. Mighty clammy and cold when you are in the midst of it.

Really, I'm terribly sorry Julia is giving a dance on the 23rd. I'd just as have[?] not go. There are going to be plenty of other dances then and I really don't care about going. Can you think up a good excuse for me? I can prefer to stay home my first night and then you can come over and see me . What do you think? I'll go if you think we better[.]

Listen - I have a plan to suggest. You know I plan to leave New York Thursday evening at nine. I could leave on the midnight Wednesday night only I don't want my poor family to have to get up so early to meet me. I thought as long as they expect me at noon I could come on the midnight and get in at five and then their rest would be undisturbed. Helene's friend, Carolyn Newman, is coming with me so we can get a taxi from the station home perfectly all right. But I thought if you did want to get up that early it would be fun if you met me and came home with me for breakfast. I feel rather funny suggesting it only you offered to once and I thought you might not mind. It is n't necessary at all and I suppose I really ought not suggest it as you will probably be dead tired anyway when I get home and you'll be forced to have a few days [her words]. Listen, Herman - please be perfectly frank about this and if it is the least bit inconvenient let me know. I'll understand and not mind at all. It will be perfectly simple to come home alone. Also, please don't breathe it to my family.

I was so glad to get your letter yesterday and to-day. They cheer me up lots and I really need cheering these days. I haven't been contented or happy at college since the week of prayer. I may be just tired and have too much imagination but I declare I feel prejudice in the air something terrible. I know I'm terribly sensitive tho I try not to be but something happens nearly every day that hurts my feelings and I feel so utterly alone and friendless here. I have thought I had good friends at school but I have n't . They are all

prejudiced and it makes me pretty unhappy sometimes. Oh, well, no use complaining. That's about all I've been doing in my letters to you lately. Prejudice is a thing that exists and I suppose it always will.

I have to write to Edgar and Simpson if possible to-night so I'd better close.

Love from
Jo.

[ca. March 9, 1923]

Friday afternoon -

Dearest Herman -

For a wonder[?] I have finished the schedule I planned to do to-day consisting of doing my civil for next week, washing my hair, and buying a present for Lyons' birthday, and it is just four-thirty. So I'll write a few letters for a change. To-night I'm going out to supper with a girl who lost a bet to me and then we'll either play bridge or go to a movie. I have planned my time out from now until vacation and if I finish early one day I'll enjoy myself for the rest of the time even if the next day is a hard one. To-morrow I must write a paper and read some of David Copperfield. But play bridge and be merry to-day for to-morrow we may --- have to stay up and burn the midnight oil.

Hope your father is all right again. I was so sorry to hear he has been sick.

Are n't you horrid to expect me not to write just because I prided myself on my regularity! That was not the reason at all. Have you ever tried writing two letters every day? and do the million other things at college at the same time? I like to do it - don't go and get your feelings hurt - but it's a question of human possibility more than anything else. My poor family suffer more than you do as I usually write to you first and then I scratch them about two lines saying I'm too tired to write. They are usually very sweet about it but sometimes they get sarcastic on the subject. One time two days went by so I sent their letter special and offered profuse apologies. It happened to get there so soon that only one day was skipped and Mamma wrote back that they were getting quite used [to] having a day pass without hearing from me and she could not understand my sudden compunction on the matter - or something to that effect.

I was so surprised to see your name on the firm paper. I don't know why but I did n't realize it would be on. It looks awfully good.

Helene wrote to me to-day. She met Ruth Hagedom in Baltimore. She's some kind of a cousin of yours, is n't she? Helene said she asked if I was n't "your girl" or something like that. I used to know her at camp. Do you know her at all? Helene says she is having a wonderful time. She apologized for not coming up here but I am still pretty mad about it. I wrote you about that, did n't I? How she told Carolyn Newman whom she saw in N.Y. that so long as she'd seen her there really was n't any use to come up to Smith. Helene says she's going to phone me but I know she could have come up here if she had wanted to. I do feel hurt about it -- wouldn't you?

Yesterday I bought my ticket home. Thrills!

Well, there is n't a thing of interest to tell you so, having bored you thru four pages guess I'd better close.

Love,
Jo.

[ca. March 12, 1923]

Monday morning.

Pete dear -

Yesterday was such a crazy day (as Sundays usually are) that I did not have time to write. It is no use planning time for a Sunday as some one always feels socially inclined and wanders in to chat or gossip. I did n't even get to read as much of David Copperfield as I had planned. So I ought to be reading it now but I guess I won't.

No indeed I did not know that the heroine of "The Judge" had red hair. It was not intentional advertizing I assure you. However, I am glad to find a heroine once who is burdened with red locks. They are usually golden-haired angels or beauties with raven tresses but the red-haired is generally associated with freckled face, bow-legs, knock knees, and other deformities. I am glad you like the book and I'm crazy to borrow it.

It is raining - first time I have seen rain since New Year's eve in Atlanta. It is a nice change from snow, however, with snow on the ground flowing in puddles and the rain coming down we could better swim than walk.

We are all rather depressed to-day as yesterday one of the girls died. She had pneumonia and died in less than two weeks after she was taken sick. She was a wonderful girl and it is so sad to think she is dead when she was doing the things we all are doing such a short time ago. It gives one such an unsafe feeling. We usually think of death as a thing connected with old age and far off from us but here it is so near to us always.

There really is n't much of interest to write about. We have an hour written in civil Wednesday and Senior Dramatics rehearsals take so much time that I really am at a loss to know how to get everything in. Oh, well, the time will pass regardless and some day Easter vacation will really be here if we only wait. I have never been so sick and tired of college and so crazy for a vacation to come. I am under the impression that I have told you this at least a dozen times before this. If repetition lends force I am sure you feel how very much I mean it.

The rain has changed to snow. Such a day! Really my sweet disposition is becoming very unsweet. Even the weather makes me want to fight.

Another annoying thing is my hair. I have let it grow so far but I may get exasperated and chop it off any day. It is just at the most horrid length - can't put it up and can't leave it down. I shall be afraid to let you see me Easter time I shall be such a fright. If it is too bad I'll cut it again. It really gives me the blues every time I look at a mirror. Such a creature I have to see there - long streaming locks too short to pin up!

I have complained enough for one letter. Good-bye for this time.

Love - Jo.

[ca. March 16, 1923]

Thursday night.

Dearest Herman -

I have not been able to write for the last couple of nights - Tuesday because that hideous written came Wednesday and we were studying until I was too tired to hold a pen - and Wednesday because I was too tired from the strain of the day before. Also I was too blue to do anything or write at all. My letter would have been nothing but a dirge so I decided to spare you. I drowned my troubles in David Copperfield. Have you ever felt that reading was a kind of dope? That is the way it affects me. As people take dope to forget physical pain, so I read to forget all my mental blueness. It works wonderfully well. I read myself happy, or rather, contented, again. It was ridiculous to be so blue. I can't even remember now why I was exactly but there I sat with a feeling of depression so heavy it really bore me to the ground. It was no special thing - just a combination of everything in general. Well, I am quite cheerful again now.

Thanks for being willing to meet me however I think it will be too inconvenient for you. It is no fun to get up so early and we can manage all right. There really is n't any use for you to do it tho of course it would be fun for me. The train is apt to be very late and I remember that your telephone is in your mother's room and you would n't be able to find out if it were on time or not and so might have to wait an age in the station. Also, it might inconvenience your father in getting to work. Unless you can arrange all this do not meet me. We can get a taxi for those few blocks. I have a front door key so we can come right in and not wake the family up so early. I don't think you will get this letter until Monday. If you should happen to get it Satur-[end of line, end of page]

[beginning of next page] and if you answer right away send it here. But if you get it Monday or don't write Saturday, you'd better write to 414 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. c/o W.J. Menko. Let me know whether or not you will meet us. And please don't feel obliged to. I realize now that it is very inconvenient in things I had not considered before so don't do it if you can't fix everything all right. I won't be at all peaved if you don't - tho of course I naturally would like to see you then.

This is not much of a letter. I'm sorry but really I must close now. Oh - yes - you asked me about dates. I have one with you the 23rd & 24th, Alex 25th, Edgar 31st, and Alex April 1st. That's all so far. I hear Helene is giving a dance and you are taking me but I don't know when it is. I'll be home a long time as I am cutting five days. I leave on April 8th.

Good-night, dear, I'm terribly sleepy -

Love,

Jo.

[ca. March 17, 1923]

Saturday.

Dearest Herman -

You have probably learned from my elated family that I have joined the ranks of your fraternity. I may seem calm about it but it is all a disguise. I am in seventh heaven. But I must not let you know how very, very happy and excited I am as you always said Phi Beta Kappa is nothing - does n't mean a thing, etc. I almost wired you that I had made it. Only the fact that you rather spurn it kept me from telegraphing you. Perhaps in time I may come to adopt a blase, why - it's - nothing - at - all - attitude but I must confess that at present I am far from such. In fact I am so excited and as thrilled right this minute that I can hardly hold a pen. I feel as if I am dreaming and will pretty soon wake up and find it is n't true after all. I'm an awful nut to rave like this but I really can't help it. Rose Eichberg also made it. Our pictures will be in the Atlanta Journal Tuesday or Wednesday - look for it. Oh, Herman, I ought to stop this as you don't think it means anything but I can't help raving like an idiot. I just cannot believe it's true. I'm sure I don't know why I am so pleased. As you say, it does n't mean a thing. Why am I glad? It does n't add a bit to my self-respect as my marks would be the same even if I did not get it. It rather lowers my opinion of Phi Beta since a creature like me can make it. But I am almost insane just the same. Lots of my excitement is reaction from the worry and suspense of the last few days. It was terrible - not knowing whether I'll get it or not. I have n't slept for three nights except in fits and starts and when any of those did take place it was only to dream of the possibility and the impossibility until I am simply a wreck from suspense and excitement.

I want to get this off right away so will close.

Love from -

Jo.

[ca. March 18, 1922]

Sunday.

Herman dear -

This is the funniest world. I am highly amused at my feelings. Do you mind if I rave to you about them? You may be able to understand because you have been thru it while girls up here who have n't can't get what I mean and think I am trying to appear to be modest or something absurd. You ought to be able to know how I feel and how I mean what I say.

Really, I have to laugh every time I think of how my attitude has changed and changes every minute. I can see now how you could say it does n't mean anything -- I'm talking about Phi Beta Kappa in this harangue in case you are mystified. I cannot see why such a fuss should be made over it. It really does not require a wonderful average -

witness myself. It does not include only brainy creatures - witness myself. It seems so silly to consider it wonderful. Herman, I never thought I'd live to see the day when I could honestly believe that. What does it mean? Joy to my family I suppose. Gee, it's awfully funny. I have never wanted anything so in my life. I just ached all over I wanted [it] so. I thought if I got it I'd float away from pure joy, I'd scream it to the heavens and let all the world know. Instead, I rather want to conceal it. I don't want to be associated with it because people think - "Oh, she's Phi Beta Kappa -- a grind, awfully homely but bright of course." The crazy thing is that I am not even bright. I am terribly afraid I'll get to be a typical one. I think I'll have to be very, very, frivolous and do my best to live down the reputation. Who would have thought that the sure attainment of a purpose could so alter and strain from that object of great desire. I thought it was marvelous, almost heavenly before. Now I think it is nothing. It just shows how much nicer a thing appears when you want it than when you get it. Funny, funny world! Of course it's thrilling - telegrams, flowers, etc. It is fun but the real soul -stirring inspiration is that name, Phi Beta Kappa, has gone and it seems like an empty sound. Is n't it funny?

By the way, thanks loads for your telegram. It was awfully sweet of you and your family to send it. How did you find out so soon?

Love, Jo.

P.S. This will probably be my last letter before I see you.

[ca. March --, 1923]

Tuesday night

Dearest Pete -

It is pretty late and I am tired as a result of rising unusually early this morning - I won't tell you how early as you probably will not consider it so. But any how I put in a hard day's work. I had to cut one class in order to study for a written we were to have in another.

I was so glad to get your letter on the train and the one written Sunday in Maysville. You are a darling boy. I often think about that Columbus boat ride too. But if I am not greatly mistaken you did sort of hold my hand - at least you touched it and that is more than you had ever done before. I'm waiting to hear all about the wedding. Did you enjoy the trip? How do you like Gay Waterman? Did you get my letter? If not it is probably reposing at the Gibson Hotel for you. Where was Dot married? I [wrote crossed out] sent her a telegram at the Gibson and trust she got it some way, somehow. Do you know if she did?

Something funny happened at the dance Saturday and I meant to write you about it Sunday. Bill (he's Dot's fiancé) was talking while we were all at dinner that evening and he asked me about "the rich old duck who was being sued by a woman, the old fellow who manufactured coca-cola." I was so thrilled to be able to tell him I know the lawyers who were defending her and to talk to him about it as if I really knew something on the subject too. It was fun to find some one up here who knew about something connected with Atlanta and I was please[d] that our old town was noticed up North even tho it is not for such a great thing that we can boast about the virtues of the place because of it!

To-day I have been trying to decide whether to fuss prom or not.[17] A boy I met at Yale is coming up and his cousin is to get a girl for him. He wired her to get me if it was agreeable to me but I finally decided not to. He is a year younger than I am, short and nebbish and prom lasts for three days and I fear we'd be bored with each other for such a long time. Also it is quite expensive - cost $40 at the very lowest so I decided not to unless she simply cannot get anybody else in which case I'll do it to help her out.

Well, good-night, my sweet child.

Love from Jo.

[ca. April 9, 1923]

Salisbury.

My dearest Herman -

Just want to write you a line if you can stand the added strains of pencil and train shaking as well as my naturally poor writing.

It is now 8:30 and we have just reached Salisbury. Jake Brail was on the train and we had a very nice time together only he prevented my spending the day with David Copperfield and that was very necessary. He (Jake) is a very nice fellow in spite of a few things. He helped the time pass quickly for me.

Another friend of ours is on the train - dear John B. Litel. I'd like to tell him a few things about parking one's car but I guess I won't. I never will forget that trick of his.

Your candy is delicious. I have almost eaten myself sick off it. The conductor passed and asked for a piece and, being a very generous girl, I allowed him to have some.

What do you think I forgot and left at home this time? I always forget something but now it is my diary and I am worried to death. That book was meant for no eyes save my own and it would be tragic if my fool family decided to read it. I wrote them to send it back and not to gaze inside but I was afraid if I made it too strong they might be moved by curiosity or an interest [crossed out something] so great that it demanded their reading my diary to see if I am concealing some secret sorrow. Well, I'll have to wait and hope for the best. I guess they can be trusted all right.

I feel rather in a daze now. It hasn't sunk in upon my consciousness yet that I will not see you for two and a half months. I feel rather numb and feelingless. Nothing greatly impresses me. I hope you will get to bed early for a week to make up for your week of dissipation. You look pretty worn out and those yawns last night were a very good sign that you <u>are</u> worn out. You can go about to make me jealous by taking out other girls but first get some sleep and rest.

I enjoyed all our dates so much. You know it seems rather ridiculous but there are so many things I did not get to talk over with you. We had a lot of dates but it does n't seem much to me now. How can I see you so much and still want to see you more? I certainly must like you a lot. You are such a <u>sweet</u> boy (with due apologies to Sylvia)

Good night, my dearest boy.

Much love from

Jo.

[ca. April 11, 1923]

Darling --

This paper may be pink but it is blue that I am! I miss you every minute and I just can't think about classes and such work. All I like to think about is you - my - well, I guess I'll say it - my sweetheart. I'm afraid just because I'm so blue and lonesome and homesick that I'll write things now that I won't feel later but if you'll remember the circumstances I'll tell you that I'd just give anything to have you with me to-night, to hear you call me sweetheart, to kiss me and tell me you love me. Herman, dearest, I do feel right now that I love you. This is a peculiar, semi-love letter. What's the use of raving so when -- oh, I'd better stop.

I hate college and everything here. My roommate and I are as far apart as the ends of the earth. I have work piled up feet high and I am so utterly crazy about you that I cannot work. Bits was over to-night. She listened while I raved. Alex is giving her the grand mad-aunt her some stationery and asked her to a Penn. house party[?]. Guess I am pretty jealous! (O. ser [?]) I was so glad to get your letter - so surprised it got here as soon as it did. Are you going to Maysville? How is Charles? Have you said anything to your father or mother about <u>us</u>? Be sure to write me if you do and tell me what they say. I may go to Europe after all - Aunt Etta said she may go over in July and would take me of course. I have a series of writtens on stuff I know nothing about so cannot write much to-night. Good-night dear. Love from your Jo.

[ca. April 12, 1923]
Herman dearest -

Of course this letter probably won't reach you until Monday and the one to-morrow will be there Monday too but I'll be on the safe side and write to-day.

I have been simply eating plays. I never felt so stuffed with anything in my life. As soon as I finish one I start on another. I have now done five but one more must be read before to-morrow and as I have Senior Dramatics practice all this evening I don't know when I'll get to it. But I simply could n't do it now. I'd die of the strains of too many plays. It is fun to read them but not when I know they must be done by to-morrow morning and when I know I'll have to keep six plots and six sets of characters and six themes and six authors, etc. all straight and unconfused.

So glad to hear from you last night. It's guess [just] as well that you do forget where the Mt. P. road is instead of riding on it with some other girl. I trust your sleep is beginning to be made up by now.

Well, if you go to Maysville it will be an age before you get this letter. If I knew for sure I'd send it there but you'll be in Cincinnati so much of the time that I guess I'd better be safe and send it home.

There is n't much to write you about. I am not in a very pleasant mood as it worries me to have more to do than there is time and mind to do it in.

I got a very nice letter from your friend Lillian Ginsberg to-day. She is a very sweet girl even tho I do get terribly amused everytime I think of that king of diamonds at Henrietta Erlich's bridge party. I know you did not think it particularly funny when I tried to explain it at Hannah's that night but it really was a scream and I chuckle over again every time I think of it.

My rival, Bits, was over. She likes you a lot. I do wonder what went on in Charles' car that night when I was on the outside looking in -- as far as the pulled down shade would let me look in! She says she thinks you are lots nicer than Edgar and I suppose you might agree with her there - you ought to as he most decidedly disagrees on that point.

Well, dear, I'd bettter stop saying nothing at all so good-bye for this time.

Love from
Jo.

April fourteenth. [1923]

Dearest Pete -

I really have n't time to write now but I'll try to squeeze in a letter between times.

To-day is the day of our spring dance that I told you about in Atlanta. The boys came up last night and we had dinner with them and went to a movie. He[?] is very nice and quite good-looking only I spend most of the time wishing he were you. I keep thinking how much fun it would be to have you here. I am getting awfully lazy about meeting new men - men I don't know. I'm so used to telling you everything I happen to think of and there is always so much to talk about to you that it's a queer sensation to be with someone who does n't know people you know and to have to wonder - what shall we talk about next. He is n't really hard to talk to or get along with but he seems to live in a different world from the world I know and love. But it is a gorgeous day and he sent me some beautiful flowers and we'll be dancing all afternoon so life looks pretty bright. Of course, I could think of other things I'd be happier doing but since they are impossible I'll enjoy the ones that are possible.

The pictures we took last Saturday are fairly good. I'm simply terrible in the one of us two together. You look very "self-conscious" in the one of you standing up and the one sitting down is fine of you only you don't look natural minus your glasses.

In addition to all my present work I have to talk at Pill Club Monday two weeks. Goodness knows when I'll have time to do all I have to do. Oh, well, I just simply won't worry over it and I hope it will be done someway, somehow.

Must stop now and get dress.
Much love -
Jo.

[ca. April 19, 1923]

Wednesday.

Dear --

For a change I am as blue as this paper is pink. It is thoughts of friendship - or rather, the lack of it, that makes me blue at present. I feel so friendless. My room-mate and Nan Bailey both like each other better than they do me. We get farther apart daily and there seems to be no way to stop it. They disgust me so. For instance, they sat on my bed to-night while I wanted to read and talked so much to each other - not to me - that I could n't read and still I had no interest in what they were saying which was mostly such things as, "Oh, Dotty, you have such beautiful eye lashes - no, I mean it and they're lovely." Nan flatters Dot to the extent of even saying to-night, "You have such a pretty tongue. Some people do have pretty tongues and yours is one." I cannot and will not say junk like that and if they can't be friends with me if I don't flatter them, then too bad. If there is ever an argument they never fail to be on the same side and that side never fails to be the one I am not on. I try not to let it bother me and go on my way as independent and as unobservant as possible. But when I don't have to study all the time there is time to realize how very little we mean to each other. I feel like such a hypocrit as I never say anything about how they do hurt my feelings and from all outward appearances we are as friendly as ever. What's the use of saying anything? I am a Jewess and always will be outside their life. Forgive me for raving so to you. It is the old case of getting it out of my system. Now I can go to bed and feel less blue because I've told you about it all.

I know you had fun at the wedding. It is nice to be so in demand and therefore so popular. I reason Edgar did not go so far wrong when he congratulated you for my making Phi Beta but for a different reason from the one he probably had in mind when he did it -- it was because you had the thing that I wanted it so much, you know, so indirectly you deserve to be congratulated.

Do write me all the 'dope' about Helene and Charles when he gets home. I believe they are really and truly in love.

Well, I'm sleepy and have a written again to-morrow so good-night.

Much love-

Jo.

[ca. April 25, 1923]

Friday night.

Dearest Pete -

Your discussion and statistics of my letters received. There are a few suggestions I wish to offer. Of those fifteen days, two were spent on trains getting up here. Also, there is no point in my writing Thursday and Friday so you would receive both letters on Monday. If you received mail on Sunday as we do up here then I would write so you'd hear on Sunday too. If you take that into consideration and count the days you get a letter instead of the number of days I write I think it will seem rather different to you. As a matter of fact I am sure you don't realize just how great an effort I have to make to get in your daily epistle. For instance, it is late now, I am dead tired, I have not written to my family yet and I have a hard day tomorrow and need the sleep. But I think it is worth making the extra effort as of course I enjoy your letters and I still maintain that I do like to write to you as well as to hear from you.

Think of me the night of the day you get this letter -- if it comes on Monday as it ought to. Monday night another girl and I have to talk before the Philosophical Society about religion. I am scared to death. We know so little and the subject is so hackned that there is really very little original thought we can add. We spent this entire day discussing it

with each other and we'd get more muddled every second. We did manage to evolve some kind of general plan and to decide what the main ideas shall be. To-morrow we hope to write them but we are having a faculty reception to-morrow evening so we can do no work after about five o'clock in the afternoon. The subject we have is very dumb: "Is Religion a flight from reality?" which means is religion an illusion, a product of the imagination or is it real, that is in substance, does God exist? We are not debating but simply presenting the points on each side. I am taking the side of religion as an illusion and she has the other. All these faculty are idealists and are as sure of religion as they are of themselves so we are arguing mostly in favor of the reality of religion. As far as my personal opinion goes I don't any more know what I believe than a spook. We are quoting numerous authorities and laying the blance of all the opinions on men whose opinions they are. That is the only way I see of doing this as it would get too heated if we began giving our personal beliefs. Well, I hope we live thru it. This is really the biggest thing I've ever had to do at college. You ought to see our names on the weekly bulletin of events. I'm going to try to get the bulletin after this week is over and save it for my memory book. It really looks very imposing.

To-morrow I may not get to write as the time changes Saturday night and we lose an hour so I don't like to stay up very late. Be sure to think of me Monday night and concentrate on its being successful.

Good-night, darling boy.

Lots of love from

Jo.

[ca. April 25, 1923]

Tuesday

Darling boy -

Just have time for a line to-night as my busyness increases daily, hourly. Have to leave for a rehearsal of the Senior play in about five minutes and we get so worn out that I'll be too tired to write when I get home I know.

Another day is over as far as the mails are concerned and not a word from you. I did get two letters yesterday so that takes care of the day before that but what is wrong with to-day? Guess I'll have to take it to mean all sorts of terrible things! I hope to hear from you in the morning. Will you belive it? I need your letters awfully. I look forward to hearing from you all the time. I hate for your letter to come in the morning for then I know it won't come at night. Write to me often, dearest. Love - Jo.

P.S. The paper from Dot's wedding so cute. Have you looked up the case of Mahullah & Mahrellak?

[ca. April 30, 1923]

Monday morning.

Dearest-

I'm awfully sorry I could not write yesterday but I wrote all day on that ever lasting paper. Then I had to write my family a line as I neglected them the day before to write to you. Poor family! They suffer from our correspondences. But as long as they don't know what it is that causes my letters lately to be a line scribble[d] in a minute.

At present I am in class so you see you are making me neglect even the art of taking notes. He rambles on so that I trust I'm not missing much.

Well, we went to Proffy Gardiner's last night and we are getting to be "dinds[?] buddies." I read him my paper and he approved of it. He is a sweeet old soul. The girls tease me about being an old man's darling but he is crazy about all the girls that he does not consider absolutely stupid. Well, I am disgusted with my paper. It is the most simple thing in the world. The arguments on my side are plain and simple and anybody could have set them forth. It is not even really philosophy but stuff I could have thought up with out ever having taken a course in college. Think I'll look up a few words in the dictionary and stick

a list of high sounding, enormous words in so the paper will sound deep when it really is n't at all! I can hear the verdict of the Club: "Oh, Jo Joel's paper was not much. I could understand everything she said." And I'm afraid the faculty will think everything I say is too obvious and silly for [their] minds.

No letter from you yesterday but I got one this morning so I guess it was delayed a little. Naturally I was terribly glad to hear. The crowd at the Club these days must be very small and nebbish. Sorry I could not have been there too. Where were Sylvia and Helene? Have Frank and Charles resigned from the Standard to join Engleside? Are Helene and Charles enjoying life very much? How long is he going to be in? You know, I still can hardly believe it. It seems so strange for Helene to be really engaged.

You know, I believe their engagement has made us more talked about than ever. Mamma writes that she too is being assailed on all sides with questions of her daughter and the other Heyman boy. You are right about the gossip. I don't care at all whether they talk or not. We might as well give them some reason to talk since they will anyway so I shall be delighted to have your car parked out in front of our house whenever you so desire this summer.

Spring is about here at last. The trees are beginning to get green and it is simply gorgeous out. How I hate to stay indoors and study! It is weather just made for picking wild violets and sweet shrubs! Do you like rambling in the woods in the spring to pick wild flowers? I hope you do as then next spring we can do that together and I just adore it.

This prof. is so boring. He talks on and on and never once hits the subject under discussion. Poor creature! He has his troubles. Matrimony bears hard upon him. He tells us daily the evils of poor plumbing and the tragedy of the cook leaving. It is a terrible joke, matrimony is! He tells us always that we don't know how lucky we are at college and we probably won't know until we are tied down to the troubles of the household. His wife must make the poor man do all the housekeeping and he does it then comes and weeps to his classes.

Well, I'd better end this letter as the class is nearly over and if I do not close now I won't have a chance to mail this until after to-night so good-bye for a while.

Heaps of love
Jo.

[ca. May 2, 1923]
Not re-read so excuse all mistakes!

Wednesda [crossed out]
Tuesday.

Herman darling --

Don't know what made me write Wednesday up there. I guess when the days are all planned out hour by hour and you know exactly what Wednesday will be it is easy to get confused and forget which one of them you are in at present. Well, anyway it is Tuesday night getting <u>late</u> fast. The days are not long enough for me. This morning we got up at 6:30 to go "a-maying." It is the custom for Seniors to sing a May song and give May baskets to the President, the President Emeritus, the Dean and the Class Dean on May Day. So we tramped all over the town early this morning. It really was fun. You see, 6:30 is really 5:30 by the sun so we got the early morning air all right. Well, since 6:30 I have been in a grand rush. There are eight hours to our day, that is not counting meals and ending the day at 6 o'clock. Well, of those eight hours I had classes for five of them and studied hard for a written to-morrow in three of them. To-night we had a rehearsal of the play again.

We had our first step-sing of the year to-night. I do adore them. You know what step-sings are, don't you? We have the steps at last and I love it. The campus is so beautiful now and it is such fun to sing college songs. Sitting there this evening for the first time almost I felt a pang that this will be my last spring at Smith. We are nearing the

end now. I feel sad at thinking that these old familiar scenes and buildings as well as all my girl friends will just sink out of my existence. It will be the end of all that filled most of my life for the last four years. I'll never feel as at home up here if I come back as an alum. So it will soon be over and for a minute I am sad about it -- tho at other times I can hardly wait for June to come!

I received your letter last night just before going to the meeting and it was a comfort in my time of trial! I was getting so nervous that I needed something to steady me. Well, the meeting went off all right I guess. Our papers were good enough I know but in the discussion that followed we were not so good. The trouble was that the club is composed of people who are good in philosophy or psychology so some of them could n't understand the terms we used or else interpreted them as the psychologist knows them. But they all said we did well and Proffy Gardiner complimented us and what he thinks counts a lot with us. Thank goodness it is over. After this written to-morrow I hope to be able to take life a little easier for a while.

Well, I must get to bed. I'm afraid this is a very boring letter -- full of nothing but my doings and they cannot possibly interest you much.

Good-night, dearest.

Much love -

Jo.

[ca. May 4, 1923]

Thursday night

Darling -

At present I am at a rehearsal and between times that I am on the stage I'll try to write you just a line - if you will excuse this paper again.

The man who directs this thing stutters painfully so if I start writing the same thing you may know that it is contagious and my pen has caught it. It is rather fun rehearsing only it takes so much time. We all know nearly the whole thing by heart now and yell the different speeches all over campus. It is a horrible play and I know our fond parents are going to be shocked to death. It is disgusting in spots and I can just see my mother having a fit and philosophizing on how sophisticated college makes a girl and on the virtue of maidenly modesty. It really is not bad except in a few places but the whole play is rather revolting.

Later.

I'm home again now and I'll just add a line more as we want to get to bed early to-night. I was so glad to hear from you to-night, Herman dearest, and this week I'll write Thursday and Friday if possible altho I am afraid I'll be spoiling you terribly with two letters in one day. You are just like the old saying put it: Give a child a finger and he'll want the whole hand. But as long as it means no more than one letter a day to write I'll try it this week any way. I bet you won't have time on a Monday to read one much less two of my letters.

That is certainly cute about Joseph's Confirmation present but I'm afraid he'll have to take a substitute. When is Confirmation? And do you know of any thing Joseph would like? I want to give him something but I don't know what boys that age like. Please try to find out and let me know, will you?

This is a short letter to-night but I'll write again to-morrow to my sweetheart - bless him!

Lots of love -

Jo.

[ca. May 6, 1923]

Sunday morning

Darling –

Last night I was terribly tired so I decided that as long as the mail is not collected on Sunday anyway I might as well wait and write this morning as I'll have to go to the Post Office to mail it and you'll get it just as soon this way.

It is heavenly out to-day – simply perfect weather. I'd love to wander around all day but instead I must finish "The Egoist." That book is demoralizing. I hate it. It says all love for people is nothing but self-love. Love is nothing but love of somebody else's loving you. Everybody in the world is an egoist and sees everything only as it affects himself. It really makes me wonder about the apparently most unselfish people and the most unselfish deeds. They can all be brought back to self-love in the end. Why do you love me? Is it because you think I'll love you? Do I love you simply bcause you love me and I adore myself in you? I wish I did not fit every book I read into my own life. It is a very bad habit. But it makes me hate the "Egoist." Still there is some truth in it I guess only of course it is exaggerated.

So Evelyn Sommerfield is visiting Atlanta. One of my good friends up here, Margaret Goldsmith, knows her but she does n't like her very much. Margaret says Evelyn makes her sick with her highbrow pose and that she really is not clever at all. I told her you said she is good company and she said she disaggreed [her spelling] with you, that you don't know Evelyn well or you would n't say that. However, Margaret exaggerates everything. She has violent likes and dislikes and she magnifies the virtues of those she likes and the vices of those she dislikes so, while her words did comfort me for any jealously I might be inclined to experience because of this girl visiting there, still I cannot put so much reliance in it, as I know how Margaret talks. Write me more about her after you take her out.

There is n't much to write you about what I've been doing. Yesterday was spent sighing to be home. Of course I do miss you – just loads and loads. It is so beautiful up here now that I wish and wish you were here to enjoy it with me. If only you were here I'd be perfectly happy.

I did n't finish telling you about the Phi Beta dinner, did I? Well, after the initiation – which is a humbug, we did not even have to swear allegiance or anything – we proceeded to Plymouth Inn for dinner. It was really quite a lot of fun. We sat like a sandwich with two faculty on each side but mine were very nice and peppy and informal so we got along beautifully. After dinner Mr. Channey Quicker of Yale gave a talk. It was really very amusing as well as a good speech. He is noted around here as a great humorist and thank goodness his paper was funny rather than highbrow. I was relieved to see that our august "brothers" could laugh.

Well, my dearest, I must give this to some girls who are going to church so they can mail it. Good-bye for the present.

Much love to you -

Jo.

[ca. May 9, 1923]

Tuesday.

Dearest –

We just got home from a movie - George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God." I thought it was pretty good but could not rave. It was too sentimentally absurd to appeal to me but some of the girls adored it. I feel as if I have had a great spree – it is so seldom we go to a movie. But I think we are going again Friday to see Norma Talmadge. The kids are nearly all fussing prom but a few of us are not and we feel as if we deserve some compensation.

Our Phi Beta keys came to-day. They are really very cute - a good bit smaller than yours. Here's the size – compare it with yours:[Here she draws a picture of a her key] It

really is not half as conspicuous looking as I had feared and I think it quite cute. As someone said - now that I've got it what am I going to do with it? I'm ashamed to appear with it blazing around my neck. I tied it around my wrist with some black velvet ribbon and I might try getting a gold bracelet to attach it to. Have you any suggestions? Tho I know I'll never have nerve enough to face the world so branded.

I was so glad to get your letter to-night. I'm glad you like Evelyn Sommerfield. I'll tell Margaret what you said about her.

You know, I'm so glad you miss me more on pretty days because I miss you more on those days too. It's then that I wish for you so much so we could walk around together. Honestly, I am looking forward to next spring when we'll be able to wander all we want. Don't you adore the spring? I'm always happy in the spring. It is the heavenly time of year.

Congratulations for winning that case. That's fine. I just know you are going to be a wonderful lawyer some day! There is lots of satisfaction in winning your side even tho, as you say, it was a small amount. And especially since you had the harder side to support. I am mighty glad you did win it. Let me know how the Supreme Court Case comes out, tho I guess it won't come off until about next Christmas time. Your law cases are like interesting serial stories only the chapters are so long in coming out that it is hard to follow the course of one thru the various stages to the end .

My poor room-mate can never go to sleep until I am in bed too so I guess I can't keep her up to-night again -- I did last night.

Much love from your

Jo.

Excuse the poor match of paper and envelop[e].

[ca. May 10, 1923]

Saturday night

My darling boy -

If you'll excuse this stationery I'll try to write you a short letter to-night even tho I prepared you yesterday not to recieve one. We are dressed for the reception and are playing bridge until time for the guests to arrive which will be in about a half an hour. At present I am dummy [?] and am trying to write to the tune of "Oh, if I'd only finished that Jack, etc., etc." One other difficulty which is not grave however. I have to leave off the beginning and add it later as anything more affectionate than "Dear Herman" might arouse the suspicions of my bridge fellows and it is so hard not to see the heading of a letter.

One of the girls just brought me your letter. You are absolutely an angel. I'd give just anything to have you here this minute. Putting an evening dress under[?] me [I] just long to be where I was the last time I wore it -- and that time was the night of Helene's dance. Do you remember that night? It was the time we made our deadly bargain out in the car in front of the house. Gee, what a lot has happened since then. I guess Charles and Helene are ahead of us even in that too -- altho I guess we are not far behind them! What do you think?

Well, I have written no more on my paper to-night than I had last night. If I could only make myself begin but it is terrible. We talk all the time and have interested half the house but we can't seem to write it down. I'll <u>have</u> to do it to-morrow.

I'm mighty glad the Nesses [?] are still on my side but I'm sure it is only because they don't know Helene. Joseph is the important one! Be sure to do your part to keep me in his favor and write me if you feel a change coming in his affections. It's hard to be away and see your place being supplanted.[18] And Helene is really such a darling that I know your folks will love her a lot. She is just as sweet as she can be - even if I do say so who shouldn't because she is my cousin.

Later.

It is 12:30 by the new time so I'll just add a line to end this letter.

The reception was a huge success. I had more fun. Proffy Gardner was so darling to me -- the sweet old soul. He raved on. He was simply adorable. But I pulled the awful one[?] of calling him Proffy Gardner to his face. We are going down to his house to-morrow night to let him pass judgment on our papers that have to be written to-morrow. Honestly, I am so scare[d] of that meeting. You don't know how I dread it. A million terribly funny things happened to-night but I am too tired to write them all now and besides you don't know the people and it would probably seem pointless to you.

Good-night, dearest. I must get to sleep.

Heaps of love from Jo.

[ca. May 11, 1923]

Thursday.

Dearest --

Well, I was surprised and delighted to get your little letter this morning. I am very glad my Monday letters caused that kind of a reaction. I was awfully afraid it was your regular letter before I opened it and I was sick at the thought of getting it in the morning and of not having it to look forward to all day. You are a dear darling and I love you an awful lot.

Bits was over this morning and I gave her your message. She said to send you her love -- if I was not too jealous to do so. As long as she lets me do the sending, however, and does not attempt to deliver it in person I guess I will not be very green eyed. Rebecca wrote me that you were very nice to her at Helene's reception and (I quote her words) you "just seemed so sweet, I wanted to kiss him but I thought I'd scare him, so I refrained!" Now, what am I to think of such things? Thank goodness Rebecca has an able-bodied husband! Mamma also wrote that she does n't know what you have done to Helene but she is simply crazy about you. Why, Herman, are n't you ashamed to be such a vamp? Well, as long as you confine your conquests to married or engaged girls I guess I won't complain. In fact, I am honestly very glad they like you so much.

To-night we are having a big rehearsal of the Senior play that is to last from 7 to 11 o'clock. I enjoy any excuse to be out after 10 at nights so I don't mind the rehearsal so much only it does take lots of time and this time it takes some sleep-time too.

To-morrow is prom but I am not fussing. My room-mate is, of course, and all my best friends are except Edith -- have I ever mentioned her? I like her a lot and I guess we'll play around together all week - end as all the other kids have men.

Well, Pete dear, I must get to work now. I have to read a book 367 pages long of essay stuff. How I hate to have to do it! I love fiction reading but essays get me.

Good-bye for to-day, dearest.

Much love -

Jo.

[ca. May 12, 1923]

Friday night.

Dearest --

I am sleeping with Ede Bleakely to-night as both our roommates are at Prom and will not get in until after one. We have spent practically the entire day together - went down town this morning looking for bracelets for our "keys," went to every jewelry store in town and could not find what we wanted. I finally got one but it is hideous. To-night we went out to supper and then to see Norma Talmadge in "A Voice from the Minaret." It was quite good. After that we strolled down to Prom and peeped into the windows. I felt like those pictures of the poor little beggar girl standing before a shop window full of toys the day before Chirstmas. The music was wonderful and everybody looked so nice.

Well, Pete, guess whom I saw to-night -- whom I kissed, in fact. I thought of you and knew you would envy me that pleasure, for said person is none other than your dear friend and crush, A.B.! She is visiting Rose over the week-end. I feel quite skunky about

it but I'll take her out to-morrow for lunch and call it a good day's work. My dear, she is homelier than ever if such is possible. Not to be catty at all, I could have lived with out that kiss. What nasty things to say! I really don't mean it half as horrid as it sounds. She is a good soul and I feel extremely sorry for her. She is coming over to see my room to-morrow so I'll have to do some fixing up and incidently remove your picture from the spotlight or else stick one or two of other people about so she won't ask me in her coy way how "old Pete" is anyway!

On account of Prom I have no classes to-morrow so I'm going to stay in bed till pretty late and do nothing but read "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" all day. Remember the night we went to see "Kiss of the Storm Country" and saw it for fifteen minutes?

Well, I must close now as Edith wants to go to sleep.

Heaps of love to my beau--

from Jo.

[ca. May 13, 1923]

Saturday night

Herman dear --

If you knew how tired I am you would truly appreciate this letter. I really could weep for pure weariness. But I have not done much to-day to make me tired. Altho I talked to B. for two hours and that is enough to wear anyone out. Also, I nearly had a fuss with my room-mate and I did not but I am so furious that all the words I refrained from saying to her are boiling in me. It was the same old religious business. They passed a rule saying you cannot play bridge on Sunday even in your own rooms and I think that is simply ridiculous and I said I did. She said she thought it a very good rule, etc. I said religion is a matter of personal conscience and to make rules like that entirely spoils the spirit of it. But what made me maddest is to think that in a supposedly nonsectarian college such a rule should be passed. It is all right to say no playing bridge in public places or downstairs in the parlor of campus houses. That is all right as a mark of respect to the others. But upstairs in your own private room! -- I think it is a disgrace to pass such a rule. I don't play bridge very much myself but believe me I shall not make the slightest pretense to obey that rule. No use to rave and rant. Things are as they are and it will take centuries to change them - if ever.

A.B. was so interested in Charles and Helene. She also said she liked Herman and thought him such a nice boy. And I got a letter from Hannah to-day. Here's one paragraph out of her letter: "Herman looked so nice at Helene's reception. I like him better everytime I see him." You must have been awfully charming at that reception! What did you do? By the way, do you realize how many compliments I have given you free of charge? Now, I might have held them in last-go-trades and reaped in a harvest for myself. Don't you appreciate my modesty?

I'm sorry you have so much to do. It is an awful feeling to have worked piled over your head. You sort of smother in it. I know! Does writing to me every day detract very much from your working power? If it interferes a lot I don't want you to do it -- and that is real self-sacrifice on my part! I mean it tho, dear, - as much as I love to get your letters I don't want you to write when it hinders your work.

Good-night now, Pete dear -

Much love.

Jo.

[ca. May 14, 1923]

Sunday night.

Pete dear -

If you could see me now! My room-mate was so tired that I hated to disturb her by staying up to write so I am sitting out in the hall writing on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles". The floor is pretty hard too! But my sweetheart must get his letter, and compared to that,

what does a little thing like a hard floor matter? What is more to be considered, will you be able to read it written under such difficulties? The scratching which is certainly bad enough when written at a perfectly respectable desk becomes impossible when done on a book that wobbles on my knees and just won't stay still.

There is n't much to write you about since last night. I did finish Tess at about eleven P.M. and it haunts me. Have you ever read it? Oh, it is horrible! So depressing - it makes me shiver. That poor girl. Honestly, I feel so sorry for her. Everything in the world was against her.

The "Promers" report a wonderful week-end. They all seem to have had a great time. Do you remember a little boy who used to go to Ga. Tech named Eugene Brash[Branch?]? He was fussing a girl in this house.

I did not hear from you to-day but I hope it will come in the morning. Our Sunday mail comes early lately so that is perhaps the reason.

A.B. came over to tell me good-bye to-day. Now I can put Simpson's picture away. I put him out in order to make your place of grand isolation less noticeable but I don't like to look at it as fond as I am of Simpson so to-morrow you regain your unique station.

There really is n't a thing to tell you about and the floor does not inspire eloquence so I think the best thing I can say is good-night!

Lots of love -

Jo.

[ca. May 15, 1923]

Friday night.

Dearest-

Do you remember how you began the letter I received from you to-day? It was certainly a rare term of endearment with which you addressed me. You said in the letter that you were in a hurry so that probably accounts for it. In other words, there was no heading at all to the letter I got to-day. I'm glad you explained yesterday that you wait and add the "salutation" after you finish writing or I should have been totally at loss as to why you plunged into your letter without even saying the "dear Jo" which common politeness requires. Well, I'll forgive you this time if you promise not to let it happen again.19

I just got home a few minutes ago - at about quarter to eleven. The Phi Beta Kappa dinner and initiation was to-night you know. We had a great time (?)[Perhaps she meant to put an exclamation mark instead of a question mark inside of her parenthesis.] First, we were sat in chairs and told the history of our ancient and honorable society by Brother Dean, our worthy president. Then Proffy Gardiner spoke, not that he had anything to say or that it was at all necessary but simply because he always does speak at every occasion. He is the big chief wherever he is and whatever he does. I must tell you what one of the girls overheard him say to our ex-president Seelye. He said, "Yes, President Seelye, there are two students of rare promise here to-night -- Miss Bleakly and Miss Joel. They are my students. I wish you could have heard the papers they gave at the Philosophical Society. Students of rare promise." Is n't that a scream? Don't think me conceited in repeating this to you but I tell you about everything. Of course, I am pleased to have him say such things but I am sorry to see him so deluded. Poor old soul! We have him bluffed and he thinks we are great. He is such a sweet old angel and would make such a darling grandfather. He ought to have a grandaughter but he never married. Did I ever tell you his sad love story? If not, let me know and I'll relate it. Herman, he is really a marvel. He has a perfectly wonderful brain and is informed on every subject under the sun. He can talk extemporaneously for two hours at a stretch. He really is a scholar. And yet he has the soul of a child. He is the most naive thing and in spite of the fact that his life has not been too happy he is as cheerful and full of life and as happy and contented as anyone I ever

knew. He has the purest faith and religion. He is really an inspiration and a living example of the peace and joy from a life of intellectual pursuit and not much else.

Did n't mean to rave on so. Forgive me. I have lots more to say but will have to wait till to-morrow.

Much, much love -
Jo.

[ca. May 15, 1923]

Monday.

Dear Herman --

We are now at a Mass Meeting waiting for something to happen - what, I do not know. I have loads of work to do but my patriotic duty summons me to the meeting. It will probably be to vote on some question concerning next year regulations and so will hardly concern us.

Your letter that should have come yesterday was missent or something peculiar. It was post marked "Holyoke" and did not reach me until this afternon. I though[t] for a minute this morning that you had forgotten me.

Later.

The mass meeting is over and I am at the Libe.20 Just finished reading "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven" by Mark Twain. It is a scream. I sat here and giggled out loud until I know people thought I was crazy.

Before I write any more, let me counteract that Dear Herman at the heart of this letter -- Herman, darling! The reason was that two girls were talking to me and gazing at my letter and I knew if I left it blank it would be worse than anything I could write as their vivid imaginations would do the filling in for me. I hereby take it back!

So you want to know the plans for Commencement? My last exam is June 7th. If I can get away from Senior Dramatics rehearsals I want to go to New York then and stay until last step sing which is the next Wednesday (June 13th). The play will be the 14th, 15th, and 16. Commencement exercises proper on the 19th (Tuesday.) I guess we leave Wednesday the 20th for home. It will take about six days to get there in the car. Herman, I wish to goodness you could get a vacation and come up here. Would n't it be wonderful if you could go home with us? We could have a perfectly heavenly time - six days - imagine! We'd stop about six o'clock in the evenings at little country towns and the grown folks would be tired and go to bed and we could just roam around and have a perfectly marvelous time together. It's a nice day dream, is n't it? If you could only get a vacation! You see, it would n't be expensive as you could save R.R. fare by coming and going in the machine.21 Wake up, Josephine! Come back to earth.

As to Europe, I have no plans about going. Aunt Etta said she may go over in July for about six weeks but that is too short for me -- If I could manage to meet some other people and stay longer I would seriously consider going. But there is one thing I can tell you -- I will not go until I have been home. I would really like to go next fall some time. But anyway, I'll be home by June 26th, darling, unless something very unforeseen happens.

They are closing up the library so guess I'd better go home. Good-night, dear.

Much love from your Jo.

[ca. May 16, 1923]

Tuesday night.
At rehearsal.

Darling --

Between appearances on the stage I'll try to write you a line. These rehearsals are getting mighty monotonous. Especially are they troublesome now as I have to wear my

hair up and it is tumbling down all the time when I am just walking so this jumping around the stage is death to it. I scatter hairpins where ever I go.

Bits and I were out for supper to-night. Naturally, we talked about Atlanta folks and especially about Helene and Charles and incidently (?) about you. She made a wonderful plan for us -- I should marry Armand May and get all his money and then he'd die of old age in about ten years and then you and I could get married and live on his money. How would you like that? Personally, I cannot find a single thing in its favor. Being married to him for one year much less ten would kill me and the tables would be reversed! Not that he has ventured to invite me to hold that honorable position but Bits and I agree that he'd marry any girl who would have him -- provided, of course, she was not more than twenty-five. Anyone beyond that age would be too old for the boy. What makes me say such horrid things about people? He is perfectly harmless but somehow my pen gets going and the catty remarks issue forth before I realize what I am saying.

Aunt Etta wrote to me to-day saying she is seriously planning to go to Europe in July for 6 or 8 weeks and saying she'd be glad to take me and another girl friend. All my best friends are married except Hortense and I know she can't go.22 I'll have to wait and see what the family says and what Aunt Etta's exact plans are. I really feel as if I ought to go as I know I never will if I don't sometime this next summer or winter and I feel it more or less a duty to take advantage of the opportunity. But I'd hate to miss Helene's wedding so I am not at all sure of going. I'll let you know later what the family say and what we decide.

Sylvia wrote to me to-day about the plans for her wedding. She is having three matrons of honor - Lela, Hazel, and Helen Ferst and about six bridesmaids. She wants us to wear flesh colored chiffon and I doubt if it will look very well with my red hair but I don't like to kick so I'll wear it. She says she saw you at the reception -- another one who was impressed by you there! I'm beginning to believe that you are seen so seldom that everybody noticed you especially there. It really is amusing the way they all comment on your being there!

You know, it struck me as a funny coincidence that the same night I wrote my letter to you on a book on my lap you did the same thing, the only difference being that I was sitting on the floor while you were in a car. Too bad you did not climb Stone Mountain. I have never done it either and we must some day. Oh, we'll have fun this summer if I don't go to Europe. And if I do we'll have fun some of the summer and then <u>next spring</u> will be wonderful. Nothing like looking forward to the future!

Well, I'd better close now as I have been running on and off about a dozen times and there is n't much peace to write in.

Good-night, dearest.

Lots of love -

Jo.

[ca. May 16, 1923]

Wednesday afternoon
late.

Darling --

I had planned to do so much to-day but some girls came in and talked the entire afternoon away. It was nice to gossip but I had intended to read a whole book of essays by Galsworthy. That is my quota for to-day and I'll have to stay up to-night I guess - or else put it off till to-morrow and I hate to do that. I have about a half hour before dinner so I'll try to get in a line to you and my poor neglected family.

The cause of this wasted day is really to be traced to the arrival of a wonderful present from Nonie and Muni (Bukofser, you know.) It is a suit case with an overnight bag that, opened, fits in the top of the suitcase and can also be closed and used separately. It is beautifully fitted with the prettiest amber-colored things. It is a perfect beauty and I'm

simply crazy about it. I must tell you one cute thing about it. In the clasps that close it there are my initials and instead of the usual J.M.J. there is a J.J. and a space after it where another letter could be added. Isn't that funny? I nearly died laughing when I discovered it and worked out the subtle meaning underlying it. My family amuse me greatly. It is so obvious what they expect me to do! Fran Ford, the girl I wrote you about the other day, the one who thought she had my great confidential secret told me that it might help some if I wrote you about this phenomonon on the clasp of the suit-case. She said you surely ought to take that as a hint! I told her I'd write you and see the result!

You should see me now. I put my hair up this afternoon. It looks like the dickens. My advisor, Fran Ford, told me I'd better cut it off again if I hoped to "get" you this summer. I'm afraid I won't take her advice this time but if you don't like it up this summer I[will] chop it off right away. As a matter of fact I am crazy to cut it again but of course it has to grow out some day. I'll wait until June anyhow and then I'll be delighted to cut it if you say the word.

The mail has not come yet so I still have your letter to look forward to -- at least, I am taking it for granted that I'll get my letter to-night. It would be a bitter blow if I don't after thinking about it and feeling pretty sure it will come. Is n't it nice to look forward to? I think about it off and on all day and I'm not impatient for the mail to come because then I know it will come soon. After I get it there will be a whole day before another one comes. This is the nicest part of the day for me.

Must write the family now. Much love to my sweetheart from Jo.

[ca. May 19, 1923]

Wednesday night

Herman, dearest --

To-night I am simply dead tired. Nothing else in the world could keep me from slumber except this letter to you. As usual I will put my family off till to-morrow but I can't do that to you even tho I fall asleep in class to-morrow as a result.

I was again surprised and delighted at receiving two letters from you to-day. It is such fun! You are such a sweet old thing -- simply darling. This all sounds so flat and foolish when I write it down. Is n't it funny how hard it is to express things like this? I don't know if you have the same difficulty but when I try to write what I mean it seems so silly and so highly inadequate.

Do tell me what my mother and Mrs. Dittler conversed about. Mamma did not write me. I suppose Mrs. D. told her that Alex had a new girl, threw me over cold or something of the kind. You know, it strikes me funny -- when Alex first began rushing me Vivian Marks had just made it perfectly evident to all the world and so I naturally suppose to Alex that she preferred Donald to him. But Alex had persuaded himself and explained to me how he had been mistaken in her, she was not the girl for him, etc., etc. Of course, I knew that was all sour grapes. Well, I can just hear him going thru the same old alibi in regard to me. He tickles me. Meredith might well have used him as the model for his hero in The Egoist. But you are mistaken about his asking me to the Pi affair. He did not invite me at all and I will be very happy to go with my Pete if you succeed in getting them to set the date late enough. Don't get violent, tho, as I don't mind an awful lot tho of course I'd love to go. To continue about Alex -- I never wrote to him since vacation and I owed him a letter. He told Bits to tell me to write but I decided there was no point in doing it. And if he wants to believe he 'threw me over' as I have no doubt but that he does think so, why I don't care at all. I much prefer his graceful exit to various other kinds of affairs which are very dramatic and romantic but terribly painful to both parties. Alex is very sensible and I am honestly glad to be relieved of any "personal" scenes with him.

I received a card from your mother to-day which I was very happy to get. Tell her I certainly did appreciate it. It was mean of me to make her write when I know she has lots of other things to do. I appreciate her card very much indeed!

Well, good-night, dear. Tell Joseph not to fix his preference yet - I may concede to his terms and be his sister-in-law yet! -Some day, maybe!

Much love -

Jo.

[ca. May 19, 1923]

Friday night.

Pete, dearest -

I am not even going to pretend to fill this enormous paper to-night as I am pretty sleepy and have nothing to fill it up with. As you feel about going out and doing something in order to have something to write about, so feel I! In plain words, them's my sentiments exactly. I don't see how you can be so deluded as to think the things I do interesting. They really are not at all, you know. All I do is complain about Dramatics Rehearsals and all my work. That makes a very dull letter as my fond brothers have often told me out of the sincerety of brothers' hearts. I never get tired of reading your letters. As you told me once when I said something somewhat like that (I forgot what now), I believe you are fishing for a compliment and so I refuse to bite. But as a bit of common sense let me say that your letters are never long enough to tired me so it is not only absurd to think that they do but also utterly impossible.

To-day I spent with Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. Have you ever read "Man and Superman"? If you are above being influenced and convinced by all the wild, crazy theories you read I guess the book will not seriously contaminate you. He has some very terrible-sounding theories, mostly in this book about the evils of marriage and the advisability of abolishing it altogether. It was easy reading and I enjoyed the day.

To-night was quite exciting. Miss Joran, former English professor, one of the patriarchs of the college and the other half of Proffy Gardiners' love affair was back on a visit. She spoke to-night and we flocked to the lecture. I never have seen the college turn out so to hear a lecture. I guess a large part of the audience went to see the reaction on Proffy G. He was darling and looked so happy - simply beamed on all the world. Honestly, those two are really an inspiration. To think that they have been in love for about thirty years and never would marry and that books and studying raised them so far in the clouds that they are happy and contented and peaceful! Now I think they have gotten over the sentimental part and are just wonderful friends. I know they are both marvelous people and I do adore them both.

Well, Dot is in bed and wants me to do like wise so good-night, dear boy.

Much love, Jo.

[ca. May 20, 1923]

Thursday night

My dearest -

Again at rehearsal for the play. Life is getting to be just one d— rehearsal after another. The play is beginning to go much better, however, so it is not so tiring as before but it is beginning to get monotonous.

There really isn't a thing to write to-night. I worked all day long and finished up my civil and drama reading for the year. It is a wonderful feeling to get it over. The essay course is the only thing that worries me now. I'll have to read all next week to get all the stuff read before exams.

I had to laugh over Joseph's curiosity to see the beginning of your letter[.] It's very fortunate that you knew your brother so well. Was he disappointed when he saw the beginning of your letter?

Our class books came to-day and are very good looking. Most of the pictures are terrible but it is a lot of fun to look at them. We had debated all day as to who is the ugliest girl in the class. I hold out for one R. C. who looks like a cross between a negro and an

ape. I'll show it to you this summer and if you have ever seen an uglier white girl I'd like to see her as a curiosity. There are lots of pretty girls too but the pictures are not flattering in general.

I have almost decided to cut my hair again. Everybody likes it so much better short. I'm sure you too would hate it up. Really, it is an awful thought that it looks so ugly up. I can have it short for a few years but I can't let it stay bobbed when I begin to get old. I think I shall let it grow until this summer in spite of all as I want the verdict of my family and yourself before I cut it.

We are having a terrible row with the house matron these days. She has it in for our bunch for some reason or other and we cordially hate her. She snoops around so, always listens in on our telephone conversations and finds more good excuses for poking around our rooms. We cooked some bacon last night and she was furious because it made the house smell. It's a good thing this is nearly the end of the year. I guess she is tired out with us and I know we are with her. I can forgive her everything but her snooping. One girl was talking over long distance with her sister and they were discussing their plans for the summer. After she finished she met Miss Phelps in the hall and that lady said so pleasantly, "Well, what did you and your sister finally decide to do this summer?"

The rehearsal is over now and I'm ready for bed. Guess I'd better say good-night.

Much love from

Jo.

[ca. May 20, 1923]

Saturday night.

Darling --

The ten o'clock bell just rang so as usual I must write to you after most people go to bed. Not that everybody does only my room-mate needs lots of sleep and likes to go to bed early. However, she is out at a show to-night and ought not be in for a few minutes. I am in Fran's room - the girl who thinks I am pursuing you. She is reading and exclaiming in excitement over the story regularly every five minutes. She just came forth with - "Oh - h - h! If he opens that letter!!!" At first I very politely grunted or chuckled sympathetically as the case demanded but that encouraged the outbursts so now I write on as if she had not said a word. Even that does not seem to cure her as she goes on as always. The same girl is really a scream - not intentionally I assure you. She has a car up here - a cute little Marmon coupé but she never uses it. She really hates it I believe. She is afraid to budge in it for fear of scratching it and is in constant terror while driving. We are all her "best friends" and she never takes us out. This afternoon was lovely so she said she would take three of us, for us to decide which three should be the honored ones while she went to get the car. Well, we nearly died of the shock so four of us dressed up in ye good old style motor costume - coats, hats with auto veils tied around them and burst upon her when she rode up. The whole house was out looking at us and enjoying it all as they know how she is with her car. Well, the final outcome was that I was one of the fortunate three and we had a lovely long ride. In spite of her funny driving and "persnicaty" ways it was a wonderful drive. The trees and the river and the mountains were so perfectly beautiful. Herman, dear, I thought of you so much and wished you were with me. Somehow, whenever things are so lovely I always want you to see them and appreciate them with me.

I was so glad to get your letter to-night. Personally, I don't see anything to gossip about in your coming with my family and if you could get away then I don't care about what other people think. I hardly thought you could get away but don't think of "what people will say" because I <u>don't</u> <u>care</u>. And if you could leave your work, please come! If our families think we are "funny" that's all - they'll have to think it. Other people don't have to know - it's none of their business. Well, good-night, angel.

Lots of love - Jo.

[ca. May 21, 1923]

Sunday night

Dearest Herman -

I have just torn up a four page letter to you so I'll have to hurry up to write this one. I was blue as the dickens and felt as I so often do how little my college friendships mean and also how very selfish I am and a lot of other things. So I raved to you and I had absolutely no right do so and fortunately I had mercy on you in time to distory it. Perhaps I'll tell you all I wrote in that letter when I get home. And there is lots more that just occured to me to-night that I want to talk over with you. But writing is so unsatisfactory and when my mood changes it seems so silly to get all excited and heated up. Better to tear up such a letter! However, I'd better be careful or this one will become just like the other and really and truly I have n't time to write you three letters in one eveing. I am so crazy to see you. If you could only be here to-night, dearest, when I am so blue and lonesome. ---- Shut up, Josephine! Change the subject.

To-day I finished Kipling's "Kim". It is a darling story. Have you read it? I would not care for one like that every day but for once in a while it is lovely.

Dot and I cooked ourselves a wonderful breakfast this morning at eleven-thirty. We had two eggs and bacon, toast and jelly and fruit. We had such a good time cooking it and it tasted so good that Dot of course got romantic over the thought of cooking breakfast for Bill next year. Cooking has never exactly enticed me but it is lots of fun up here. I wonder if cooking as a regular job would be as nice? Have my doubts, but Dot feels sure she will get a great thrill out of it and I trust she will. (Poor girl is at present struggling with 'thank you' notes for various engagement presents and coming in for help every few minutes so I am beginning to believe I'll never finish this letter.)

Mr. Rick, my essay prof. was here for dinner so I went up to talk to him and got stuck with him for ages. I had planned to wave my 'key' in his face as I am doing such terrible work in his course and have n't time to do all the reading before exams and I might as well make some use of the Phi Beta stuff. But then I got cold feet and hid it all the time I was talking to him and my hair was falling down and indeed it was most unsuccessful. I'm afraid I couldn't get more than a C out of that little episode! This reminds me that he is giving a written to-morrow and I'll have to look over Chesterton before going to bed. I'd better start now. Good-night, sweetest boy in the world. You really are quite the sweetest. I defy Sylvia or anybody to argue about that!

Love,

Jo.

[ca. May 22, 1923]

Monday.

My darling -

We just came home from "Pill" Club meeting and gossiped until the bell rang and now I'll write you a line even tho my room-mate does not exactly want me to. This was the last Philosphy Club meeting of the year and I felt quite sad sitting there and calling the roll and reading the minutes for the last time. We elected the officers for next year so the others will soon take our places. That's the way it is in life. There is always someone else there to take our places. If I should disappear off the earth you would soon find another girl and I would become a gentle memory. The last years Seniors have been almost forgotten and yet last year we thought we could not get along with out them. We got along beautifully however. And next year they will soon forget us too. I suppose it is really best that way. Otherwise we would always be thinking of the past and so spoil the present and no one would be happy. Also, it is really a fifty-fifty affair as I will forget as well as be forgotten. At times, tho, I do love Smith and hate to think of its no longer being part of my life.

Your letter came on the noon mail to-day instead of at night the consequence being that I had no incentive to go downstairs to-night and so was late for supper! I'm glad you

were not guilty of stealing the dentist's gold. That would have been even better than the Armand May plan but I'm afraid more dangerous. I guess they knew you were above suspicion and so did not examine you!

Give Dorah my love if she is still in Atlanta. You as the only male among so many females must feel most peculiar. How could you wish for one more which would only enlarge the contrast and put another one on your hands to entertain.

About the Pi affair -- I wish they'd change it into a picnic. We had lots of fun at those last year. I just adore picnics. Where did we go last year? Lake Benn/Brunete[?], was n't it? Do you like picnics? I'm so crazy about being in the water - I started to say about swimming but I swim so poorly that I thought it is hardly worth the name.

To-day I read "Major Barbara" by Shaw. To-morrow "John Bull's Other Island" is scheduled and I'll be thru with my Shaw reading and can start on Wells. I just have to gobble these things up to get all the reading done. Only there is one thing that stumps me "Sesame and Lilies by Ruskin. I simply cannot read it.

Well, I must get to bed now so good-night, dear. I dreampt about you all last night -- I don't know what I dreampt except that it was about you.

Much love, Herman dear --

Jo.

[ca. May 23, 1923]

Tuesday night.

Dearest -

I just stopped in the middle of "The Undying Fire" by Wells so I can get your letter written before ten. I think I'll stay up and read some more to-night, however, as I am just crazy about the book. I had expected it to be some terribly dull essay stuff but it is really thrilling reading - I mean thrilling in a very quiet way as of course it is no romance or adventure book.

Your letter with Helene's advice on the envelop arrived to-night. She advised me very timely but honestly it goes against me to sit down and write Uncle Jake a sugary letter just so he'll send me a commencement present. You know what wonderful gifts he gives but I am not going to be such [a] materialist as to be writing him sweet letters just at Commencement time. Tell Helene thanks - I really appreciate her warning but I can't follow her advice. If I had been in the habit of writing him once in a while it would be different but I never do and so I sha'n't now.

. . . . . .

Dots indicate lapse of about a half hour, We had a riot in the House. The hot water was no longer hot and that wrecked many plans for taking baths. This has happened very often lately so we composed a little song and went all over the house singing it. Others joined in until nearly every girl was singing "We have no hot water to-night." It was really a lot of fun and I hope the matron took the hint. Have they been singing that dumb song in Atlanta called "Yes -- we have no bananas"? It is utterly pointless but everyone here is singing it all over campus so we made the words of our song to fit that tune.

It is after ten now but my room-mate has not written to her beau yet so I am not conscience stricken for writing to you after ten to-night. She said she could beat me writing a quick letter and so we started to race but decided not to.

Herman, again I am so ashamed of my memory. Why did n't you mention Confirmation again? When you wrote me the date I thought, "Oh, that's a long time off" and never thought of it again until I got your letter to-night. It is terrible to be so thoughtless. Don't say anything about my good intentions (you know what place they say is paved with good intentions!) to Joseph and I'll try to write to him to-morrow. I say "try" as I have so much to do to-morrow. Two girls who graduated last year are back and I have a date with them in the afternoon. Then Rose Eichberg's cousin was here to visit her last week-end and had an attack of appendicitus and is at the hospital in town and I want to

go up to see her to-morrow. The hospital is about a mile from college and I'll have to walk it so it will take a lot of time. But I'll try to find time for Joseph too.

Of course I am anxious to see you, silly. I do some dreaming with my eyes open too, you know. It has gotten to be a habit now that whenever I am coming back to the house alone I begin to think that maybe you'll be sitting in the parlor, suddenly arrived by aeroplane or something. Then I plan on all the things we do and the places we go and all. Of course I never really expect you to be there but I [?] look into the parlor everytime. Gee, I wish it could happen one time.

Good-night now, dearest boy.

Much love. Jo.

[ca. May 24, 1923]

Wednesday.

Pete darling -

While I'm waiting for my tea dates I'll see if I can write to you. There really is n't much to write about however. As usual I was too late in my attentions to Rose's cousin Myra. The florist informed me to-day that the flowers I sent her were returned as she has gone to New York and so I won't go to the hospital to call on her. I'm terribly sorry but that is just another example of the way I am - makes me so mad. Just as I was about Joseph's confirmation and Helen's reception. It is awful to be so careless. Can you suggest some remedy?

I have n't done much to-day, but [I skipped] a written this morning because I was unprepared on it and I decided I'd get a zero anyway as [means so] I might as well use the hour by not going to class. So I finished the "Undying Fire". The rest of the day I have spent in the libe looking for books I can't find. The time I wasted there! Really it is terrible to have every minute so planned out that such a delay as not finding the books upsets my whole schedule. Thank goodness I won't have to plan for every minute any more two weeks from to-day. Two weeks from to-day I shall be an alumna! My last exam is that day.

You asked why I had changed my plans. The family misunderstood. I did not change them but simply reduced them to a state of uncertainty. I don't know what I'll do but they jumped at my indecision to decide for me what suited them best! They are not leaving home until June 7th now but I still want to go to New York if I can arrange to stay with Aunt Etta. Also, if I can get off from a dress rehearsal which is to be Saturday night (June 9th). The rehearsal was what made me undecided and gave the family the loop-hole to jump at. I think I can cut the rehearsal however but I don't know what to do now. I'll write you definitely as soon as I know.

I apologize to Alex! I admit I did him an injustice. I judged him by the Vivian affair you know. I stopped writing to him after vacation so I guess that is what makes him think I am engaged. Guess I ought to write to him and deny the rumor but there is n't much use as that would start up our going together again and there is no point in going out with Alex next summer. Of course he has never said anything to me but if he told his mother he was going to marry me I guess the sooner he realizes that altho I am not engaged to anyone I never could be to him the better. There's no point in corresponding with him so that's that. Your advice was very good about him but not to follow. Yes, I knew he was going to get a car for Commencement and was going to be some high boss at his father's factory. But that does n't make much difference to me!

This letter has been written in installments and now we are down by Paradise waiting for the canoe floats and crew ready to begin. Well, good-by for to-day. Everybody is looking at me while I write. Good-night.

Love, Jo.

[ca. May 25, 1923]

Thursday night.

My dearest Pete -

Well, here I am at rehearsal again but I haven't had much chance to write yet as we have been working pretty steadily. Maybe I can get a little time now as we are doing scene one and we are on only intermittenly (?) in this scene. The play is getting very exciting. It really ought to be good but very terrifying. We have fun yelling. We have to sh[r]iek a lot and it is great!

There really is n't a thing to write you about to-night. I have been rushing around all day. Honestly I read so much that I'm afraid I'll go blind or something. My eyes hurt awfully this afternoon. Thank goodness it will be over soon!

I got quite a shock when I read the beginning of your letter that came to-night. I was downstairs and slipped it out of the envelop and put my finger over the first [word] in case any of my friends happened to be looking. Then I slipped my finger aside and behold! that harmless little "dear Jo." I promptly flourished it in the eyes of all and I noticed several curious ones took note of it and were beautifully fooled. Seems to me your folks are always having big dinners or some kind of family gathering. Do Helene and Charles eat all their meals together? They must be getting in practice for a life time of meals together! How long will Charles be in Atlanta? He seems to be having quite a long vacation. Really, I'm terrible. I can't help being jealous of Helene. It seems as if she is one of your family already. Later.

Congratulations for not going to sleep that one evening that you spent with the sewing machine and the vacuum cleaner. Your mother has trained you right about being handy around the house. You do her marketing too, don't you? You ought to make a very efficient husband! I highly approve of your domestic training.

To-day I read some essays by Huxley and John Stewart Mill's essay On Liberty. All very hard dry reading. To-morrow is planned for "In the Days of the Comet" by Wells. You see, I am really gobbling up books whole these days. I feel as if I'll turn into a reading machine pretty soon. My eyes just eat up the words to be able to turn the page. It is no fun to stuff this way. I am getting sick of it. The Days of the Comet is nearly 400 pages, too. I'll have to work to get it all read to-morrow.

Well, this is the day you receive two letters so I'll end this one now and write to the family so they'll get it Sunday.

Good-night, dear and lots of love -

Jo.

[ca. May 26, 1923]

Saturday morning.

Last night I had so many interruptions, girls straying in and out, and such things that when the last one strolled out at 11:30 P.M. I was simply too tired to write. So I went to bed hoping to get up a half hour earilier to-day but that did n't work either so I'll have to start my work later. I have to do my drama cram to-day and to-morrow so I have n't much time to lose. This afternoon we are going down to Holyoke to have dinner with the Woodruffs. This will be my first bit of a spree in so long that I'll hardly know how to take it. We usually have fun at Woodruffs but I don't like Kitty Woodruff much so I hate to go in and accept things from her parents but all "the bunch" is going and it would be worse for me stay home than to go. Well, Pete, it seems to be getting to be a habit for you to leave off the heading for my letters. I think I'll not put one in this letter so you'll see the sensation one gets on not being addresed at all in a letter, not even "dear Sir". It's most impolite and extremely rude really and I hope in the future you'll cultivate better manners!

And to forget my letter! Really, that is unforgiveable. But I am sorry you had to go way into town again to mail it. Also, you ought not bore Eveyln S. No wonder she was sick when you had a date with her before! I bet she'll be sick next time too.

I'm certainly sorry I won't see Helene this summer. The folks write she is leaving June 13th for Chicago so it will be a long time before I see her again. But when a girl is engaged she forgets the rest of the world exists. I just made that statement to my room-mate who is engaged, you know, but instead of disputing the question she agreed entirely and admitted that the only person she ever thinks about or considers is Bill. At least she is honest about it.

Really, I must stop writing now and get to work. I have so much to do and so little time to do it in.

So - good-bye for this time Herman dearest.

Much love from

Jo.

[ca. May 28, 1923]

Sunday night.

My darling boy-

This is the eighth letter I have written since 4:30 this afternoon so if you can't read it it is because my hand is dead tired and if I don't say much it is because I'm all said out. I decided to get them all off my mind before exams and there are only two more to write after I finish yours and then thank goodness I'll be caught up for a few days anyway.

Bits was n't feeling well to-day so I spent about two hours with her. She let me talk to my heart's content so, as you would say, I enjoyed myself. It is a relief to talk to a Jewish girl once in a while and especially to one who knows all the Atlanta folks. She let me talk about you and was very sympathetic. She really likes you I think and not just because she thinks I like you and so want her to say she does too. She's always saying she thinks Herman is so sweet and naturally I beam all over and agree enthusiasticly . No wonder I enjoyed our talk so much!

Mama wrote me that they have definitely decided to give me a car and told me to look around to see what kind I want. Won't it be wonderful this summer? I am so thrilled over the idea of really having a car of my own. Whenever you can't get yours I'll drive out for you on summer evenings and take you out. I don't have to wait for leap year to do that. What make car would you suggest? I guess I'll end up with a Buick sedan. I don't care much about what kind it is just so it is a closed car and has an undivided front seat!

No letter from you to-day but I'm looking for one in the morning's mail.

There really is n't much to write about as I've done nothing since I wrote last. I've some "laundry" to do to-night before I go to bed. That's a job I hate - washing out stockings, etc. I put it off until I have none to wear then wash and wash and wear them half dry. I guess I'd better start now if I ever expect to get thru to-night.

My dearest, I wish I could be with you right this minute. I'd be perfectly happy and ask no more from anyone. Shall we be happy this summer, dear? And tell gossip to go to the dickens and tell our families we're sorry they don't understand but they'll have to go on in the dark. I don't know what will happen later on in life but I want to seize each golden second this summer and just be happy without a thought of the future when we might not be so happy.

Good-night, sweetheart boy. Much love,

Jo.

[ca. May 29, 1923]

At dramatics rehearsal
Monday night.

Dearest Herman -

There are many distractions here to-night so I may not get your letter finished here. One of the girls brought a deck of cards and her one refrain is "Aw -- Jo -- come on, let's play double solitaire." Now, in the first place double solitaire gives me a headache and is a

rank waste of time all aside from the fact that I want to write to you. I have refused very firmly so far but she persists so I guess I'll have play in self defense. Also, I am trying to get signatures for my class-book and this is a good chance to get a lot of them. I wish I had never started as it will be impossible to get them all and is such a bother.

Honestly, I was so amused at your letter written on the way to West Point. I can just see them telling you what to write. It was screamingly funny. You certainly had 'nerve' to send it. Do they know you did? Poor Helene! I bet that visit of inspection was a terrible ordeal but I'm sure she passed with a good grade - probably A. I'm crazy to hear all about your visit; and I do wonder if I'll ever be taking that trip that Mervyn and Helene went thru! It is awfully funny and as I think of your letter I can't help laughing out loud. These girls must think I'm crazy sitting here writing and giggling.

Two more girls joined the solitaire ranks and we developed into a game of bridge. I am drawing at present.

I've been in a good humor since four o'clock when I began to read "Sesame and Lilies." I had put it off as long as possible dreading it as it is so long and looked so dry. I finally made myself start it and it is wonderful. Easy reading and very interesting and really a beautiful style. I am so pleased to have it turn from drugery to something nice that I feel ten years younger.

Well, I'm home again now. We had a hilarious rehearsal but it ended rather poorly for me. I have to cut a dress rehearsal to go to N.Y. on Thursday the 7th and Mr. Eliot is simply furious. I feel like an awful pill to go but I don't see any other way to get that dress for Sylvia's wedding and there are four others that speak with me so I would not wreck the cues and all by not being here. Of course I ought not go and I could not if I could help it but he, being a man, cannot understnad the dire necessity of a woman's dress. He also knows he can't force me to stay as I can just pick up and go so being so helpless makes him mad too. I expect him to chop off my head at least at the next rehearsal. But I hate to have fusses with people still I've simply got to go. Oh, dear!

Must go to bed now so good-night, dear. A heap of love from

Jo.

[ca. May 30, 1923]

Tuesday night.

Dearest -

To-morrow is the northern Memorial Day so we get a holiday. Incidently there will be only one mail and that at noon so I know I won't hear from "my Pete". And this leter may not be collected so if it is late that is why. I dread the day without a letter to look forward to. It is really pathetic the way I live for your letters, angel child! How shall I ever get thru to-morrow? It is nice not to have classes but I am going to study civil for exams all day long so it will not be a very gala occasion for me. Oh, well, they are celebrating the defeat of the Confederates and I'm Dixie enough at heart not to join in very gaily -- even tho, of course, I know it was best for the north to win in the end.

I have done nothing all day besides go to five classes, wash out lots of laundry, go to town to do some shopping - little, disgusting shopping like buying stamps and shoe polish. We played bridge this afternoon and I did not get settled down to do my work until to-night and I picked up "Sesame and Lilies" only to find it impossible to keep my mind on them. I take back all the nice things I said about them last night. I could not concentrate on them but you were the cause entirely. I'd see you instead of the printed words and before I realized it I'd be off day dreaming. I've simply got to finish it before I go to bed this night.

Only one more class for me <u>ever</u>! I can hardly realize it. Only to sit and listen to a prof. raving one more hour. It's funny.

We had a good sing to-night. They are a lot of fun. One of the girls in our class is being gossiped about as being engaged to a man who taught her last year. He had a wife I know, as he wrote a book and gratefully acknowledged the kind assistance of his wife in

helping him edit it. But she seems to have disappeared or something. Anyhow, Jerry Scott (the girl) was seen kissing him in the Boston station last week-end and he is at Smith now fussing her. They came to the sing together and we all got quite thrilled. We usually sing to faculty members who come to sing or on any special occasion so we decided to sing to him. The poor man nearly died of embarrassment and Jerry turned perfectly scarlet. We got a great "kick" out of it. Don't blame us too much as we ought to be allowed some little joy if we cannot have men of our own up here to stroll in the sings with! My tub is ready so I'll have to close now. Lots of love to the sweetest boy ever from

Jo.

[ca. May 31, 1923]
not re-read

Wednesday night.

My darling Pete -

There is a little time left before going over to rehearsal so I'll see if I can get in a line to you first. Bits wants me to walk down town with her so I may not get your letter finished.

This was some wonderful holiday. The trouble was that it was really a holiday and I felt in a gay mood that was not suited for studying. I managed to get in about 3 1/2 hours work but I should have done more if I ever expect to get thru this course in government. We took our lunches down by Paradise to eat à la picnic and everything tasted twice as good as in the house. After eating we took pictures and found a tree with wonderful branches for climbing. The temptation was too great so three of us climbed up. It was such fun. I haven't climbed a tree in years and it's one thing I adore to do. Then we came up to the house and saw some excitement in our chapel building and found out that Calvin Cooledge was holding forth within so we took a picture of his car and chauffeur and went in for a while. I took a picture of him on the platform but I was so far away that I'm afraid it won't be any good.

To-night I had supper at Bits' house and we walked a little then I came up to write to you. That, now, is a full account of my day.

The reheaersal to-night lasts until eleven and I am dreading it. Why did I ever let myself in for such a thing as this play? To think of the hours and hours and hours I have wasted there this spring!

I had a letter from Simpson Mathis to-day. He may go home with us in the car after Commencement -- if there is room in the car. I hope he can as he is a sweet kid and says such funny things that I know he'll keep us laughing as we bump over the north Georgia roads.

Later.

I am now sitting outside the rehearsal room waiting for my cue. It is heavenly out to-night and it does n't get dark here now until about nine o'clock. A bunch of us are sitting here on the steps longing to be lazy and sit around dreaming and talking and doing nothing. I brought my drama cram but I don't feel like studying. Guess I'll get into a game of bridge after it gets dark. I don't know what's the matter but I simply cannot get down to work.

Guess I'd better close now as I'm interrupted every second.

Good-night, my dear, sweet boy.

Much love

Jo.

[ca. June 1, 1923]
not re-read[written diagonally across the left corner]

Thursday night.

Dear Pete -

Well, I'm dead tired! Such a life! I hate exams with a passion. And while I am on the subject I must break the news that I cannot write to-morrow. You won't miss hearing one day as it would make two on Monday but I'll be studying my head off to-morrow so I'll not write if you don't mind. You are really a very spoiled boy. If I had never started writing you two letters for Mondays I'd be saved all this explanation and apologizing. But I know you'll understand how busy I am and so you'll forgive me won't you, dear?

Before I forget -- I'm going to New York Thursday, June 7th. That means that your Tuesday letter should be sent to 414 Madison Ave., c/o Mrs. Menko. I'll be there until Sunday so start about Thursday to write to Northampton then there'll be one to greet me on my return. Also, I guess two letters from you will be enough for my aunt and uncle to see me receive in that time.

Pete dearest, I can't tell you how ----------

I forgot what I was going to say then as I stopped to consume a tomato sandwich that Fran had b[r]ought to help us in studying. She is in my room now, which accounts for the beginning of this letter. A blank space would have been too suggestive. I was very wise too as she leaned over to examine the monogram on my stationery after I had written a few lines.

Will I never get to the subject of all the Gershons excitement? I nearly fainted of the shock. I got a letter from you, Mamma, and Helene and Helene's had written on the outside "Read this before any other mail you get" and then I read it. She wanted to be first to tell me and she certainly was. I had to sit down to recover [from] the shock. Carolyn Gershon - a mere infant! see I feel much as you do about her belonging in the cradle or kindergarden at most! Really, I think it's a shame for her to marry so soon. Why, she misses lots of fun in life that she can never have after she gets "tied down" to a husband and all. Oh, well, I guess it suits Mr. G. as all he feared was having an old maid daughter and he won't have that and if she likes Lee Stern, all's fine. And as to Sidney, they ought to make a good pair. Is n't Atlanta stepping off at a fast and furious rate?

I hardly know a word I have written as Frances has been talking to me the entire time and I have to say a word in reply every few minutes and I have n't but one mind (and not much of that) so if this letter sounds absurd you know why.

Your letters to-day were most welcome. I have n't time to answer them in detail. I'm so sorry you missed hearing one day. You probably got two the next as I wrote the regular number. I'd love to say something sweet to you but I'm afraid it would glare out to the eyes of Frances!

Good-night, sweetheart dear and forgive such a stupid letter.

Love, Jo.

[ca. June 3, 1923]

Saturday night.

Herman, darling,

It seems like an age since I've written to you and I think it has only been one day I've missed! Is n't it funny how you get used to things? If I had never started writing every day and wrote to you Thursday and Saturday I'd think I was writing pretty often.

This letter was started at rehearsal but the mosquitoes and the heat nearly drove us insane and I could not stay still long enough to write a letter. Oh, such an evening! I am in a terrible, horrid mood to-night so I'll probably write just such a letter. I am so tired and I hate exams so and rehearsals are terrible in this weather and I am sleepy. I had better cease this writing or you'll not bother to finish reading the letter.

My exams so far have been bad. I wrote almost three exam books in the philosophy exam this afternoon. I don't know if you know how much that is but I tell you it is a lot. To-morrow I have to study civil all day and I hate it so that I am dreading the day.

I was so glad to hear from you these "trying" days. I trust you got over your feeling sick. Better be careful about what you eat.

Mamma wrote me yesterday that she was over at Gershon's and Mr. G. began raving about Herman Heyman. She said he got quite eloquent in your praises. Say, why is he so fond of you? He raved about you to me last summer you know. Mamma said he really need not have gotten so heated up over his argument as everybody agreed with him fully so there was really no dispute! Is n't that a nice compliment for you? I would like to know, tho, what gave Mr. Gershon such a good opinion of you. I also had a letter from Edgar in which he said he heard a rumor in Columbus that the Joels and Heymans were going to make a double wedding of it. I wrote at once and disillusioned him on that subject. What I want to know is how people start gossip anyway? Nobody knows we write to each other so much and we go out with other people (once in a while!) Of course they always exaggerate in gossiping but, good-night, how does it get to Columbus and everywhere? It's a great mystery! Well, I don't care what they say. Let them have a good time if they want to.

I simply must get to bed now. I'll write to-morrow and I'll try to be in a better humor tho I doubt if there'll be great improvement.

Lots of love, dearest, from

Jo.

[ca. June 4, 1923]

Sunday.

Darling Pete –

We have just finished supper and I'm going out for a walk in a few minutes. This life of a constant and industrious student is too much for me and I feel the need of fresh air to breathe. There is much studying yet to do to-night but I have really done quite a bit to-day. You know, Alex took this course first semester and he sent me his text book and the outline of the whole book that he had made all type-written in great detail. At first I thought his notes would not help me much but I looked at them to-day and they are simply wonderful. Honestly, my opinion of Alex improved by the minute. I had no idea anybody could take such pains and be so conscientious about a thing. His notes certainly are a big help to me. I feel inclined to write and thank him. I really feel rather bad about getting so much help from him when I have not been very nice to him.

We have been taking loads of pictures lately. If I can get a good one of me with my hair up I'll send it to you for inspection. However, I have decided to get a marcel to-morrow and see if I can make it (my hair) shrink up enough to wear it down during commencement. I think my "cap" will fit better with my hair bobbed as it was short when I was measured for it.

We are planning lots of things for commencement. I guess it ought to be fun but I'm terribly afraid the family will be bored here so long.

What did your family say when they found out we wrote daily? I believe my family know it or else suspect it rather surely for they must think of something to account for my not writing to them every day after I have done it since I was a freshman. I write them pretty regularly but I miss one or two days a week I guess.

Do you ever feel as if you would like to go to sleep for about a week? Yes, I guess you felt that way when I [left] Atlanta Easter time! That's how I feel now. And the distressing part is that I can see no time for slumbers in the near future. There won't be any time to sleep in New York and after I get back to college there'll be rehearsals and packing in addition to taking care of my family and going to all the affairs that are to be given. Oh, well, I guess I can sleep all summer but it's hard to have to postpone my nap

until then! And there is much to do to-night before I can get any of the sleep that I want so much of so I must say good-night to you now.

Lots of love, dear,
Jo.

[ca. June 5, 1923]

Monday night.

My darling -

If I don't get in a better humor soon I shall stop writing to you altogether as I hate to send these letters full of nothing but complaints. The trouble is that I write at night and by then I am tired enough to cry. Is n't it childish of me to act this way? I hate studying so that it is torture to open a book. I have to drive myself to it. And to-day I did not do a thing all day as there were so many interruptions. People who had no work to do were coming in all day long and it was so hot that it was impossible to concentrate and if I closed my room door to keep out the multitude I nearly stiffled. The result is that I have to get up early in the morning and work like mad with one eye on my book and one on the clock. But I'm simply too tired to study any to-night.

Wow, is n't this an interesting letter? You must be over joyed to read it. I hate to be so boring but what else is there to write about when I am dead tired and disgusted? There is one pleasant topic anyway - your "special". I was so surprised and so happy to get it. It came last night after I had written your letter and was certainly a pleasant climax to the day. I appreciate the difficulties you were put to write it but I read it without any difficulty. I certainly should like to see Helene and Charles perform. From all you say they must be very professional in the act. I simply cannot imagine it! The more I try to visualize them the more impossible it seems. Helene seems usually so unaffectionate and she and Charles did not "go together" long enough before they were engaged for me to get use to the idea of their being so intimately related as husband and wife. I can't realize that they are not strangers in the sense of belonging to different families. It seems so funny. I suppose as soon as I see them together it will seem more natural.

Well, I <u>was</u> surprised at Louise Gershon! After all these years going with Herbert Hirsch! I guess people will talk a lot. Her affair must have been "love at first sight" or something as ridiculous. I'd like to know the details.

I really must close now, dearest, and see if I can get some sleep. I hope for a change in my bad mood soon. Until then you'll have to take this deadly letter or none!

My dear, I'll be so glad to be home and to be with you once more. It seems to me as if the time will never come.

Good-night.

Much love,
Jo.

[ca. June 6, 1923]

Tuesday night.

Dearest -

With the "sweat" rolling down my brow, I sit neath a boiling hotlight writing to you. Such a hot day! It really cannot be described. Heat up here is worse than heat in the south as this stifles you. At least at home you can sit out doors or ride around. Here we must sit indoors and study. However, I am in a most hilarious mood. The essay exam is over and I think I got thru all right. Only two more now and none that I dread as much as I did that one. We went out to supper to-night and had a very good time. We went in for economy as we bought a sandwich at one place, carried it to another place and order iced tea then went to another place for dessert. We got back to the house at about seven and Mr. Woodruff was here. He took us out for a speedy cooling ride until 7:30. The rest of the evening I pretended to study while really we just gossiped and talked. One of the girls had a birthday party later on and that has just broken up. I ought to be wroking but my

sense of responsibility snapped with that exam and I can't feel worried and wrought up any more. Also, while we were riding we thought of two weeks from to-night, Class Supper, and then I thought of three weeks from to-night, Atlanta, and I got so happy that I've be[en] thrilled ever since.

You certainly are getting to be a tennis fiend. Guess I'll have to learn or try to learn how to hit the ball if I expect to see you much this summer - expect on rainy days. I really want to learn how but I also want to learn golf and I'm afraid I can't find time for both. Which would you advise?

To-morrow I have novel exam and I have n't begun to look at it yet. That means up at seven for me. I hope Amherst dispenses with its serenades to-night. They have been over almost every night for the past week, first singing and then they brought over the whole orchestra - saxaphone, drum and all. It is good music and fun except when sleep is so vital as it is now.

Good-night now, Angel. Yours melting by the minute -

Jo.

[ca. June 7, 1923]

Wednesday night -
or rather Thursday
morning -- 12:30 a.m.

My dearest -

For no other living creature would I write a letter now except for you. I am ready to drop in my tracks but I'll write just a line at least before I do the dropping. There are many reasons for this absolute tiredness. In the first place it is very late and I have been studying pretty hard but I did not get started studeing[e crossed out] until after eleven. Then last night was so hot no one could sleep. It was simply hideous. I was awake from ten to twelve and woke up again at quarter to three and could not get to sleep until after five. I lay there so furious with myself because I could not sleep and I knew I needed it to pass the exam to-day and to study for to-morrow. The madder I got the wider awake I became. I decided right then that insomnia must be the most terrible disease in the world. It was my first experience at anything of the kind and I trust it will be the last.

To-night at supper I had a telephone call and was very surprised to hear T. S.'s voice. You know, she married a man named G. and is living in Providence, R.I. She said she and her husband were motoring around on business and decided to come to Northampton to spend the night and see me. On any other evening I should have been delighted! Of course I said I'd be delighted so they came up and I took them (or rather they took me) over the campus and then out for a short ride. Honestly, Herman, I nearly died at their use or rather over-use of pet names. They seem to have forgotten what each others' real name is. Really, it sounded as if they were determined to impress me with how very much in love they are. I feel inclined to say with Shakespeare or whoever it was who said it (when in doubt I feel safe in saying Shakespeare) that "methinks the lady doth protest too much." Anyhow, I don't like so much "showing off" for the benefit of the general public. They are leaving to-morrow and invited me to go part of the way to New York with them which I am tickled to do. The ride will be much nicer than going on a hot stuffy train[.]

Well, dear sweet child, (getting very much like the T.S.G. style but just between ourselves it's different) good-night. I'll try to write so you'll hear every day while I am away but please forgive me if I do not. You may know it will be because every minute is planned or because I cannot escape Aunt Etta's eagle eye long enough to write. It will not be because I am not thinking of my Pete!

Much love from,

Jo.

Postmark: Grand Central Station Jun 8 7:30AM 1923

[A picture postcard of a covered wagon train. "The great wagon train THE COVERED WAGON - Criterion Theatre]

So glad to get your letter when I arrived. I wrote you a letter on the train but forgot to mail it. I'll send it to-morrow. It's great to be here again– not here [arrow points to covered wagons] but in New York I mean! We are here [points to covered wagons] only in my imagination.

[She wrote at the top of the postcard:] Isn't this silly? At any rate you may see whan I saw

Mr. Herman Heyman
505 Connally Bldg
Atlanta, Ga.

[Printed]
Dear Pete

I have just seen "The Covered Wagon" at the Criterion Theatre. It is a wonderful picture of the pioneer days and one that you should see. I hope you will go and that you will enjoy it as much as I did.

Jo.

[ca. June 8, 1923]

Via New York -

My dearest –

I'll write you a letter now and hope you'll be able to read it in spite of the train which is doing its best to shake my pen. But I guess I'd better make hay while the sun shines and write to you while I have the time and the solitude. Not that the sun is shining you understand. In fact that is certainly an ironical statement. It is pouring and I haven't a sign of an umbrella or a coat. It was so hot when I left that I did not even bring my coat or see it. I have on a thin light dress and thin sole slippers and really I don't know what I'll do if the rain continues. It has turned quite cool too and I'm afraid I'll freeze as well as drownd. I was such a dumb-bell to leave my perfectly good coat in my closet in Northrop House.

Well, exams are really over. I can hardly realize it. To think that I'll never have to open a book to study again seems incredible. The exam to-day was very easy and I'm glad I did not study any more than I did for it. I knew loads more than I had to know and such a waste of information is deplorable.

T. and her husband came for me as we had planned. I had lunch with them in Springfield and then they took me to Hartford so I have had very little time to spend on the train. They seem to be very happy and very much in love. Their dear, love, darling stuff did not annoy me as much to-day but I do think it is ridiculous. They never once called each other by their real names and even when talking to [with] me [there] T. [called her husband] "sweetheart" or "love" as if that was his own personal name. It really sounded so funny. Otherwise, however, they are a nice couple.

This old porter is collecting the suit cases already but we are a good half-hour from New York. I refuse to let him have mine yet tho and he looks daggers at me everytime he goes by.

I'm looking forward to your letter which I hope will be in New York when I arrive. I don't know what Aunt Etta has planned to do to-night. I hate to appear before the civilized world of New York with my hair up. It looks so crazy. It really looks all right the first five or ten minutes after I fix it and then it comes down first on one side then on the other and when I get the sides up again the back starts down. I'll be afraid to let you see

me looking this way -- but maybe it will be a good thing. That will be a real test of your love!

Well, I guess I'd better close or the porter will murder me on the spot.

A lot of love, dear, from

Jo.

[ca. June 9, 1923]
not re-read

Saturday morning.

Dear Pete -

Now that I do no writ[ing] at night I cannot sacrifice my sleep for you so I'll give up breakfast instead. My aunt is to call for me in fifteen minutes so it means either go across the street and get breakfast or write to Pete and I'll get lunch pretty soon as[so] this is my decision. I do admit that is thus[?] not exactly the right time for break[fast] -- it being at present quarter to eleven so if I had gotten up earlier I would not have to go without food. So it is really all my own fault.

But last night I did not get in until three A.M. so I was dead tired to-day. I was out with Bernie Gutwillig -- ever heard of him? We saw a good show and went to a couple of places to dance. He said he had one object in life last night and that was to talk me out of any idea I might have of getting married. He said he hated to have to sit by and watch another girl with brains go home after college and waste herself by getting married. All girls do after college, says he, they ruminate and rusticate[?] and rot -- the next three r's in a girl's life after she finishes the first three at school of course, I argued with him for the sake of argument but there is a lot in what he says. I have always been afraid of doing nothing but society until I can grab somebody as a life victim. But Bernie's whole advice was to come to New York to do something and he is not against matrimony in general! Well, my dear, you need not be jealous of him. He is a nice boy but I was thinking about you half the time I was with him and thinking how wonderful it could be if you were here. Now, this afternoon you have cause to worry! I am going out with Leo Karpeles of Birmingham and he is very fascinating and charming. It has been two years since I've seen him and I might fall a victim to his charms.

Well, guess I'd better close now and run out to mail this before Nonie arrives. Mamma and Daddy telegraphed from Baltimore last night that they will be here to-night. I am so crazy to see my mother -- she is the sweetest lady that ever breathed!

Good-bye for now, angel dear --

Much love,

Jo.

[ca. June 10, 1923]

Sunday.

Pete, dear -

The whole family is gathered in the Berkofzer's room and as Helene had to pack I came in here with her as a good excuse to get away to write. Helene said she knew it was not just cousinly affection which made me so keen to accompany her in her packing. It is n't such an easy job, tho, as every minute we think of something else to tell each other and so I do not write much of the time. It is just great to see her again. I was so surprised until yesterday when Leo Karpeles said she was coming. He did not know I was supposed to be surprised so he told me. It is just wonderful to see her. I don't know when I have been so glad to see anyone. We have talked and talked and talked and always she manages to bring the conversation back to the inevitable subject -- Charles.

Oh - goodnight -- the whole family just piled down and gave me significant glances but I did not say anything in the way of explaining and they said nothing either but I guess they might have imagined whom I was writing to.

We have been having some time with so much family. It's the limit getting the whole crowd settled and satisfied. We are going out somewhere for super to-night - Coney Island I think. Then Helene and I leave on the midnight for Hamp. I'll be right glad to get back. Grown folks are so unmanageable when they are in a strange city and when there are lots of them. Everybody gets so excited. Yesterday I had a very nice time with Leo. We saw "The Devil's Disciple" by George Bernard Shaw and was quite amusing. So typically Shaw. After the matinee we went for a ride in a taxi! Leo is very nice but I don't think you need be seriously alarmed! Last night I had to leave Mama and Daddy and Helene as the Berkofzers and another Aunt and Uncle had tickets for me for theatre. It was a very good show, "The Fool." I slept at the hotel with Helene last night. Now you have a faithful account of my time.

The folks want to leave now so good-bye. I cannot re-read this as so many curious people are around.

Love, Jo

[ca. June 12, 1923]

Monday night.

Back at it again -- meaning I am at dramatics rehearsal. We had to be at the theatre at nine this morning and remained until one and now we are at it again.

Tuesday morning.

The time has changed but not the place and occupation. Honestly, we don't do much else except practise. This morning we are having dress rehearsal only my costume is not finished so I won't be tortured for a little while. There is the most terrible assortment of creatures in this play. I can hardly recognize anyone.

I do hope this letter reaches you on the day it should. I could not finish it last night as he kept chasing us on the stage and then when we got back to the house Helene and I talked until terribly late and I could not get up energy enough to write then. I'll run down to the Post Offfice and mail this and it ought to get to you on time.

It is such a shame that I have to be practising so much that I can hardly be with Helene at all. We could have a lot of fun other wise but sad to say I can't do anything for these old rehearsals.

Last night I took Margaret Goldsmith out to "pin her" -- that is, give her my Senior pin to wear for a year. We had a very nice time.

I was so glad to get your letters yesterday. Yours that came Saturday was here when we arrived, then the Sunday one came on the Monday morning delivery and the Monday one on the evening mail. Helene nearly had a fit. Three letters in one day, said she! Well, if you are n't engaged you ought to be! I agreed with her but said that no matter what "ought to be" the fact remained that we were n't and that was all there was to it. We might be peculiar but it can't be helped

There are a million people in this dressing room and there is so much talk and excitement that I can harldy think to write. Don't ever say you have never had a letter from an actress written in a dressing room amidst paint and wigs and all sorts of make-up.

I must close now. I'll write again to-night.

Love-

Jo.

I cannot add a beginning to this letter -- too many eyes! Also, I can't re-read it.

[ca. June 13, 1923]

not re-read.[written in upper left corner diagonally]

Tuesday night.

Helene added the "est."

Herman, dearest,

Helene is writing to Charles while I am writing to you. Atlanta should see the performance to complete all their suspicions of the Joel-Heyman combination. Helene

just gazed upon my "Herman dear" and insisted that I let her add the "est" so, after much protesting on my part I let her put it on but I explained above so the shock of being addressed so affectionately would not prove too great a shock to you (ha-ha!)

For the first time in ages I had nothing planned that I had to do to-night. It was wonderful to feel free for an evening. Helene and I had supper and then took a nice walk. A funny thing happened on the way back. A machine with a man and woman in it stopped and beckoned to us. We thought he was just signaling the cars behind him until he kept on and finally called my name. It turned out to be a Mr. Evarts and his wife. Do you remember him? He was a lieutenant at Camp Gordan during the war and is a lawyer in Holyoke, Mass. I am not so crazy about them. They had me over to Holyoke Freshman year but I have n't been there much since. Well, anyway, they asked us to go for a ride so we got in and had a very nice ride. He was asking about all the people he remembered in Atlanta and asked about the girl who used to go to Smith whose father was a lawyer in business with the governor of the state.23 Helene said that girl was her sister-in-law and he said oh, he knew the son too, he was studying law then himself. She explained that she was engaged to the younger brother and Mr. E. said, "Well, if he is anything like his brother I know he is a wonderful fellow. He is certainly a fine boy, the one I know." Helene said I was grinning so that she had to laugh and she has been kidding me about being so tickled over praise of you ever since. It did please me I admit. Then we talked of something else and out of a clear sky Mr. Evarts said, "Well, Jospehine, take my advice and never marry a lawyer." Helene gave me a terrible punch in the ribs as I innocently asked why as if I had no such intentions but since he was giving out advice I'd listen politely. He gave some dumb reasons, chiefly being because he was one and it was therefore a hard life. Most men do think their business is the hardest in the world! Mrs. Evarts, however, said it was not bad to be married to a lawyer and told me not to let that reason interfere. Helene and I were greatly amused at the whole conversation. It seemed so funny that he should give just exactly that kind of advice to just exactly me. Not funny really but you know how that things strike you.

That letter this morning was certainly written under difficulties. Such a day as we spent. We had to eat lunch down there and practise until four o'clock. The play is going terribly and if it does n't improve a great deal to-morrow I fear the worst. I am perfectly miserable in my costume. We (five of us) have to wear horrible masks that don't fit our faces at all. The eyes are about on our foreheads and holes are punched in the cheeks to see out of. They are far out from our eyes and so we can only see as much as those wholes take in. We can't see at all to the left or up and down unless we turn our whole heads that way. It is simply maddening. But the worst is that we have long trains on our dresses and we have to dance several times and the stage is partly crowded so we can't tell where we're going nor whom we're bumping in to or anything. I got so dizzy several times to-day that I thought I'd faint. It is the most helpless feeling to be half blind. As one of the girls said, Now I know how a horse feels with blinders on his eyes, poor animal.

This is certainly a long letter to-night, is n't it? I wanted to write to Dody to-night too. She sent me a darling handkerchief and I want to thank her for it. Also I have to write to the Gershon gang. Is n't it terrible that I have not written before?

I did not know you were going to the Falcon picnic. I'll write as much as I can anyway but the folks will be here to-morrow and I may be too rushed to write every day. However I'll try my best. If I don't that is the reason. This letter is equal to two however. I ought to mail one folder to-day and one to-morrow. I hope you go to the picnic and have a wonderful time. Don't fall for any of those cute southern beauties but otherwise enjoy yourself a lot. Give my love to Marion Frank Loeb and Dot Merz Loburan and anyone else who may ask for me or that you might think I would like to extend love to.

Good-night, dear.

Much love,

Jo.

[ca. June 14, 1923]

Wednesday night.

Pete ——

I did not get a letter from you to-night. I don't know whether to be angry at your neglect or worried for fear that you a not well. Anyway, I don't feel so very pleasant about the whole business. At first I thought Helene had hidden your letter to tease me but she finally convinced me that there was no letter to hide. The funny part is that I was just giving her a lecture to-day about being so silly if the regular letter did not come. I said she reminded me of Dot - both go crazy and get perfeclty miserable if one day the letter does not come. Now, I would just say "Must be some trouble with the mails. I'll get two to-morrow. Perfectly sensible." Well, now that it has actually happened to me I can't say that I am quite as unconcerned as I boasted I would be. But I am taking refuge in the mails but if I don't hear to-morrow morning I don't know what I will do.

This has been a "large" day. We rehearsed until four and came home to meet the family. They are all fine. We went to the last step sing after supper and that was a very sad and sentimental occasion. I felt like weeping several times but restrained myself. It was really a beautiful sing. After that I sent my family to bed while I came home and put on evening dress to go to a garden party that is given for the Senior Class each year by Mr. McCallum, our wealthy trustee. He is the McCallums stocking man, if that means anything to a man who happens not to wear stockings. It was lovely there. His home is simply ideal and his garden is just like dream land. One of the faculty, Miss Holden, told me that I ought to make Mr. Kimball, [eng crossed out] government prof. tell me what he said he wanted to do everytime he looked at me. I had a time chasing Mr. Kimball and after I found him he laughed and refused to tell. I kidded him and begged until Helene was quite overcome at my getting so flip with a faculty but all to no avail. I am honestly worried -- If it had been anything nice he would have told me. I am just furious and simply consumed with curiosity. It's nearly one A.M. Good-night dear. Love, Jo.

even tho I did not hear today!

[ca. June 15, 1923]

Thursday night --

Herman, dear,

The first performance of the play is over and it was a great success. The prima dona (me, in case you are in doubt) is very tired now after the strain of the first night performance and so cannot write a long letter to her best beau to-night. Actresses ought to have secretaries anyway to do their correspondence for them. Helene is packing and this room is one mess. She is so happy to leave me that it is not exactly flattering. When these girls fall in love they are in a bad way and as far as the rest of the world, it could vanish into air for all the difference it would make to them. It is nearly 12:30 now and I'm tired.

Here's a secret. Keep it fairly dark tho it is not vitally necessary to be concealed. Another girl and I got a drag with Press Board and so we saw the list of the laude staff that is not to be announced until Commencement Day. I got cum laude which was not such a great achievement and I can't say I am particularly proud of it but I guess it's better than nothing. There were only 16 magna cum laudes and Rose Eichberg was one of the 16. I guess it was a big blow to B.F. and Trumpie to know that their young prodigy is not among the 16 best in the class but I know it does not mean so much as I know well how little Phi Beta means to me now. I'm just sorry on the family's account but they'll get over it in time I suppose.

Bits came up and got your letter for me to-night and brought it around to the dressing room to me. I was so glad to get it. You sleepy-head! I bet you prefer a god nap to me any day. Do you go to sleep right after supper every night? If you do and intend to continue to do so - - - - - Well I'll forgive you this time as I have been sleepy myself and I

know the great effort it is to write instead of falling into sweet slumbers. I'm in that state now so here's where I succomb to the temptation. Good-night.

Love, Jo.

[ca. June 16, 1923]

Early Saturday morning.

not re-read.

My dear Pete --

Last night I started a letter to you at the theatre but there was so much excitement that I could not continue it. Then when we got home Amherst came over and serenaded until the watchman ran them away and by that time it was after twelve and I was too tired to think even enough to write a letter. At present I am scratching off a line before chapel. If you could see the looks of my room I'm sure you would tell me to stop writing and fix it up. I dragged all my junk out of the attic to pack and have been so busy with meetings and practices that I have not had a minute to touch a thing. And to-day looks as if it will be as crazy and rushed as yesterday. We have "last chapel" from 9 to 10. Quite an event since it is our last in college. We wear our caps and gowns for the first time. Then I have to go to the station to get a berth for Uncle Will, to the theatre to get a ring I left there last night and to College Hall to beg for another ticket to Commencement. Then at 2 we have practise for Ivy Day, at 3 the Bekofzers come and at 6 I have to be at the theatre - how, when shall I get the messy room in order?

All my freshman year letters are strewn about every where. Letters from Zack, Ily and Stanley Elkan - and Marc - oh, those letters from Marc. I read three of them over last night. Say, he could teach you a few things as to writing masterpiece love letters! I don't know what to do with them all. Guess I'll hang on to them for old times' sake tho they do take up a lot of room.

Time to cap and gown myself now. so good-bye --

Much love,

Jo.

[ca. June 18, 1923]

Sunday night.

not re-read [written on the diagonal across left corner]

Dearest -

Please forgive me for not writing one day. Honestly I tried to but you can't imagine this life. To manage two uncles and three aunts as well as a mother and father is some job. I am worn out from the strain, too worn out to write you in detail of all we have been doing since last I sat down to write to my Pete. Just believe me when I say it has been one wild rush.

Last night we had a banquet on the stage after the last performance. It was lots of fun. The play has been fun all in all in spite of many wearisome rehearsals.

This morning was Bacculaureate Sermon and I enjoyed it very much. Pres. Neilson talked to us and said a lot of true things that I believe every Senior there will always remember. I adore Commencement things. I love Smith more every day. At the last Chapel Saturday morning I [was] just miserable at the thought of leaving. I don't believe there was a girl who was not weeping when we sang Alma Mater.

We motored to Greenfield this noon for lunch and for supper to-night eight of us and all our families went up Mt. Tom for supper. There were 45 of us all together and it was some job introducing all to all. We had a nice time. The scenery up there is lovely. But Auntie was sick and Nonie thought the altitude too high for Noonie. Otherwise all went well!

To-morrow I get up at 7 A.M. and rush from one thing to another all day long.

Herman, I don't know what I have been writing. Amherst is serenading outside, Nan is talking to me and I am too tired to have right good sense. It won't be long now, dear, before we are together again. I expect to arrive home Saturday afternoon and I'll see you some time that day if you so desire. There may be some party for Sylvia or something of the kind that evening but if there is n't we'll have a date and if there is maybe we can be together before that -- After Easter vacation experience I do not dare suggest your meeting us (Auntie is coming home with me). How about coming over for supper?

Good-night now. I'll try to write to-morrow but if I don't it won't be because I am not thinking of you, darling, but because I am rushed beyond anything imaginable.

Good-night.

Love, Jo.

[ca. June 19, 1923]

Tuesday.
En route to Cranford

Dearest --

If we did not ride on trains I fear I'd never have time to write you. And now we are shaking more than usual and writing is most difficult We are on the way to see the Tripps where we spend the night. My plans for to-morrow are uncertain as I may run over to see Rose and I may not but this much I do know, I am going to a show with Lil to-morrow night and Louise has engaged a room for me at the Langdon for $5 a day. I spoke to them both this morning and that much is all settled. I either return to N.Y. to-morrow morning or afternoon.

We really hated to leave Hamp. We felt so at home there and met a bunch of girls we had never known well at college and we had a grand time together. I believe you prophesied such would happen, Honey. One of the girls had a car and took us every where. That is how we got out to Sweetheart Teahome. It was a lovely ride. She [the girl with the car] wanted us to drive down to N.Y. with her this morning but we preferred the train on account of making time. A long motor trip is more tiring I think. It was a good decision on our part as it is raining to-day and her car is open.

Our class was certainly a mess at Aonnigne[?], small and with no cute songs. But we enjoyed being there individually. We decided for our tenth [reunion] to run things ourselves and have a good class!

Marion Long is getting on our train at the next station so I'll have to stop now. Will finish later.

[pen now:]

In Cranford

Well, we are all assembled. We rode to New Brunswick to get Nan and her baby and are now waiting for Bab and Kitty. I want to get this letter off right away so must close.

Hope you enjoy Commencement and that Joseph reflects great glory on himself and his family.

I'm getting mighty homesick for you, darling, also for the little monkey.

Loads of love,
Jo.

[ca. June 20, 1923]

2A.M.
Wed. morning
and we leave here at
6:30 a.m. Guess I'll
stay up all night.

Darling, Pete -

Well, it's all over now. Commencement has been thrilling and I adored it all. Class Supper to-night was wonderful but it was sad too. I'll tell you all about everything when I get home. This has really been one of the eventful, ever-to-be remembered things of my life so I want you to share it with me, dear, even tho you were not here in person. I want to tell you all about it. Some funny things happened too. My family are so darling but they are vastly amusing at times.

Thank you for your special. I was beginning to think you had forgotten to-day was Commencement when it finally came. Helene told me that she was commissioned by you to buy me a present. I hate to allow you to do it but since she insisted and I know it would be ridiculous for me to refuse to tell her what I want as then she would get something any way, I told her I would love a beaded bag. So we are stopping in New York to select one tomorrow. You are a dear to give me a present and I thank you in advance. I'll be able to thank you again after I get the bag.

This will be the last letter I write you as I shall be in Atlanta a few hours after you get this. Oh, no, I made a mistake. You will probably get this Friday and I arrive Saturday at five something in the afternoon. Call me up or come over to see me or meet me or do anything you want to do. I guess you would be best to come in and see me, if you have time, means and inclination! Don't forget about supper.

Good-night, angel child. I can hardly wait for Saturday after noon!

Much love, Jo.

Endnotes

1 Yom Kippur is an annual fall Jewish High Holy Day that is a serious day of repentence for sins. Traditionally in the United States Jews who were members of congregations who did not attend weekly Sabbath services still observed the Jewish High Holy Days by attending services in the evening or during the next day. Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, arrives first in the calendar year, followed ten days later by Yom Kippur. A Jewish college student whose family was a member of a congregation might well have mixed feelings about the tradition of respecting the High Holy Days. These holidays are in September or October when the dominant non-Jewish calendar that governs the world is often full of important secular activities that make it difficult for Jews to be observant.

2 On Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, observant men inside a synagogue traditionally cover their heads, "and on this day they are not supposed to wear leather garments, such as shoes, out of respect for all life. Major changes undertaken by the reformers in the nineteenth century included the establishment of order and decorum in the services. The changes were intended to emulate Protestant services (and thereby be more acceptable to the general society), and were geared toward the sensibilities of an acculturated, middle class clientele. Accustomed to the Reform style, Josephine Joel was reacting against the perceived lack of decorum in the Orthodox congregation, where each individual proceeds with the prayers at his own pace" (Bauman, "Musings" 59).

3 Both friends Alex and Rose are mentioned in her earlier diaries as well as her letters. She kept in touch with many of her childhood friends when she went away to college.

4 According to the October 19, 1921 Smith College Weekly, Vol. Xii, No. 3, the Smith Debating Union met with members of the men's college Dartmouth in a debate for the first time in the history of the College on December 10th.

5 The letterhead on this stationery is

MANGER HOTELS
Navarre Hotel Seventh Ave & 38th St. New York
Telephone FITZ Roy 6463
Rates for Navarre Hotel Rooms $200 & Up with bath $300 & UP
New York, Philadelphia, Chicago
New York

6 B.F. is Benjamin Franklin (Joel), her father.

7 Easter vacation is the dominant non-Jewish calendar that Classical Reform Jews lived by and became comfortable adjusting to and didn't think of on a daily basis.

8 There was a year's break in their correspondence after her January 28, 1922 "rage."

9 It is difficult to know without a clear reference, but Jo is probably being humorous here. Something bad happened to Herman's first Mazie car, and she is waxing about how she doesn't want the same sad fate for herself. Car Mazie II is mentioned in the next letter.

10 Helene left school and married Herman's brother.

11 Ben Hill was an area on the outskirts of Atlanta named after a Confederate officer.

12 Since the colonial era, Jews have joined the Masonic Order for fellowship, acceptance, and business contacts" (Bauman, Musings 59).

13 Although the reference is not clear, this could be a young woman one of Jo's brothers was interested in, causing her mother concern.

14 Pinehurst was the Heyman family home.

15 She might have been intentionally playing with the word heard.

16 She probably meant fun.

17 Today we would say Whether I should make a fuss over the prom.

18 Perhaps Helene was taking Jo's place in the Heyman family as the new family member.

19 Apparently Jo and Herman felt they had to be secretive in their courtship communications.

20 Library.

21 Machine is a car.

22 In her circle the women married young.

23 Herman Heyman's father was a lawyer in business with the governor of the state. Dorah Heyman, the sister of Herman Heyman, used to go to Smith. Herman Heyman, Jo's husband, and his father, Arthur Heyman, practiced law together for thirty years. They are considered to be two important Jewish Georgians who, according to Jo's nephew, Lyons Joel, "for seventy-four years built their reputations in the legal profession...They were dedicated, hardworking, and modest -- and how they could practice law!" Arthur Heyman became a member of Dorsey, Brewster, Howell, and Heyman, possibly the most prestigious law firm in the city. Dorsey eventually became Governor of Georgia and afterwards returned to the firm (Joel 19).

Chapter 4: The Southern Jewish Ladylike Woman

Adulthood for Josephine Joel Heyman included marriage, motherhood, and career. The complexities for a Jewish woman in the South are illustrated during her adulthood, for she had to deal with Southern ladyhood and with Jewish womanhood. In this chapter, the response of Josephine Heyman to the restricted definition of Southern womanhood is analyzed. Marriage, motherhood, and career are described, as well as changes in her religious beliefs.

Early in Southern female adulthood, a belle was supposed to marry and become a lady. She would remain a lady unless she did something beyond the pale (Jones 1527). Josephine Joel Heyman's marriage, motherhood, and career went beyond the pale, but because she was ladylike, she was accepted as a Southern lady. As a wife she was independent rather than dependent on her husband; as a mother she was not devotedly involved in raising her children; in her career she fought for reform rather than sustaining the ideals of the South. Although outwardly ladylike in her public behaviors, in her successful career Josephine Heyman did not accept or follow the Southern norm for women. The Southern ideal prescribed female subordination and docility, with women accepting self-sacrifice, silence, and an ornamental function in society (Jones 1529). Instead, Josephine was independent, determined, self-directed, expressive, and serious about her life and her work. Her role models were other American Jewish and non-Jewish clubwomen and activists who helped shape the future of their country.

Instead of behaving in a docile or subordinate role, she surrounded herself with a large group of Atlantans, both Jewish and non-Jews, who were progressive in their attitudes and had the social skills to be effective in their own and the larger Atlanta community. She never expressed feelings of isolation or aloneness about her daily pioneering. With her lifelong Atlanta Jewish girlfriends Rebecca Mathis Gershon, called Reb, and Hannah Grossman Schulhafer, mentioned repeatedly in her diaries and letters, she forged pioneering paths against racism, poverty, injustice, hatred, and ignorance, and

became a grande dame for her Atlanta Jewish community. Hannah Grossman Shulhafer's daughter said the three friends

> were the female version of The Three Musketeers who were piercing the veil of ignorance and prejudice with their swords. They were congenial and on the same track and reached consensus to accomplish a lot. They had tremendous intellects and the same noble values and were all good at working with people (Whitehill, 1997).

Besides their own feisty and independent nature, these unusual Atlanta women were able to negotiate gender restrictions because they had support from family and friends who approved of their public careers and their personal growth.

Their friendship was similar to relationships between other independent women, like Jane Addams and the Hull-House group, who reinforced each other in times when they "were still the exception and developed a strong sense of responsibility for their mutual well-being. The friendship between them was broken only by death" (Scott, "Making" 120). Jo had daily contact by phone when she did not see Hannah or Reb. When Reb became ill later in life, Jo was patient and did everything she could, even if it meant interrupted nights without sleep. After Reb and Hannah died Jo nurtured friendships with younger women who were involved in the community. She was never isolated because she always worked with others toward her goals.

Hannah Grossman Shulhafer's daughter, Helen Whitehill, explained

> A Southern woman wouldn't get anywhere with what she was doing if she didn't behave in a genteel, modest manner. To be successful work had to be done quietly, and the Three Musketeers always had proper demeanor out front. During tough, difficult meetings they were tactful and diplomatic. They were still ladies -- very socially refined, correct, proper ladies who looked sweet. It was unseemly to raise their voices or curse. Under their veneer of good manners they were really strong and things were moving underneath the surface (1995, 1997).

The currents of Josephine Joel Heyman's adulthood ran between her socially correct ladylike demeanor and her ability to live out her strong ideals and convictions.

When she was eighty-eight she talked about her life after college:

> When I went to college and everybody said, "What're you gonna do," I said, "I'm gonna get married and have children."

> Then after I graduated, I graduated in 1923, and my cousin Helene had become engaged. She went to Smith for two years and then afterward she said she didn't want to go back. She stayed at home and became engaged to Charles Heyman. I was astonished because he was the most popular boy. And to think of him marrying my cousin.
>
> Well, anyway, I graduated in June of 1923 and they married in October of '23 and I was Maid of Honor and Herman was the Best Man. So then he began taking me out and asked me for dates to the Thanksgiving Dance and all (Levy 1989).

In her final diary Jo Joel wrote two entries before her wedding:

Aug. 31, 1924

After great mental debate, I decided not to keep this as a line-a-day -- which is perhaps the safest thing to do. But I love to rave on, even tho is it rather dangerous so the little tiny bit per day would not suffice. My former diaries are raving enough. I would have been humiliated to death if anyone beside[s] myself had seen its pages, but time changes all things and I am no longer ashamed of by-gone love affairs. I prize the diary about those old days more than any possession I have (except my engagement ring maybe) but I no longer blush over the timid "je't'aime" which once I wrote. It all seems so long ago and so unimportant and almost forgotten now, the things which once occupied all my thoughts and sometimes kept [me] awake all night worrying. So if I feel so unconcerned about those former confessions of my heart and soul I guess it will be all right to start a raving diary again especially since I have passed that stage of life and am about ready to marry and settle down.

Yes, all those hectic days of dates and rushes (or the lack of them as the case my be) are over. Sometimes I do so regret that one period of my life is over and done, finished never to be returned to. But usually I am so glad to be safely anchored to my darling little sweetheart and so eager to begin the new life that I have no time for regret[t]ing the approach of age and the slow but sure retreat of youth, my dread since my seventh birthday.

My last diary ended in a frenzy of indecision. I could not be sure that I was in love and if so, with whom. It is strange now to try to realize how I ever would have been in doubt so long. It was just two years ago that Herman proposed for the first time. We have been engaged nine months and are to be married in two weeks. That represents one year and three months of indecision. Of course, I was off at college for about half of that time and Herman was too poor to think of immediate marriage or the time might not have been so long. However, I did vacillate terribly. Now it seems hard to understand!

It's funny how I ever got to be absolutely sure that I loved him. There was no one crisis as there usually is in books. It was not after a long absence or a fear of a total separation. Nothing happened to cause "it." I just gradually got disgusted with my other marital possibilities. I saw Herman shine out above everyone else as far as I was concerned. We slowly got to know each other better and better and we had such nice charming walks and talks and some how [or] other he became dearer and dearer to me and filled a larger and larger place in my world. I had always been repelled by the shock of suddenly plunging into an engagement but this was so slow and gradual that it seemed perfectly natural and right, while at the same time decidedly nice, thrilling and exciting.

So we "got engaged," announced it, planned all sorts of things. I have been trousseauing and planning the wedding and the furnishing of our apartment. Together we have worked over household budgets. Money is one thing that we have very little of. Herman is a "young lawyer" and that in itself spells poverty. We save for the future and must skimp for the present.

Sept. 15 [1924]

I am too tired to write much to-night but as it is [my] very last as a single girl I must at least write my Jo Joel once more, if for the last time.

It is a funny feeling. There are so many varied emotions in me that most of the time I am devoid of all feeling and move as in a trance. I canot realize what is about to happen. I am a very sentimental creature and I have thought of my wedding day from my earliest childhood. Now it is almost here. I adore my darling sweetheart and I am more than happy that we are at last to be married. Still I hate to see part of my life ended so entirely. I hate to leave this home of my parents - I love it and them so. I hate to pass mile stones that lead from youth to age and marriage is certainly a milestone. I have to give up my name and my title of "young girl" to become dignified and a "matron." But of course I would not do otherwise. This is the realization of my childish dreams and of our hopes and plans for many months. I am a peculiar creature that feels sad (a little) in the midst of so great a happiness. In dreams you do not think of the little, tiny things that do not mar but only slightly tinges an occasion with sadness, such as leaving childhood and my old home.

Herman and I love each other. We are real friends and pals as well as sweethearts. I can think of nothing more blissful than a honeymoon with him or just we two and no one to interfere or separate us. I am happpy! Good-night now. To-morrow is my wedding day.

There were several newspaper accounts of the Joel-Heyman wedding. In a newspaper article over fifty years later Mrs. Heyman recounted

> There were twin houses, side by side. In the other one lived my uncle and his family. Wedding guests walked, from the street beneath a canvas up to our house for the ceremony, and then across a platform connected to the relatives' house for refreshments (Cordell 4E).

That same 1987 newspaper account recorded that Josephine Joel's "1924 marriage to attorney Herman Heyman took place at the Colonial home of her parents on 14th Street" (Cordell 4E).

A three columned extensive report of the Joel-Heyman wedding in a contemporary Atlanta newspaper described the social event in great detail.

> ...The ceremony was performed in the living room, before an improvised altar erected in front of the massive fireplace...The vows were plighted beneath an exquisite canopy lined with flowers of all pastel shades and each flower having as its center a tiny electric light. This unusual arrangement shed a rainbow glow over the wedding scene...The bridesmades...carried large ostrich feather fans gracefully, showered with sweetheart roses and swainsona in the Dresden shades, which was an unusual feature of this lovely wedding...The bride's mother...carried an ostrich fan, too, artistically showered with dainty sweetheart roses and lilies...The ostrich fans were gifts from the bride... The bride entered with her father, Mr. B.F. Joel...On either side of her face clusters of orange blossoms were caught, which held the rope of pearls that was across the back of her hair. Sprays of orange blossoms were placed at intervals over her veil...Following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Joel entertained at

> an elaborate wedding reception...The guests were received on the porch, which was enclosed and connected by an improvised bridge to the home of the bride's aunt and uncle. The porches were thickly entwined with smilax in which were imbedded electric lights...Following the reception the bride and groom left for a delightful wedding journey to Colorado Springs ("Miss Josephine Joel Weds Mr. Herman Heyman").

A young Southern Jewish woman of her station was expected to begin her marriage with a traditional bourgeoise wedding. The seeming paradox and contradiction to outsiders of the culture is that some Southern Jewish women who took on external trappings of upper class society actually had a social conscience and did not live stereotypical shallow, leisurely lives.

After the wedding Mrs. Heyman did not follow the patriarchal tradition for Southern wives. The Council of Jewish Women, which was the primary organization that Mrs. Heyman worked through, believed that Jewish women should cooperate with men rather than compete (Rogow 86), and Mrs. Heyman and her friends and their husbands shared this philosophy. Her husband was supportive of her endeavors. In her egalitarian relationship with Herman she could thrive in her volunteer career.

By all accounts the marriage flourished and the couple enjoyed a happy and contented married life. Certainly Jo's two marriage entries in her final diary reflect a good marriage:

> Oct. 14, 1924
>
> Again my birthday eve! But I have very little time to write as it is late and we rise at 7 a.m. now. I am a real housewife!
>
> Usually I become sentimental on my birthdays but there is something so unromantic about 23 that I don't feel inspired. Also, there is nothing to bewail this year. I have noticed that when I am happy I rarely write in my diary but when melancholy I hold forth. There is not much to rave about this year. I almost forgot a birthday was at hand!
>
> Of course, I have had one or two little pangs at thoughts of the passing years of my no longer being a little girl, or even a "young girl" but a matron of the old days that are no more, etc. But I am so happy and so contented that I do not repine for long. My husband is such a darling that I can not think of much besides him, or of any subject long enough to get terribly interested in it. He is the whole thing for me now.
>
> It seems strange to be writing in my own apartment while Herman undresses in the bed-room. It is wonderful to be together all the time. We have such fun and are so congenial. Not being separated is the best part of married life to me. It used to be almost misery to have to say good-night and let him leave me. It is great not to have that any more. It seems very natural to be married. I am [in] fact becoming used to being a married woman and leading the married life.

We had a heavenly honeymoon. Oh, the hours spent just sitting in the sun looking at the lake and mountains and just talking or laughing together. Together - that's the word. Nothing else matters much if you are together. Anything is fun and I am happy if Herman is with me.

Must stop now. I feel quite prayerful and thankful to be so happy this day.

Sept. 23, 1925

It really is to bad to neglect my diary so. Somehow, it has been cut out by my husband. My diary used to be my source of comfort when I wanted to explode. All my thoughts that I could not tell any person I wrote here. Now, however, Herman gets it all. Also, I don't feel as wrought up over things as I used to. I don't know whether it is because the stormiest period of my life is over or because I have become lazy and so contented with my uneventful life that I don't think about things as much as I used to. Anyway I've about decided to turn this into a line-a-day kind.

We have been married over a year now and it has been heavenly. Of course, I have had bits of unhappiness and lots of things to worry over but somehow when Herman comes home at night and we talk and kiss everything else sinks into the background and I am happy. Oh, I could sing a song on married life.

To-night Herman isn't feeling well and has gone to sleep. I feel rather lonesome and a little worried tho I feel sure a good nights' rest will make him all right to-morrow. He is so sweet and darling.

As the above diary entries indicate, the Heyman's relationship was marked by personal confidences and open expression of affection. Besides their own compatibility, the couple's marital happiness was enhanced by the approval of all family and friends.

Josephine Heyman said she was going to get married and have children after college, and that is exactly what she did. Although she questioned the institution of marriage in her Smith College letters to her fiancé, and even mentioned how she would want to be financially independent if she was not married as an adult in her adolescent diaries, there is no evidence that she ever questioned the institution of motherhood. Although she continued to develop throughout her successful career as a student -- debating, questioning, doubting, challenging -- she never openly questioned motherhood.

She had graduated in June 1923 and married the next September 1924. Her son, Arthur II, was born in 1926 and her daughter, Elinor, in 1930. Occupied with her life as an activist and wife, Josephine Heyman did not spend time with her children. As adults, both her son and her daughter said that they were raised by the domestic help because their mother was too busy to mother them, and they felt neglected by her. Once they were grown, her children still resented that she did not spend more time with them, which was a

source of family conflict. Mrs. Heyman did spend time later in life with her five grandchildren.

Personal preference determined the extent to which women personally guided their children's development or allowed their servants to rear their children (Campbell 93). Although women commonly minimized nondomestic participation during childbearing years and while their children were young (Wenger 78), Josephine Heyman did not. Instead she was one of the women who had the approval of her husband to substitute reform work for household duties and childcare (Wenger 78).

Although childrearing decisions are matters for individual families, the Southern-Jewish woman's situation in the first half of the twentieth century sheds light on why Josephine might have borne children even though she was too busy to spend time with them. First, the society of her day held the belief that woman's prime function was that of devoted wife and mother. The acceptance of the quintessentially female role of motherhood was embedded in her environment, and it is difficult to imagine a woman in the Atlanta Southern-Jewish community consciously considering options such as delaying or skipping motherhood. Even the National Council of Jewish Women, the Jewish woman's organization that opened new paths for Jewish females in the late nineteenth century, believed in "the primacy of motherhood as woman's divinely assigned role" (Rogow 6). It was not until decades later that the culture discussed family issues for women with nontraditional gender roles.

Although Mrs. Heyman lived in a time of social change when progressive women increased the sense of their own value and their potential contribution to society at large, the social structure of the community around her and the image and role of woman as mother did not change. Although Jo was offered alternative possibilities and positive identities from other organizational, career, and public women, there is no known evidence that she was offered the alternative possibility or the positive identity for being childless.

Feminist scholars believe that religion has been "the single most important shaper and enforcer of the image and role of woman in culture and society" (Ruether 9). The most important Jewish sources of the Hebrew Bible and the Talmud, or "the teachings," the core of Jewish practices, believed that in the role of mother the woman was equal to the man. The ancient texts placed the highest possible value upon the woman's role as mother, and her essential function in the society was the reproductive function. How she performed her roles and tasks affected the welfare of her family and society as well as the status of her husband. In Biblical society, where roles and occupations were primarily sexually determined, the woman was rewarded for motherhood by honor and protected in it by law and custom. The social facts of life were that a woman's primary concern was with husband and children, and she was instructed to give familial obligations priority. (Bird 55-56, Hauptman 184-5, 200). This traditional role of motherhood has never been re-examined in Judaism.

Josephine Joel Heyman described motherhood in her fourth diary in the last two entries written after the birth of her first baby. Here she enthusiastically wrote amusing anecdotes about her son, and she appeared to like the idea of being a mother.

Feb. 22, 1927

From now on this diary is no longer about Josephine Joel Heyman but about her son, Arthur Heyman II who was born on December 31, 1926. He is such an important personage in his family and such an absolute monarch that his daddy says his signature must be Arthur II, Rex. And there are so many things about a baby that are precious but forgetable that I want to write them down. His baby book is far too skimpy!

Well, this remarkable baby was born at the Piedmont Sanitarium at 11:26 A.M. amid great rejoicing. His grandmother Trumpie made the first discovery of his greatness. She was watching him receive his first ablutions and noted with amazement that he looked around with bright eyes at the assembled company. She thought it showed signs of genius and asked the doctor if he had ever before seen a baby look around as brightly when he was not an hour old. She felt a little squelched when he answered her, "Yes, they usually do"!

In spite of his claims to kingship young Arthur received a very cold reception into this world on the part of his mother. The first sight she had of him was so discouraging that she thought she never wanted to see that little flat-nosed, chinless thing again. However, two hours later she begged for another peep at him and she was amazed at the great improvement. He had dimples and a real chin ("Just like his Daddy's" she thought!) and she and his dad declared they had never seen such an improvement in two hours time. Then what a blow it was to discover when examining the little identification beads around the baby's neck that instead of HEYMAN they spelled MAYO. The nurse had brought in a little girl baby born just a half hour after Arthur! Arthur himself appeared a few minutes

later and showed a marked tho less miraculous improvement. His parents decided that beauty was only skin deep and soon forgot the pretty little girl.

Arthur was born on New Year's Eve morning so will have a good reason to celebrate each December thirty-first. New Year's Eve had always been a very sentimental time for his mother in her girlhood days. She loved the occasion and delighted in the feeling of sadness and gladness combined that it always gave her. In her early diaries thre is usually a comment on the passing year and speculations on the year to come. Had she dreamed in those earlier days that on a future New Year's Eve she would hear the whistles and bells from a hospital room with her own little son in the nursery there -- how happy she would have been. And indeed tho she did no celebrating with noise-makers and wine it was certainly the happiest night she ever spent.

March 13. [1927]

Arthur is now nearly two and a half months old and weighs 12 pounds 6 ounces. He did not gain at all for three weeks and cried most of the time. Everyone said he was spoiled and cried for petting. He did stop crying when picked up. So in order to train him his parents were very stoical and let him cry. But the night before the nurse left he cried almost all night [long] and the next day Dr. McAliley was called in. He had Arthur weighed before and after nursing and discovered that the poor little thing was getting one ounce when he needed a minimum of three. It was a sad thing for his mother to learn that she could not provide adequately for her little boy and it hurt her to think how he had cried all those days because he was hungry. For three weeks then she nursed him weighing him before and after each feeding and filling out the deficit with dryeo[dryco?]. The first week he gained 4 1/2 ounces, the second 7, the third only 4. Then the doctor made a big change. He gave the baby a formula -- 16 oz. certified cow's milk, 60 drops lactic acid, 10 oz. water with 3 tablespoons of karo syrup dissolved in it. A horrible mess to look at and smell. But it tastes mighty good to Arthur. He continues to go thru the form of nursing and then gets a bottle --3 1/2 oz. each time (seven times daily). The result was almost unbelievable. He changed in one month from a half-starved, puny little thing into a fairly respectable baby. The first week he gain[ed] 1 1/4 pounds, the second 3/4 pounds (12 oz.), the third 13 1/2 oz. and the fourth 9 1/2oz. which brings him up to to-day. He is really plump now and weighs the maximum required for his age and weight at birth. Wonderful doctor and delicious nasty milk!

Arthur really smiled when he was six weeks old. Prior to that time he had formed his mouth into a smiling position but it was not a real intelligent smile. He is so adorable now when he grins and he does it more and more each day. One or two people say he has "cooed" but his mother doesn't say he has. She did hear him make some kind of noise one day and smile at the same time but that it was a laugh or a coo is most doubtful. He has followed objects with his eyes since he was very little and has noticed lights since he was a few days old and he does very little more than that now. He does not turn his head to locate a noise tho he will follow one that he is already looking at.

Arthur's nights have been remarkable. Even when he was starved out he was not so bad at night. That one "crisis" night was terrible and he has cried for almost an hour or two or three other nights but otherwise he has been fine. He has been waking up regularly at 2 or 3 A.M. for feeding and while he was under weight we wanted him to get that each time. Three days ago the doctor said he could be [trained] and his parents rejoiced at the thought of a night of rest once more even while they dreaded the experience of changing the boy's habits. He was an angel. He fretted a little from three o'clock off and on until five but did not cry until then and with the aid of a little water he went to six o'clock without a great deal of noise. The next night he did not cry at all tho he fretted slightly at intervals and receivd his food at 6 A.M. The next night the same thing happened and here's hoping for a similar experience to-night.

But during the day he is not a very good little boy. He loves attention and often does not sleep for six hours at a time and he cries a good bit of that wakeful period. All he

wants is to be talked to or picked up or rolled in his carriage and he [behaves] most peaceful and smiling. As his yell increases in volume our determination to let him "cry it out" decreases. It is so hard not [to] spoil him. It is such fun to play with him and so hard to hear him cry. I fear his mother is a poor weakling!

Arthur's Daddy really deserves special comment. He had never touched a little baby before his own was born and at first he was a little afraid of the little bundle in a blanket that was his son. But after about two weeks a wonderful change occured. He picked the baby up, carried him, "changed him," and indeed did everything for him that nature permitted. It is a shame he could not do more as he may have made a better job of it than Arthur's mother did.

Arthur has been out visiting very little. He took his first ride in an ambulance and came from the hospital to his home at the age of twelve days. Next day he paid a visit to his Uncle Mannie who was sick and planned to leave for Florida in a few days. Arthur spends all the sunshiney days in his carriage on the porch. He has made two or three visits to his grandmother Ella and one to Pinehurst to see Grandmother Minna but he does not always behave very well and his rest gets so disturbed that he stays home most of the time. He has made three visits to the doctor too. To-morrow we plan to take him to see his uncle again as he just returned from Florida to-day.

Arthur received loads of lovely presents which I shall record in his baby book. He is always receieving gifts for his penny-bank still. It sits in a very conspicuous place in the living-room and receives donations quit frequently. Also, his Uncle Jake sends him a monthly allowance of five dollars to buy cigars, ciagarettes, etc. he says. He is a good little boy and does not smoke much so the five dollars goes into his bank.

Arthur has always been a strong boy. He is so cute on his stomach. He used to hate the position and would rear his little head up in the air in a remarkabl[e] fashion. In fact when put on his stomach in a large bed he would get up on his hands and throw his head about, let go one hand and then roll over on his back! His grandmother Heyman one day insisted that he sleep on his stomach and made him go to sleep that way. Now he loves it and will often stop crying and go to sleep when turned over. Often however he yells worse then -- or it sounds worse as he buries his head in the bed as if he is strangling.

Although she appeared to enjoy expressing the full range of her emotions and conflicts in these two entries about the baby, Jo quit writing her motherhood diary. Perhaps it was too difficult to continue to honestly delve into the realitites of motherhood.

She ignored the notion that mothering one's own children was the proper work for women and lived her life according to what she preferred and enjoyed, which was as a volunteer career woman. In her young adult days there was no apparent struggle for autonomy or opposition to her choices. In the larger family and within her circle of friends, differences of opinion were respected and expected. There is no sign that the still prevailing norm of separate and distinct spheres for men and women haunted her successful career and marriage (Campbell 19). She sensed capabilities within herself and desired to develop them, not only as a student but after college in the world, and did not allow motherhood to stop her.

Like many other privileged white women, she combined motherhood with political activism by hiring domestic help. Both black and immigrant household help were common in the United States (Campbell 8). Although on the one hand privileged white women were operating within a racially and economically unequal system, some were also fighting to change the system.

Jo fought to change the system at a time that Jews took on new American roles. The American separation between church and state was a fundamental belief that affected the thinking of intellectual American Jews such as Josephine Joel Heyman. Mrs. Heyman said

> You see it was complete separation of church and state. Which I still think is right. I think so many crimes have been committed in the name of religion, like the, uh, what were the horrible things in Spain? The Inquisition. And of course in Salem, Massachusetts, burning people as witches. So much evil has been committed in the name of religion that it's doubtful whether it's done more good than harm (Levy interview 1989).

Because of the separation between church and state, voluntary affiliation became an American Jewish phenomenon. In the United States, Jews developed a variety of alternatives to the traditional Jewish communal life in Europe (Elwell 34).

In the new country, synagogue membership was not the sole expession of Jewish belonging. It was common for both male and female Reform Jews to participate in Jewish organizations founded for social, educational, and philanthropic ends. In a country that clearly differentiated between church and state, organizational and institutional affiliations beyond the synagogue were common (Elwell 26). As Mrs. Heyman put it

> I tell you the truth. I have not done very much in religion. Actually my mother took very little activity in the community. My family was Council of Jewish Women. I had complete faith as a child. But I lost it along the way. But I'm very Jewish in the sense of being interested in Jewish causes, and I was very active in the refugee and resettlement in the Hitler days (Levy interview 1989).

Many Jewish men and women engaged in both Jewish and non-Jewish affiliations in the community. Like other gifted, capable, and dedicated Jewish women, Josephine became a trusted, non-paid leader in the Jewish and non-Jewish community because of her

earnest volunteer service work. Roles for non-paid, dedicated service work originated with such nineteenth century organizational Jewish women leaders as Hannah Solomon, a leader of the National Council of Jewish Women.

Although the role of the organizational Jewish woman explains much about Josephine Joel Heyman's career choices, her dedication was affected by another American Jewish response. Her strong sense of purpose can be understood as part of an American Jewish response of her era (Moore 15) to the American dream. Her zeal for social reform and social justice can be understood as part of the same thing.

Many American Jews of Josephine Heyman's era adapted middle class American values and bourgeois manners (Moore 16). They lived in middle-class affluence (Moore 87). No matter how middle-class these Jews might have been, they were still aware of being a minority in exile (Moore 61). By the time Josephine had graduated college, she and her community had endured nonviolent antisemitism through exclusions from Atlanta non-Jewish society, violent antisemitism during the Leo Frank lynching, and the rise of the KKK. As one of few Jews at Smith, Josephine Joel further developed the consciousness of being a minority. Also American born Atlanta Jews were conscious of the huge numbers of Jewish immigrants that settled in Atlanta, and that their own ancestors were immigrants. Finally, Jews were aware of the racism of the South. Some Jews identified with the victimization of blacks. For instance, when, during the Hitler Era, Council helped Americanize Jewish immigrants, Josephine worked with Hitler refugees who could not understand how the black people were treated in Atlanta; they said "That's the way Hitler treated the Jews" (Josephine Heyman interview Bauman 1989, 68).

Despite their awareness of being a minority in exile, Josephine Heyman and aware middle class Jews had a sense of security. Like many American Jews, her primary ties of family and friends were with other Jews. Close relationships with other Jews gave her a strong feeling of social consciousness and a sense of security. These American Jews were

no longer merely surviving. They could become helpers (Moore 61, 65, 67). Out of their middle-class affluence they fashioned a new kind of Jewish life (Moore 87).

To the middle-class affluent Jews of Josephine's type, American democracy appeared to be the real religion of America, and she embraced the new faith. Their common ideological outlook was social reformism, supported by the Jewish belief in social justice (Moore 201). Many of these Jews had lost their faith that there was a God, but they did not want to give up messianism. If God could not deliver the world, reform could. Political liberalism became their American civil religion. Liberalism was their potential for salvation (Moore 228).

Perhaps there is no greater illustration of Josephine Heyman's zeal for social justice than her committment to racial justice. She was a pioneering white liberal in the racist South. Along with her close friends, Reb and Hannah, she was one of three members of her synagogue who was an early leader of liberal thought on the race question (Greene 175). Progressive in her Black-Jewish and Civil Rights work, she took her place in the ranks of an indigenous Southern racial liberalism (Hall 106). Many sought to ignore "the negro question" (Hall 21); Josephine Joel Heyman did not.

She was a member of the local Georgia branch of the first region-wide interracial organization, the Commission for Interracial Cooperation. This Commission was the earliest group to encourage and coordinate racial liberalism in the South (Hall 104).

This early group began in 1920, and it was a long time coming. Tracing the history of the Commission for Interracial Cooperation helps give an understanding of what the world was like during the earlier phase of Josephine Joel Heyman's adulthood.

After the Booker T. Washington era of accommodation came to an end and the NAACP was founded in 1910, the shocked white Southern state governments acted to repress local NAACP chapters. "In 1919 the United States emerged from a war to make the world safe for democracy into a period of race riots, terror, and lynching" (Hall 60). Most white Southerners believed that "the prewar status quo in which racial hierarchy had

been thoroughly established in law, politics, economics, and folkways" should be reasserted (Hall 61).

Although most white Southerners reacted to the breakdown of law and order by insisting the Negro remember his place (Hall 61), a small group of white male moderates sought to bring both races together to accommodate black grievances. The small group of white male moderates created the Commission on Interracial Cooperation in early 1920, which gained support of the Jewish Julius Rosenwald Foundation concerned with black welfare (Hall 62). The small group of white male moderates established a region-wide interracial organization that advocated equal educational opportunities, justice in the courts, and an end to mob violence (Hall 63).

By the summer of 1920 twenty-two black men met with the Commission on Interracial Cooperation. The admission of black men helped black leaders overcome distrust of the new organization. However, it was not until October that a woman's committee met. Incorporating women into the Commission on Interracial Cooperation was difficult because the white men could not bring white women and black men together because of racist taboos and sexual fears (Hall 64-65). The men couldn't discuss lynching with white women present because lynching was supposed to be caused by black men's sexual attacks on white women, and delicacy would forbid open discussion. Some of the men believed that women were too conservative to work for interracial reform; others believed women were too fanatical to work for it (Hall 65). Because men and women were divided into separate cultures, the white men did not know that white women's groups and black women's groups had been separately meeting and working for decades on social problems, and that they would welcome the opportunity to work for this reform (Hall 90). A Committee on Woman's Work was formed, and the women's interracial movement had begun (Hall 94-95).

The Commission on Interracial Cooperation grew into the major interracial reform organization in the South (Hall 62), and Josephine Joel Heyman became a member.

Middle-class whites who joined the Commission on Interracial Cooperation recognized they could work with the new black bourgeoisie on racial problems (Hall 62-63). Methodist leaders dominated the organization, and Methodist missionary societies were the major channels for local interracial activities (Hall 102). "The Woman's Committee, like the Interracial Commision in general, ... signified the beginnings of regional self-criticism and rendered interracial work respectable in the South" (Hall 104).

The women's work addressed lynching, a systematic weapon of terror against blacks as early as the 1860s (Hall 131). Collective violence in support of white supremacy was embedded in southern political culture by the 1870s (Hall 131). In the 1880s and 90s lynching reached its height as the South faced declines in agricultural prices and recession, and white Populists allied with blacks. Mob violence served as a warning to blacks of the dangers of political assertiveness (Hall 132). In 1892 two hundred and fifty-five person were killed by lynch mobs (Hall 132). As the economic and racial tensions of the competitive industrial age replaced the old agrarian life, lynchings became increasingly sadistic (Hall 133). An average of 188 lynchings a year took place during the last two decades of the 19th century (Hall 133).

White women found that lynching had profound implications for them as well as for the black community. The basis of the lynch-law began in the 19th century when white Americans divided the world into "civilization" and "savagery." The men in the white "civilized" world separated themselves from nature and built a culture of work, instinctual repression, and acquisitive behavior. Social order was based on negating "savagery" and sexual passion. White women were set apart as asexual guardians of morality. Sexual strivings were rejected, feared, and projected onto others. From a combination of negating sexual passion, equating blacks to the role of the savage, and setting white women apart, the image that dramatically symbolized the most terrible Victorian fantasies and fears was the rape of a white woman by a black man (Hall 147-148).

The widespread fears of rape meant that the Southern white lady needed protection by the Southern white gentlemen, and such protection was granted because the white Southern lady obeyed patriarchy. Ladyhood denoted chastity, frailty, and graciousness. Through ladylike behavior, Southern white women tapped into the reservoir of protectiveness and shelter known as southern chivalry (Hall 151-2). Southern white women were believed to preserve the integrity of their race, and were a potent symbol of white male supremacy. If a woman abandoned her place on the pedestal, she abandoned protection (Hall 153-5).

Although during the first decade of the twentieth century annual lynchings decreased by half, from 1905 to World War I "the average number of lynchings never fell below two or three a week" (Hall 133). After World War I, except for 1919, mob violence dropped steadily until 1930 (Hall 133), but the psychological impact of mob violence remained through the popularity of yellow journalism, the development of photography, and the expansion of communications (Hall 136).

In 1929 Jessie Daniel Ames moved from her homestate Texas to Atlanta as Director of Woman's Work for the Commission on Interracial Cooperation (Hall 123). Ames had a remarkable record for reformist work, but Atlanta male leaders opposed her appointment because she did not conform to the normative demands of ladyhood. As an assertive, outspoken, unsentimental, take charge person, she was hardly the gracious, gentle, and genteel hostess (Hall 124-125). Although Ames tried to eliminate the division on the basis of sex in the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, men's and women's work were kept officially separated (Hall 125-6). Interracial activities in local church groups increased with Ames' leadership (Hall 127).

In 1930 racial violence increased in the South. Twenty men died in lynchings after a decade of steady decline. Ames launched a women's campaign against lynching, the Association of Southern Women for the Prevention of Lynching (Hall 127, 130). Josephine Joel Heyman and her close friends Hannah Grossman Shulhafer and Rebecca

Mathis Gershon joined the Association. They wanted socially sanctioned mob violence to disappear from Southern society (Hall 136).

When she was in her eighties Mrs. Heyman spoke about her volunteer racial justice career:

> It happened that so often women would get together representing Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, and so often I was the Jewish woman that was representing the Jewish group. It was a horrible situation. Lychings were not unusual. I'm talking about the whole South. There were as many as eight to ten lynchings of Black people a year. Mrs. Dorothy Tilly, a Methodist woman, said the men lynched Black people to protect Southern Womanhood. She had the idea for us to have the Association of Southern Womanhood for Prevention of Lynching and let them know we didn't want to be protected. They would go back to Mississippi and Arkansas and Louisiana and church women would go to court when a Black man had a trial to be sure he had a fair trial, then go to the sheriff and see that he protected his prisoner. So often they (the lynch mob) would storm the jail and take the prisoner from the jail. I think they (the church women) did a wonderful job. They were very courageous women...There wasn't as much lynching in Atlanta as the rest of the South...You wouldn't know the lynching in those days. When we got down to two lynchings a year, it was considered wonderful. Thank goodness there's nothing of that sort now (Achievement interview, Bauman interview 80)

Mrs. Heyman "displayed ladylike demeanor and ... deferred to tradition" (Brandon 1560) through her appearance and speech. Behind Mrs. Heyman's genteel public persona was a woman who participated in anti-lynching crusades and analyzed the historical and social roots of racial violence (Hall 145). The white woman's anti-lynching campaign was based on the association between lynching and sex roles, between racial violence and sexual attitudes (Hall 145, 159). The Association "united 40,000 church women to confront the issues of race, lynching, and interracial sex...The Association of Southern Women for the Prevention of Lynching is the most distinctive women's voluntary association in southern history" (Swain 1536).

Lynch-law was supposed to be the white woman's guarantee against rape by black men. The often-mentioned justification for lynching was to rid society of black men who violated white women (Hair 175). "Rape...was of prime importance in justifying the concept of vigilante action. Whenever lynching was discussed, rape became the central theme. Whites who objected to lynching ran the risk of being accused of sympathy for

black rapists" (175 Hair). Myths of black savagery and white Southern women's vulnerability, fragility, and helplessness rationalized lynching (Hall 153). However, the tenacious Southern rape complex was never founded on reality, and simple statistical facts based on research formed the cornerstone of the anti-lynching campaign. The main purpose of the Association of Southern Women Against Lynching was "to hammer home the argument that black men did not provoke lynching by raping white women" (Hall 163). To convince the public, the women in the Association spread compelling information. For instance, one simple statistic that formed "the cornerstone of the anti-lynching campaign"....was that "only 29 percent of the victims were even accused of crimes against white women" (Hall 163).

The women of the Association resolved not to remain silent in the face of lynching done in their name. They put themselves on record as being opposed to lynching in every form and under all circumstances through statements to the press and telegrams to Southern governors (Hall 164). They were well received because the social and political climate had been prepared by years of black struggle against lynching, including black women's analysis of the relationship between racial violence and sexual exploitation (Hall 165). "Years of black-led publicity and agitation had...made inroads on the consciousness of the nation" (Hall 166). Black women had emphasized for years that lynching was carried on for the protection of white women and that it would be stopped only when Southern white women stopped it (Hall 167). The Association of Southern Women for the Prevention of Lynching accepted the responsibility. By constructing a region-wide women's group that took concrete steps to prevent mob violence, the Association rebelled against patriarchy (167 Hall).

A woman who had the chutzpah and the courage to rebel against patriarchy and white supremacy by participating in an anti-lynching crusade was capable of many things. Early in the 1940s Josephine Joel Heyman had dinner in a black restaurant near Atlanta University, one of Atlanta's five black private universities, and then went to a black

concert. The only white people there were Heyman, Gershon, Shulhafter, and friend Miriam Freedman (Green 177). Miriam Freedman explained:

> We went to hear Marian Anderson with the beautiful contralto voice. We were the only whites at the concert. We were not uncomfortable. We were interested in the magnificent music. We did that to experience black culture in Atlanta. We were making a statement." (Miriam Freedman interview Green 177)

Son-in-law Charles Wittenstein explained:

> Josephine Joel Heyman was having interacial experiences before people talked about it. Within the family we talked about it. She thought interracial experiences were a good idea. She didn't shy away; she went to places with African- Americans that weren't generally integrated. She talked about it some. It was very clearly an appropriate thing to do (Levy Interview).

To better understand Mrs. Heyman, I asked her daughter, Elinor Heyman Wittenstein, about her being one of a handful of white people socializing with a large number of black people in the 1940s. Elinor replied, "I don't think anything made her nervous" (Levy interview).

In 1946 Rabbi Jacob Rothschild replaced Dr. Marx as the chief rabbi of The Temple. Rabbi Rothschild was outspoken in his defense of human rights for African-Americans (Rothschild 108), and was welcomed by Josephine and her family and friends. These few congregants of The Temple had been on their own, and they felt joy and relief at the support of their new rabbi. As Melissa Faye Greene, the celebrated author of the acclaimed The Temple Bombing, explained, "Three Temple members had been leaders of liberal thought on the race question in Georgia well before Rothschild's arrival: Josephine Heyman, Hannah Shulhafer, and Reb Gershon" (175).

The new rabbi changed things. He convinced the congregation, and preached throughout Atlanta and the South, that white people needed to help in the fight for Black Civil Rights. Despite the difficulties that the Jews faced in Atlanta because of their precarious minority status, Rabbi Rothschild was able to lead many of the congregants to make an effort to help implement the Supreme Court decision on school integration in 1954

(Rothschild 108). During this era of active civil rights struggles the "three musketeers" continued to be involved in organizations promoting racial desegregation.

Charles Wittenstein explained her situation.

> In the South in the 50s-60s there was no such thing as interacial contact that was unconscious or casual. If you went to lunch with people of another race you were very conscious that that was exactly what you were doing. You couldn't say, "Oh well, there were some blacks in the group." Race was the overiding issue of society of the time, a controversial issue. You were always conscious and aware of what you were doing. She felt like she was adding another little brick, making another small contribution toward integration. Not only doing it, but being seen to do it.
>
> Within the Jewish community were all types of people. Some who agreed, some who were scared, some who disagreed, some who couldn't do it but wished they could and admired her. When she went to a synagogue or a luncheon she might say something she did. None of it was a secret. She wasn't embarrassed by it. It wasn't a secret. She was proud of what she did. She was comfortable with blacks who were her peers, I'm not just talking about servants. She and Hannah and Reb had friends at the Atlanta University Complex [six black institutions of higher learning], and her good friend was Grace Hamilton, especially Reb's friend. Now Grace was the Director of the Atlanta Urban League for many years, and she became the first black woman elected to the Georgia Legislature (Levy Interview).

It wasn't easy for anybody. In October 1958 the Temple was bombed by white supremacists because of Rabbi Jacob Rothschild's outspoken support for the Civil Rights movement. Unlike the Leo Frank lynching, the Atlanta community reacted with indignation and concern for the Jews (Rothschild 106-111). The community supported a police investigation, and five men were indicted (Greene 286-287).

Mrs. Heyman attended the trial as an interested bystander; even though the men "we all felt positive .... were the ones that had done it," were never convicted, along with many of the Atlanta Jewish community, Heyman felt "there was a certain amount of .... pleasure or satisfaction to see that the Temple had so many good friends among the Christian community" because of the support from the larger Atlanta community (Leeds interview 24).

Mrs. Heyman not only experienced a change in the relationship between the Jewish and nonJewish communities in Atlanta, she also lived through religious changes within the Temple community. The 1930s and 40s, the growing up years of the Heyman children,

were gloomy years for The Temple congregation. Because elected leaders of the congregation did not attend services, the rabbi held a special meeting and caused a stir by suggesting that leaders set an example by attending services more frequently (Rothschild 65). Arthur Heyman, the son of Josephine and Herman Heyman, told a story about his father being president of The Temple from 1947-1950. Every Friday night during his father's tenure as president his parents went to services and his father sat on the bima (pulpit). The first Friday night after he ended his presidency his mother asked, "Are we going to services tonight." His father answered, "No. Why?" They had completed their civic duty, and there was no further reason to attend services (Arthur Heyman interview). Mr. and Mrs. Heyman shared the same attitude towards religion.

Families did not participate in Jewish home rituals or use Hebrew, and "the observance of Christmas in Jewish homes was widespread" (Rothschild 90). Mrs. Heyman said she and her husband had a Christmas tree for their children. "We had the lights. We'd keep them from year to year. And they would beg us, two weeks in advance, "Let's get the Christmas tree" (Levy interview).

However, when the new rabbi Jacob (Jack) Rothschild came to the Temple in the 1940s, the Heymans, along with several other old Jewish families in the congregation, which included Josephine Heyman's two close, life-long friends Rebecca Mathis Gershon and Hannah Grossman Shulhafer, were instrumental in helping Rabbi Rothschild move the Temple congregation from the old Classical Reform anti-Zionism to a more progressive and timely pro-Israel position.

Josephine Heyman said she was a married woman before she knew "there was anything to Zionism outside the fact that if you believed in Zionism you had to go there" [Israel]. The rabbi of her childhood, Dr. Marx, was so anti-Zionist that she recalled that he used to say, "If they want a place to live, let them go there"(Levy interview). Like many others of her group, she completely changed, and she and her friends felt that the old attitude was harmful (Bauman interview 69).

Because of changes in attitude due to "the death of six million Jews to Nazi persecution and the birth of Israel as a Jewish state," and "especially since the Israeli Wars in 1967 and the Yom Kippur war in 1973," Jewish life in the South radically changed, and was "no longer dominated by a brand of Judaism built on rationalism and ritualistic behavior tailored primarily for acceptance into White Christian society" (Lipson-Walker 132-133).

Although The Temple congregation changed with the new rabbi, who was a good community leader, he did not inspire a major religious or spiritual transformation for Jo. However, she did visit Israel as a result of the new rabbi's teachings. When she was eighty-eight she spoke about visiting Israel:

> I have been to Israel. The saying is, "I wouldn't want to live there." But that was the last trip my husband took with me. Jack Rothschild was the rabbi then, and he organized a small group, and we went to Israel with him. It was a wonderful trip. It was a small group. My husband and I were the oldest ones on the trip. He was kind of moody. He never wanted to travel. He wanted to stay in the United States.

Mrs. Heyman's career did not appear to be affected by her changing attitude toward or her visit to Israel. Her career choices can in part be understood by the occurrence of the new Jewish American roles of organizational women as well as the response to social reform and social justice. However, there were other important aspects to her career.

First of all, upon graduation from college, Josephine Joel Heyman was in demand as a volunteer. As she put it, "In those days, a college graduate from an Eastern school was rare. And all the organizations tried to grab me. 'Come and be president of this and be secretary of that.' And I was so foolish, I just accepted everything "(Bauman 1989, 67).

Jewish communities in the United States in the twentieth century needed organized group efforts to carry on (Sutker, "Atlanta" 14). Over the years a Jewish community the size of Atlanta developed organizations to handle religious, educational, recreational, cultural, social service, youth, social, fundraising and protective needs of the growing population, as well as associations for social relations, civic and charitable work, and

Jewish concerns that extended beyond the city (Sutker, "Atlanta" 13-14). Also, because of Reform Judaism's belief in integration with the total community, participation in the non-Jewish Atlanta community in such activities as the non-partisan League of Women Voters, concerned with government, or economic, educational, recreational and cultural associations, was common (Sutker, "Atlanta" 268).

Because of her leadership ability, Mrs. Heyman became part of the Jewish elite. The Jewish Atlanta power structure had an elite group that led the adult Jewish community. People who were part of the elite were able to reach goals with groups of Jewish or non-Jewish people while remaining admired and respected by the groups (Sutker, "Atlanta" 7-8).

When she was eighty-eight Mrs. Heyman spoke about her beginnings with the Council of Jewish Women:

> I graduated in 1923, June. Today, I would have gotten a job, but my father never wanted me to. I had no desire to work [for a living]. And I was just besieged with people who wanted me to do volunteer work for them. I think Council of Jewish Women got me very early (Levy interview 1989). I was a member. And pretty soon on the board. About eight or ten years later, I was president. I was the first young person. They were all old ladies who had been presidents. And I said, 'I'll only be president if Dottie Oberdorfer' - who was one of my good friends - 'would be vice-president.' And she was. And the two of us, really, reorganized. I think they had ninety-eight members when we took over, and I think there were over three hundred when I left" (Bauman interview 67).

The general philosophy of the Council of Jewish Women was that the Jews had a special interest in the preservation of democracy in America, and that American and American-Jewish affairs were not separate (Hook 22). Although the national and local sections were concerned with problems of American and world Jewry, they were also a Jewish woman's organization concerned with general community problems.

Council members felt responsible for bettering society (Graziani 50). Council, in cooperation with others, participated in local and national campaigns for progressive change. Although the list is too long to include all of Council's projects during Josephine Joel Heyman's lifetime, in general Council "consistently supported social welfare

programs, civil rights, protective legislation for children, public health measures, ethics in government acts, peace eforts, and environmental protection" (Rogow 243). In Josephine Heyman's 1937 annual presidential report to the members of the Atlanta Section, she mentioned numerous immigrant, educational, health, children's, peace, and legislative programs. "Council women were an active force at work for social reform and world understanding; with no axe to grind," they were a lobby for humanity (Graziani 105).

Although Council women were not paid as professionals, they were known for their training and discipline. Preliminary training courses of three to seven sessions were typically required before a woman joined a project. The learning process was kept alive through evaluation and study sessions. Council's system accomplished hundreds of projects with millions of woman-hours (Graziani 118).

As President of Council, Josephine Heyman became a bridge by joining Hadassah, a strong, active, mostly Eastern European Jewish woman's organization. Hadassah was the feminine counterpart of a major American Zionist group, the General Zionist Organization (Sutker, "Atlanta" 168-9). Although Zionists began organizing in the late 19th century in Atlanta, it wasn't until the 1930s that a strong, large Atlanta Zionist organization bloomed (Sutker, "Atlanta" 173). Joining Hadassah did not necessarily mean that Josephine Heyman was a Zionist, because Hadassah's role was to provide health and welfare services for inhabitants of Palestine (Sutker, "Atlanta" 174). However, by the 1940s Atlanta's Hadassah chapter became the largest local Jewish women's association (Sutker, "Atlanta" 174) because of its success in securing innumerable health and welfare projects in Palestine (Sutker, "Atlanta" 174), and whether Josephine was a non-Zionist or anti-Zionist, she was broad-minded and politically astute in realizing the importance of building a bridge between her German Reform Jewish women's group and the Eastern European Jewish women in Atlanta.

Josephine Heyman's close Reform Jewish friends, Rebecca Mathis Gershon and Hannah Grossman Shulhafer, joined Hadassah with her to lend support and build bridges

within the Atlanta Jewish community. As Hannah's daughter, Helen Shulhafer Whitehill, remembered it, the three had friends in the Conservative and Orthodox communities as well as in the Reform because, unlike most of the old Atlanta German crowd, they didn't care about the caste system, were not status conscious, and genuinely accepted the Conservative and Orthodox Jews (1995). Jo said she joined Hadassah when she was president of the Council of Jewish Women for friendship (Bauman interview 69).

Fundraising was another part of Mrs. Heyman's career. Atlanta established a Jewish Welfare Fund in 1936. In the United States a United Jewish Welfare Fund was created in the 1930s because there were too many separate Jewish agencies raising funds for overseas and domestic relief in the 1920s and 1930s (Bauman, "Musings" 57). Josephine Heyman, who was active from the beginning, helped form the women's division. In an interview she recalled that she had said in the 1930s

> There's no reason why women should not give too. And get them accustomed to giving. Then when their husbands die, you won't have such a hard time with the widows." She laughed and added, "And we formed a women's division" (Bauman interview 52).

She "was a leader for more than twenty-five years, serving as chair or co-chair in 1942, 1945, 1950, 1953, and 1969. She was also selected for the boards of trustees of the Atlanta Jewish Federation and Atlanta's Jewish Family Services" (Bauman, "Musings" 57).

In Atlanta the Welfare annual Spring campaign drives not only successfully tapped into the old tradition of Jewish support for generous giving and and the new tradition of America's stable incomes; the drives also created new fund-raising techniques. Besides raising a lot of money, the Welfare Fund's annual campaign promoted solidarity for different groups of Atlanta Jews. Chairmen at the Welfare Fund were often people accepted to divergent groups. During the annual campaigns, which included several weeks of meetings, dinners, contacts, and general interaction, different Jewish groups came into contact and some persons acquired community-wide status (Sutker, "Atlanta" 197-222). Josephine Joel Heyman's leadership in the Jewish Welfare Fund helped her acquire status as a grande dame of the Atlanta Jewish community.

Mrs. Heyman's career included nonJewish work. Because of Reform Judaism's belief in integration within the total community, participation in the non-Jewish Atlanta community in such activities as the non-partisan League of Women Voters concerned with government, or economic, educational, recreational and cultural associations was common (Sutker, "Atlanta" 268). The League of Women Voters promoted dissemination of information on public affairs (Anderson 63). "As a long-time member of the League Mrs. Heyman encouraged political debates" (Bauman, Musings 57). By the time she had graduated from college women had already received the vote, but she "was active in getting out the vote, getting people to go to the polls and vote" (Bauman interview 80-81). Josephine Joel Heyman was distinguished as President of the League of Women Voter's DeKalb County Branch and the United Nations Association.

When Mrs. Heyman was in her eighties she discussed the League of Women voters:

> And - oh - League of Women Voters. I was very active in the League (Levy interview).
>
> The league was never supposed to be partisan. We lobby for things we think are right. We are never in favor of a candidate. We are in favor of certain principles. The President of the DeKalb League of Women Voters committed an absoutely unpardonable sin and became partisan. She actually had old Gene Tallmadge [reactionary, rightwing, conservative Georgia governor and politician] sit on the platform with her. Well the National League wanted to put her out. At that time Eleanore Raoul Greene, who had been a suffrage leader, got hold of me and asked me if I would help her reorganize the DeKalb League of Women Voters. We had a real rough time because this woman did not want to give in. We had a meeting one day out in Decatur and our speaker was talking on the subject of World Peace and we had a real war. It was really practically a fight. The president of the other side got up and walked out, and the ones who were left elected me in as President. For awhile we had two DeKalb League of Women Voters. There would be a notice of the meetings in the newspaper which would say 'DeKalb League of Women Voters, Mrs. Smith, President met at such and such a time and place' and so forth and then right next to that 'DeKalb League of Women Voters, Mrs. Heyman, President met at such and such.' It was kind of rough, but we had some wonderful women. Among them was Eleanor Richardson who has now served for eight or ten years in the Georgia legislature. Finally Mrs. Smith's husband died and she moved away, so we became the only DeKalb League of Women voters.
>
> The politicians were terrible at the Capitol. We had the county unit system, so most of the representatives were from the country. We were allowed on the floor, to sit down at the front. Now they sit in the balcony and observe. Some of these men liked us pretty well. We were young and

> for the most part attractive. We'd watch what was going on in the legislature and we'd send out a daily newsletter to the Georgia League (Achievement interview).
>
> We were always non-partisan, but we supplied very active information about the people who were running. We would have a speaker. If there were two people running, two men, we'd have a meeting with both of them speaking (Bauman interview 70).

Besides the League of Women Voters, Mrs. Heyman was involved in other work in the nonJewish community. Council supported the United Nations and other peace efforts, and in the 1940s Mrs. Heyman and four other women founded "the United Nations Association of Atlanta, an organization clearly at odds with regional antipathy towards internationalism" (Bauman, "Musings" 57). She was president of the local United Nations Association, and she was involved in trying to get the United Nations charter signed in Washington, D.C.

When she was in her eighties she was a vocal proponent of the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) for women. In 1981 she and nine other women were honored by ERA Georgia in a rally at the state capitol (Bauman, "Musings" 57). In the trappings of a lady, she advocated the passage of the politically charged ERA. In an interview for television she spoke in a soft voice, wearing a light blue dress with flowers and white shoes:

> I can remember way back the days that we had great fires in the fireplace to heat and gas lights and then we moved on 14th Street when I was about seven or eight years old and we had electric lights where you just push a button and lights come on and we had a furnace that heated the entire house and turn a spiggot and water comes out. I never knew horsedrawn cars but my mother remembered them. But we had streetcars - uh!- all the years up until after World War Two and I lived then on Oxford Road and the noise the streetcars made.
>
> I can say I've seen a lot of change in the city. A tremendous change in the rights of people if they don't get wiped out now. Particularly in race and the rights of women. You wouldn't believe it now. It took ten years of real struggle to make it possible for women to serve on juries. The same arguments are used each time. "The country's going to rack and ruin if women are allowed to vote." The definite need for the ERA is to give women equal rights, particularly for employment.
>
> For awhile I worked for the Senior Citizens group on unemployment. And one day I had a call wanting a secretary. And he said I want a woman not a man because I won't have to pay her as much. That just brought it home to me. We need something to protect women.
>
> Now I think some of it has been taken to an extreme, even on the part of people who are for the ERA. For instance I think the whole hullaballoo about calling hurricanes by men's names - the important thing is

> that a woman have her rights, especially a divorced woman, and not depend on the husband.
>
> Read the amendment. It doesn't say you have to serve in the army or have one public facility for both sexes. That stuff isn't part of it. Her rights should not be abridged by the fact that she's a woman, just the same as it was in the 14th amendment for race.

Although Mrs. Heyman and her crowd were considered ahead of their day, lady-like and gentlemanly behavior branded Atlanta's German Jews with the proper marks of refinement and good breeding for acceptance by polite society. Her lifestyle could actually be seen as radical at times, but her discriminating intelligence kept her from appearing offensive and allowed her to live comfortably within Southern society.

Chapter 5: Conclusion

Josephine Joel Heyman's beloved husband died in 1968 at seventy years of age. Although she missed him terribly, she travelled and visited with friends and family and took opportunities to participate in new activities. Jo and her good friend Hannah Shulhafer took a trip together to Asia-Iran, India, and Cambodia. In her eighties she developed a hearing problem that made it difficult to make new friends. In her later days she moved to the Renaissance, an exclusive Atlanta retirement highrise.

She described her later years when she was eighty-eight:

> Course I think he [Herman] died too young. He never had any difficulty. We were in temple in Rome, Georgia. A nephew was being confirmed. And he [Herman] said, "I don't feel well," and lay down.
>
> There was a doctor there and he said, "Take him to the hospital."
>
> Got an ambulance and took him to the hospital.
>
> And, so -- we had planned to come home. And I said, "Well, I'll just spend the night."
>
> And my children were there, my son and his wife, so I sat up all night and watched him. He seemed to be doing fine. And the next day I went out for lunch with my brother and sister-in-law who live in Rome. And came back and I said, "Can he have anything?"
>
> And they said, "Yes, he can have something to eat if you'll feed him."
>
> Now listen, a man who had a heart attack, my son-in-law who had a heart attack, everybody else is on an I.V. or something for days. Don't allow people in. People were coming in to see him. I was feeding him hamburger, of all things. And he just gulped like this - and I dashed out and called the doctor - and they did everything that they could, but he died. That fast. And it was just a terrible shock. Course my life's been so different ever since.
>
> But [laughter] I've had a couple of men friends - but they died too! [Laughter]
>
> I came to the Renaissance the first of April, just six weeks here. And I've had a great difficulty making friends here. There are a lot of Jewish people in this Renaissance. I think it must be about half. Four, five of us went to temple. They have a limousine here. And they sent us. We enjoyed -- have you met the [assistant] rabbi? Sue Ann Wasserman. She's lovely.
>
> I continued to be active, well, I guess until just a few years ago. But I've gotten so lazy now. All I want to do is rest and read a book. Watch television. And socialize.
>
> In fact, I'm old, and I recovered from a fall. I had a fall about a year and a half ago, and broke my hip. Well, I was active all my life until recently. I have to rest. Like it or not. And I don't like it. My eyes are bad. It's not my fault. It's just that I've gotten so old. And I always thought that I would grow old gracefully, but there's no such thing. I wear hearing aids, but I hear very well, person to person. Without my hearing

> aids, though, it would be bad. But I don't hear in a crowd (Levy interview 1989).

Her description gives an inside view of the later years of her life as a Southern Jewish ladylike woman. As a Southern woman she did not follow the norm for female subordination and docility and accept self-sacrifice, silence, and an ornamental function (Jones 1529). Instead she was independent, determined, self-directed, expressive, and serious about her life and her work. As a Jewish woman she was cultured, intellectual, and devoted to learning. She said she had a feeling for Jewish history and people -- but not religion or spirituality (Achievement interview). She was a secularist, not religionist, who recognized common interests and needs for Jews in the American community. Although she was ambivalent about religion, she worked for Jewish group survival. She supported the tendencies that helped make the country a place for dignified Jewish existence.

Her childhood faith was never restored. She went to temple for a holiday or a bar mitzvah or wedding, as ritual occasions, not religious events. She believed her prayers did not reach Him when she was an adolescent because she didn't seem to get answers when her cousin and grandmother died. Subsequently, she never found a personal God for everyday use, developed a close relationship with God, or reached peace with a God of her understanding. Yet her spirit was alive, active, and unafraid, and she felt safe and protected. She individuated and overcame a negative sense of being different and apart as a red-headed, Jewish child, and joyfully served humanity.

Although the loss of her faith was tragic, her life was not. As a Jew she was born into a difficult situation. She had a lot to overcome. However, by taking advantage of the avenues that were available to her she led a full, rich life.

In many ways she can be seen as an exemplarary Jewish woman who paradoxically, as a product of her times, never developed a religious and spiritual life. Socialized to marry and become a mother, she could not satisfy the emotional needs of her children. Instead of taking time for motherhood, she made enormous contributions to the community.

Although we may never answer her questioning "why it just happened that she was born red headed and Jewish," we can celebrate the fact that she was. Through the publication of her writing, she will not only be remembered as a creator of her society through her life's works, but also as a creator of her culture through her autobiographical writing.

Studying the diaries and interviews of Josephine Joel Heyman allows this seemingly silent Southern Jewish woman to speak loudly and address the ommission, neglect, and devaluation of Southern Jewish women -- for all Southern women. Her personal experiences, taken seriously as a credible subject for literary attention, challenge facile and unexamined assumptions that have existed because of the omission from participation in the history of Southern Jewish women.

Although Mrs. Heyman died in 1993, she did not believe that her story ended with her death because she represented only one generation of the Jewish people. When I talked to her in her retirement apartment when she was almost ninety she discussed having a future through one's children. Just as her epic began before her birth, with the births of her grandparents in Europe and her parents in Atlanta, so does her saga continue with the adventures of her two children, five grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren. *L'Dor V'Dor*, from generation to generation.

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Appendix A: Important Names

Alex. See Dittler, Alex.

Arthur Heyman. The son of Josephine and Herman Heyman. He had a successful career as a real estate developer. He is a past president of the West End Rotary Club, and a leader in Reform Judaism, having served as President of Temple Sinai and the Reform Synogogue Council of Atlanta. He currently is a member of the national board of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and ARZA, the Zionist wing of the Reform movement.

Aunt Etta. See Greenbaum, Etta Joel.

Aunt Nonie, Nona, Leona. See Bukofser, Leonore Joel.

B.F. See Joel, Benjamin Franklin.

Bits. Bits was a Jewish girl from Atlanta who was also a student at Smith College.

Bukofser, Leonore Joel. Called Aunt Nonie, Nona, Leona. Leonore Joel, a sister of Jo's father Benjamin Franklin Joel, married Bruno (nicknamed Muni) Bukofser. Leonore was also called Aunt Nonie, Nona, and Aunt Leona. She was a favorite aunt of Jo. She was related to the Mathis family of Chattanooga through her husband's family.

Charles. See Heyman, Charles.

Dearest. See Joel, Ellen Menko.

Dittler, Alex. Mentioned in diaries and letters. An Atlanta Jewish friend.

Dorah. Dorah Heyman. See Heyman, Dorah.

Dotty. Dot. Dot Page. Jo's roomate in 1923 at Smith.

Dot Merz Loburan. An Atlanta Jewish young woman.

Edgar Lieberman. Jo wrote in her letters about dating Edgar.

Egelson, Gussie. Mrs. Louis I. Egelson. A cousin of Josephine Joel Heyman's who mailed information on the Menkos to Mrs. Heyman. The information was copied verbatim from "One Hundred Years of Southern Jewry." This may be the Gussie Mrs. Heyman refers to in her early diaries.

Elinor Heyman Wittenstein. The daughter of Josephine and Herman Heyman. She followed in her mother's footsteps as a volunteer in the National Council of Jewish women. She assumed a part-time position of executive secretary of the Atlanta section of Council. She was obliged to retire after being diagnosed with multiple sclerosis.

Elsye Weil Heyman. Josephine Joel Heyman's daughter-in-law. Married Josephine's son Arthur. Now is retired as a teacher of children with special learning disabilities.

Gershon, Rebecca Mathis. Reb. One of the "Three Musketeers," Reb was a close friend of Jo's throughout life. She was born in 1898 in Chattanooga, Tennessee. She visited Atlanta often as a child. Jo's favorite Aunt Nonie was related to the Mathis family through her husband's family. "She graduated cum laude from Smith College and taught school, married" an Atlanta Jewish man "Harry Gershon in 1921 and moved to Atlanta" (Introduction of Mrs. Rebecca Mathis Gershon*Myrtle Wreath for Hadassah).

Reb was involved with organizations and movements concerned with the alleviation of suffering and the dignity of mankind (Hadassahgram 2). Her husband died in 1936 of Hodgkin's disease at forty years old, and Reb never remarried or had children. In later life Reb was invited, along with Hannah Shulhafer, to Josephine Heyman's family parties.

Reb was a close friend from childhood and throughout life of Ralph McGill, who also came from Chattanooga, and became the editor of the prominent newspaper the Atlanta Constitution. Ralph McGill wrote about visiting the Mathis family and learning about Jews.

She died in 1987.

Greenbaum, (Aunt) Etta Joel. The sister of Josephine Joel Heyman's father Benjamin Franklin Joel. She lived in New York.

Gussie. See Egelson, Gussie.

Hannah. Hannah Grossman Shulhafer (Mrs. Philip Shulhafer). See Shulhafer, Hannah Grossman.

Helene. See Helene Joel Heyman.

Herman. (Pete.) Herman Heyman. Jo's fiancé and later husband.

Heyman, Arthur. The son of Josephine and Herman Heyman.

Heyman, Dorah. The older sister of Herman Heyman. She was active in civic affairs in Atlanta.

Heyman, Charles. The older brother of Herman Heyman, who married Helene Joel, the first cousin and neighbor of Josephine Joel Heyman.

Heyman, Helene Joel. Jo's first cousin who married Charles Heyman, the older brother of Jo's husband Herman Heyman. She and Jo were raised like sisters because they lived next door to each other on Fourteenth Street.

Heyman, Joseph. The youngest brother of Herman Heyman. He was confirmed in Atlanta at The Temple in May, 1923.

Heyman, Herman. See Herman.

Jake. See Joel, John B.

JMJ. Josephine Menko Joel. Jo's middle name was her mother's maiden name.

Joel, Benjamin Franklin. Josephine Joel Heyman's father. Called B.F. by his daughter Jo in her college letters.

Joel, Ellen Menko. Nicknamed Ella. Josephine Joel Heyman's mother. She was known as Dearest and Trumpy, terms of endearment given by her husband Benjamin Franklin Joel, who was a great card player and felt his wife was the trump of his life.

Joel, John B. J. B. Joel. Uncle Jake. A brother of Benjamin Franklin Joel, Josephine Joel Heyman's father. Josephine Joel Heyman's uncle. According to one relative, he owned and rented out all three whore houses in Athens, Georgia.

Joel, Lyons Barnett Joel II. Josephine Joel's younger brother. Named after their uncle Lyons Barnett Joel, who was named after their father's friend, Lyons Barnett, who died and left his young wife, Sophie Lederer Barnett, a widow. She married Yoel Joel, her husband's best friend.

Joel, Lyons Barnett. The brother of Josephine Joel Heyman's father Benjamin Franklin Joel Jr. He was the father of Josephine Joel Heyman's first cousin Helene Joel who lived next door to the Joel family on Fourteenth Street when Jo was growing up. She refers to him as "Uncle Ly" in her courtship letters to Herman Heyman.

Joseph. See Heyman, Joseph.

Lola. See Menko, Lola.

Lyons. See Joel, Lyons Barnett Joel II.

Marion Frank Loeb (and Dot Merz Loburan) mentioned in June 12, 1923 letter. Atlanta Jewish young women.

Mathis, Simpson. An Atlanta Jewish friend.

Menko, Lola. Born in Atlanta in 1892. She was the daughter of Julius Jr.and Bertha Menko, the grandauther of Caroline Oberdorf and Martin Menko. She was nine years older than Josephine Joel Heyman.

Nonie. Called Aunt Nonie, Nona, Leona. See Bukofser, Leonore Joel.

Pinehurst. The four acred Heyman family home on Peachtree Road in Atlanta had tennis courts and beautiful flowers. Herman Heyman, the husband of Josephine Joel Heyman, moved to Pinehurst when he was twelve, when the neighborhood was considered to be way out in the country. Arthur Heyman, Herman's father, was a prominent lawyer. For relaxation he grew tomatoes and grapes.

Reb. Rebecca. See Gershon, Rebecca Mathis

Shulhafer, Hannah Grossman. One of the "Three Musketeers," Hannah was a close friend of Jo's throughout life. She was born in 1901 in Chicago, the only child of Leo and Helen Goldsmith Grossman. In 1904 the family moved to Atlanta, where Hannah lived until 1978 when she moved to Florida to be near her daughter. She attended the University of Chicago for two years. In 1922 she married Philip Shulhafer and they had a daughter Helen, born in 1927. In later life she was invited, along with Rebecca Mathis Gershon, to Jo's family parties.

She was dedicated to the underprivileged, racial harmony, justice, peace, and Israel. Like Mrs. Heyman, she was an active member of Council of Jewish Women. As with many other Jewish families, several generations were involved in

Council. "Her mother, Mrs. Leo Grossman, was an Atlanta Section president, and her daughter, Helen (Mrs. Arthur Whitehill) was Public affairs and Legislative chairman when she lived in Atlanta" ("Hats Off").

Like Heyman and Gershon, Shulhafer was involved in many other organizations. For instance, she headed up divisions of the Atlanta Jewish Welfare Fund. Also, with her husband she was a pioneer in the field of race relations long before any Supreme Court decisions on civil rights. She worked in the League of Women voters, the ACLU, ADL, and The United Nations Organization ("Grant Made").

She traveled extensively, read a great deal, kept up with world affairs, and was a great gardener. Music played a large part in her life as friend and supporter of music organizations and as practitioner in Council programs. In 1925 she was featured at the piano for a play written by Mrs. Heyman ("Hats Off").

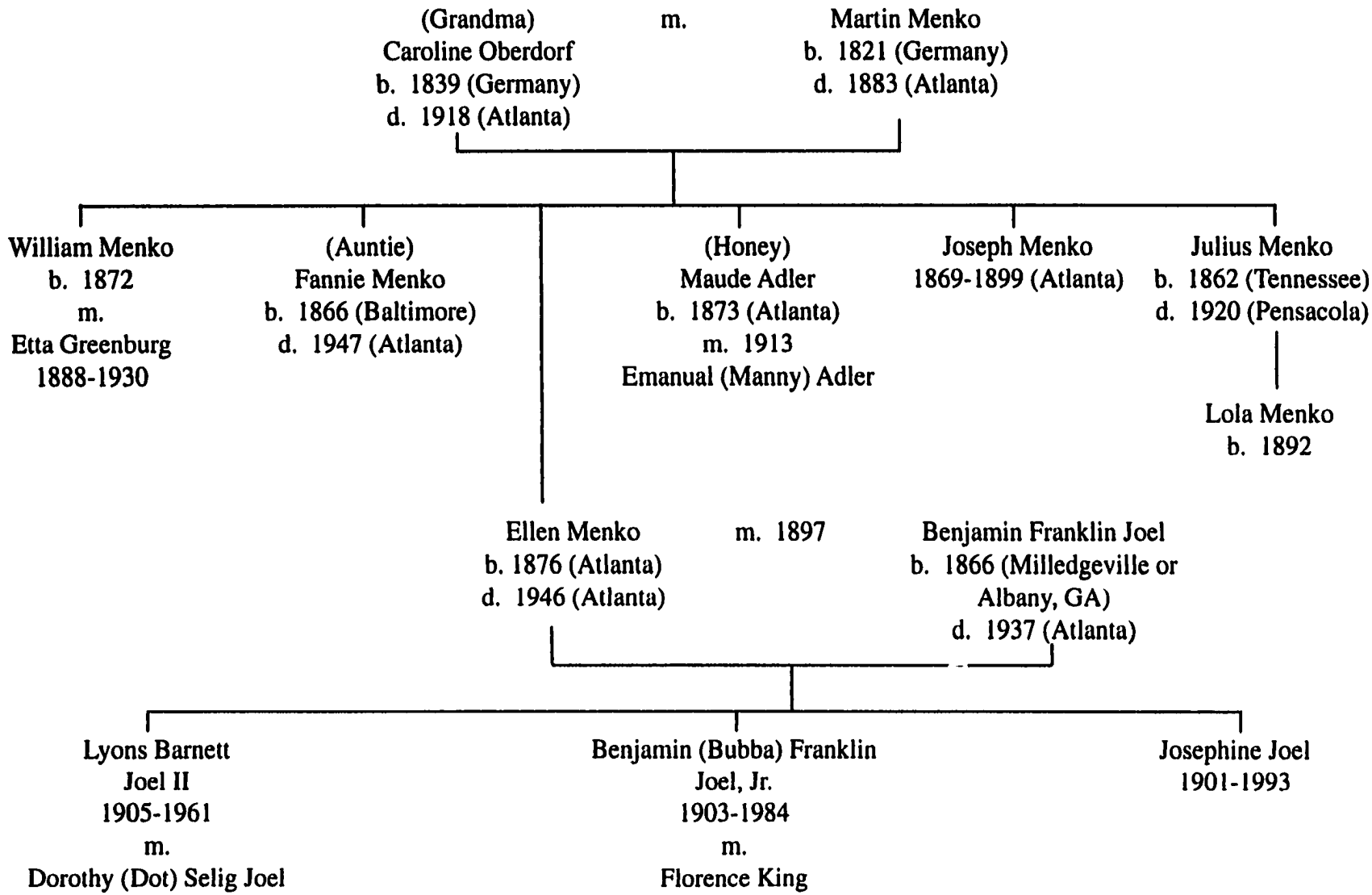
Trumpy. See Joel, Ellen Menko.

Uncle Ly. See Joel, Lyons Barnett.

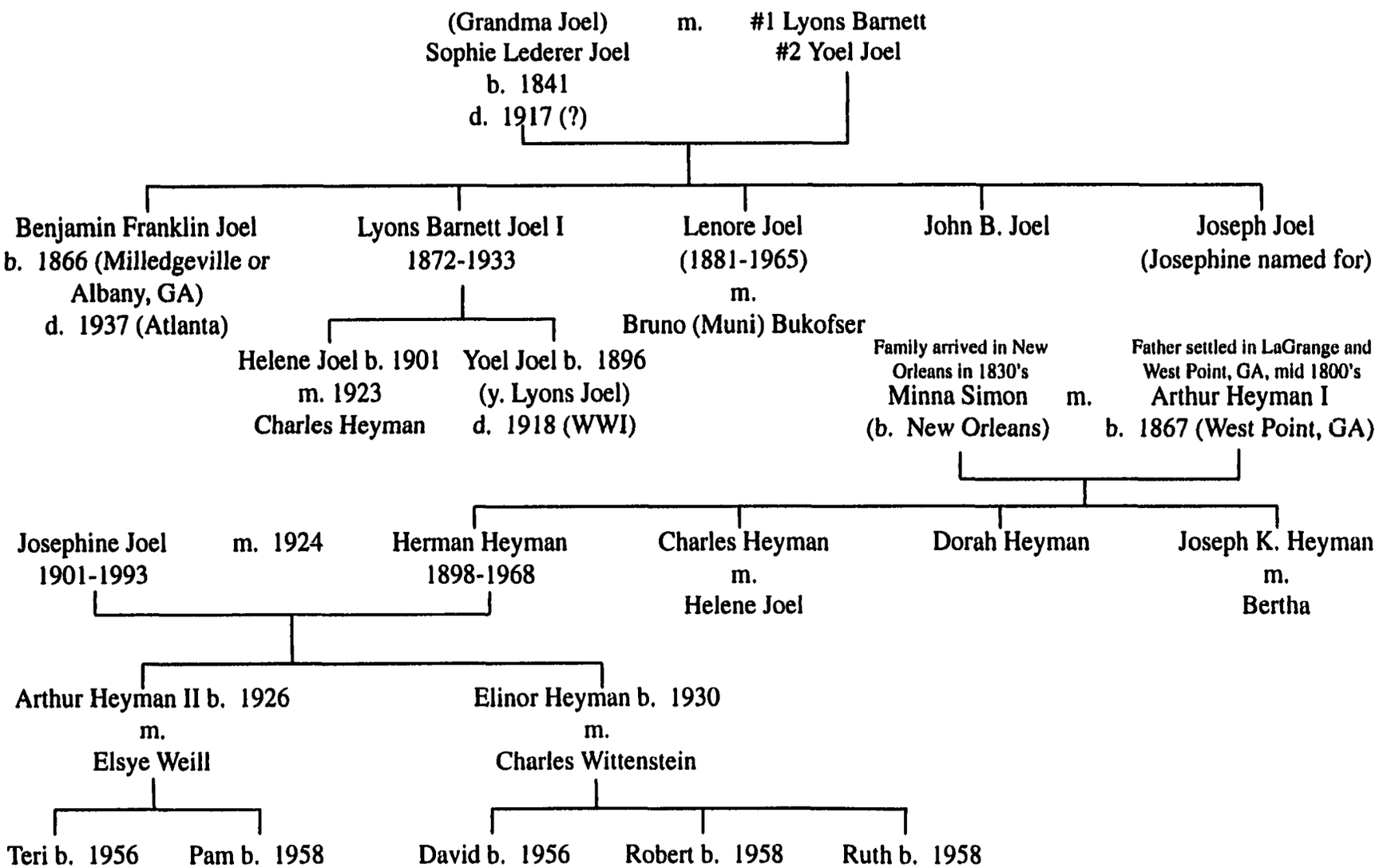
Uncle Jake. See Joel, John B.

Wittenstein, Charles F. Josephine Joel Heyman's son-in-law. Married Josephine's daughter Elinor. First he worked with Herman Heyman's law firm in Atlanta. Then he was Southeastern Area Director of the American Jewish Committee and Executive Director of the Atlanta Charter Commission. He served as Chairman of the DeKalb County Community Relations Committee. He became Southern Civil Rights Director and Southern Counsel based in the Atlanta office (the Southeastern Office) of the Anti-Defamation League. He carried on the family tradition of support for civil rights. He is now retired.

Appendix B: Family Tree



Appendix B: Family Tree



Vita

Cindy changed her last name from Levy to Levee in honor of the embankments built to hold back the waters of the Mississippi and Lake Ponchartrain from the land she grew up on. She publishes and performs under the name Cindy Lou Levee. She has presented her poetry, fiction, nonfiction, and stories numerous times on the West Coast and in the South at benefits, fairs, dedications, synagogues, universities, coffee houses, bookstores, rallies and radio stations. With another New Orleans writer, Mona Lisa Saloy, she performs "Two Friends, Two Views, One Black, One Jew." Her work has been reviewed and she has been interviewed for California and Louisiana newspapers. She completed a manuscript of poetry and a novella about growing up in the South. She took workshops in California with writers Deena Metzger, Holly Praedo, Kathleen Fraser, William Dickey, Robert Bly, Carolyn Forché, and Galway Kinnel.

Cindy is deeply interested in recording the lives of Southern-Jewish women. She has interviewed Jewish women throughout the South and written a nonfiction manuscript of biographical narratives. In 1994 in Demopolis, Alabama, she interviewed an eighty-five year old Southern-Jewish woman who corresponded with Lillian Hellman and knew her Demopolis relatives in preparation for work on Lillian Hellman and her Southern Jewish background.

Cindy is devoted to her husband, Terry Howey, and their son, B.J., who help her grow daily.

DOCTORAL EXAMINATION AND DISSERTATION REPORT

Candidate: Cynthia Betty Levy

Major Field: English

Title of Dissertation: You Can't Imagine This Life. Diaries and Letters of a Southern-Jewish Grande Dame. Josephine Joel Heyman, 1901-1993.

Approved:

Major Professor and Chairman

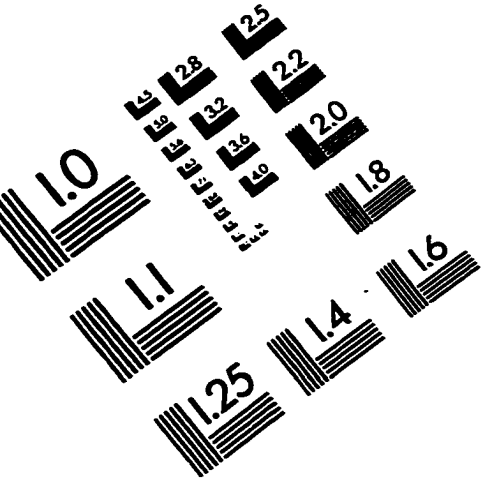
Dean of the Graduate School

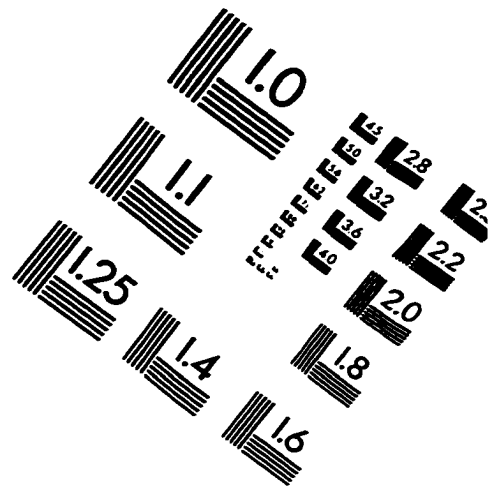
EXAMINING COMMITTEE:

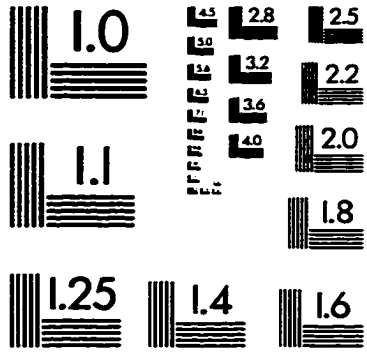
Date of Examination:

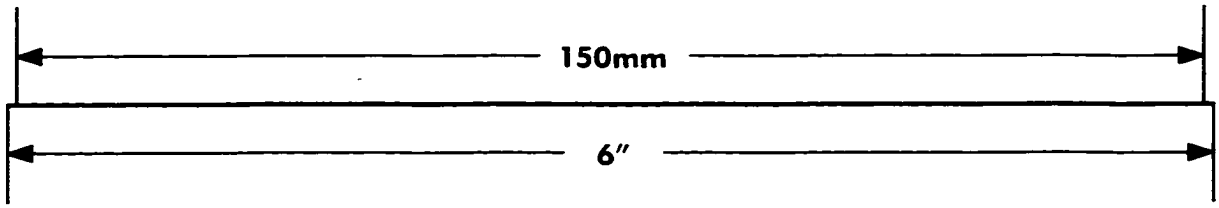
8 March 1999

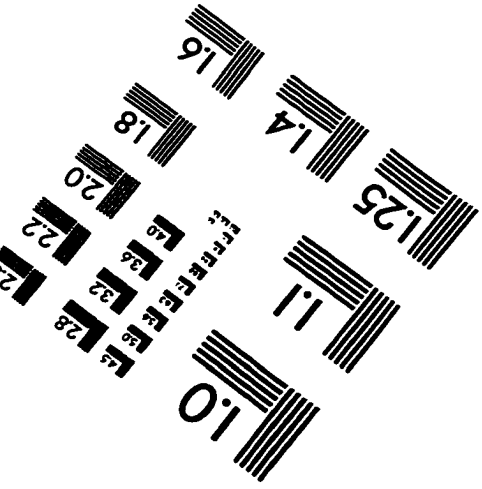
IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (QA-3)

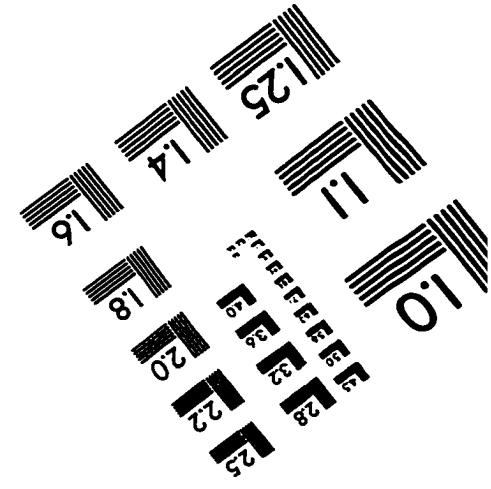












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